THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

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DRAWN BY
Z. P. NIKOLAKI

The Peace Machine—By Samuel G. Blythe

The Nash Perfected Valve-in-Head Motor

A Car Which Has Justified Its Reception

IT is not overstating the fact to say that the perfected valve-in-head motor of the Nash Six was a sensation when first shown eighteen months ago. It was accepted generally as marking a distinct advance in motor engineering.

Now that sufficient time has elapsed, the correctness of that verdict has been demonstrated.

The searching test of service has proved the Nash perfected valve-in-head motor to be powerful, economical and quiet. It has proved the Nash Six to be an uncommonly good motor car in every important particular.

At present prices, which will be maintained until at least July 1st, Nash passenger cars represent unusual value. The demand will unquestionably be greater than the supply, and you should see your dealer at once.

THE NASH SIX

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5-Passenger Car, $1490
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6-Passenger Sedan, $2250
4-Passenger Coupé, $2250
7-Passenger Car, $1640

Nash Trucks—
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Two-Ton Capacity, $2175
Nash Quad, $3250

Prices F. O. B. Kenosha

The Nash Motors Company, Kenosha, Wisconsin

Manufacturers of Passenger Cars and Trucks, Including the Famous Nash Quad

The Nash Motors Limited, Toronto, Ont., Distributors of Nash Cars and Trucks, for the Dominion of Canada

NASH MOTORS

VALUE CARS AT VOLUME PRICES

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YOU'LL have to get up early to beat a Westclox alarm. It will get you up any time you say and keep good time all day.

Westclox is a short way of saying Western Clocks. The word, Westclox, is on the dial of every alarm we make. We put it there because we're proud of the quality we build into the clock. Every Westclox alarm has the same good construction that made Big Ben and Baby Ben so popular.

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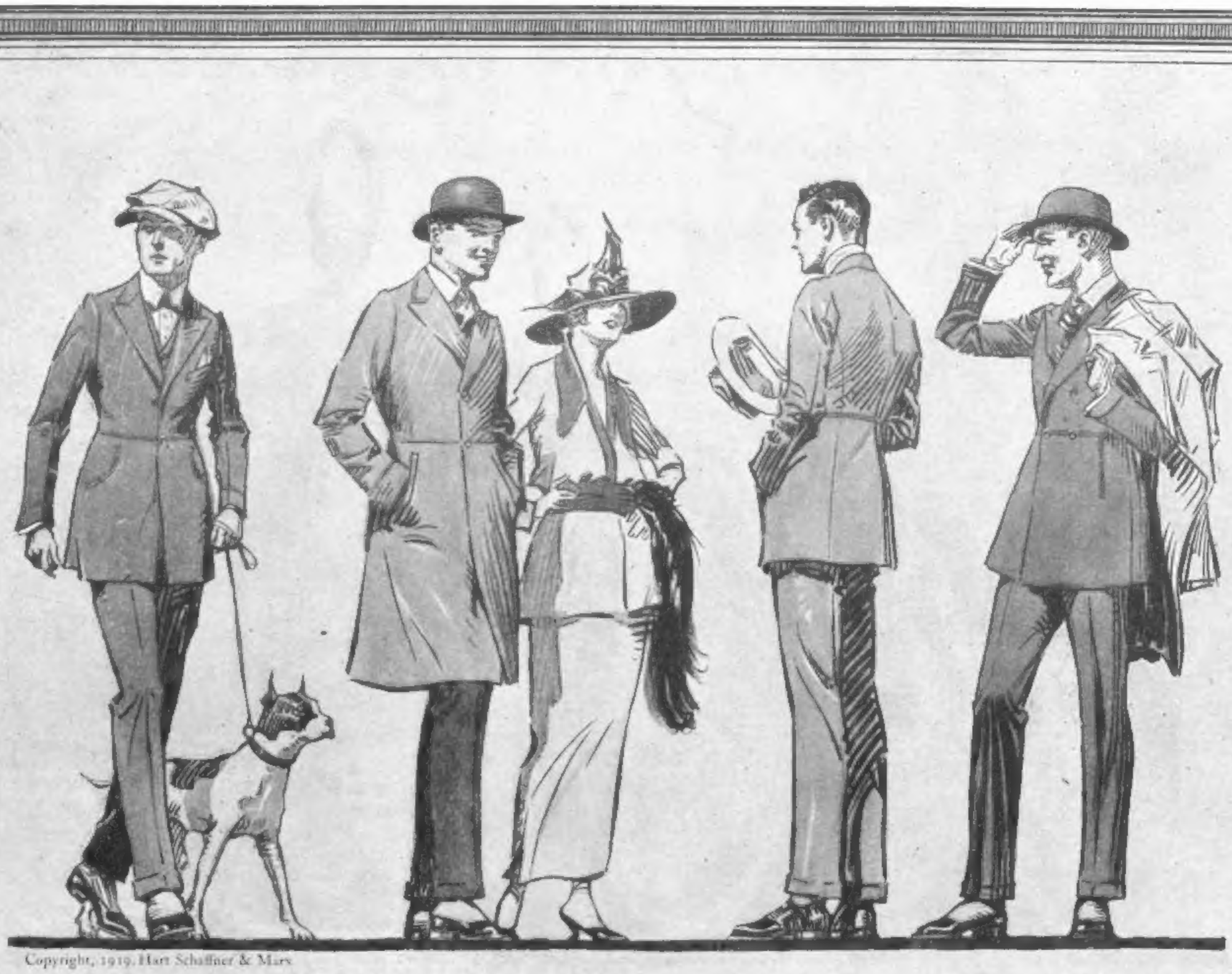
Western Clock Co. - *makers of Westclox*

La Salle & Peru, Illinois, U. S. A.



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The waist-seam style's the thing

Men coming back from the army or navy find they can't wear the clothes they "left behind them" Trousers too large in the waist; coats too small across shoulders and chest

A new type of men comes back to us; clothes have to be designed for them

We've done it right; the waist-seam models have the military look, but they're business clothes Suits, overcoats; single and double breasted ready in all sizes

Hart Schaffner & Marx

All-wool clothes that save

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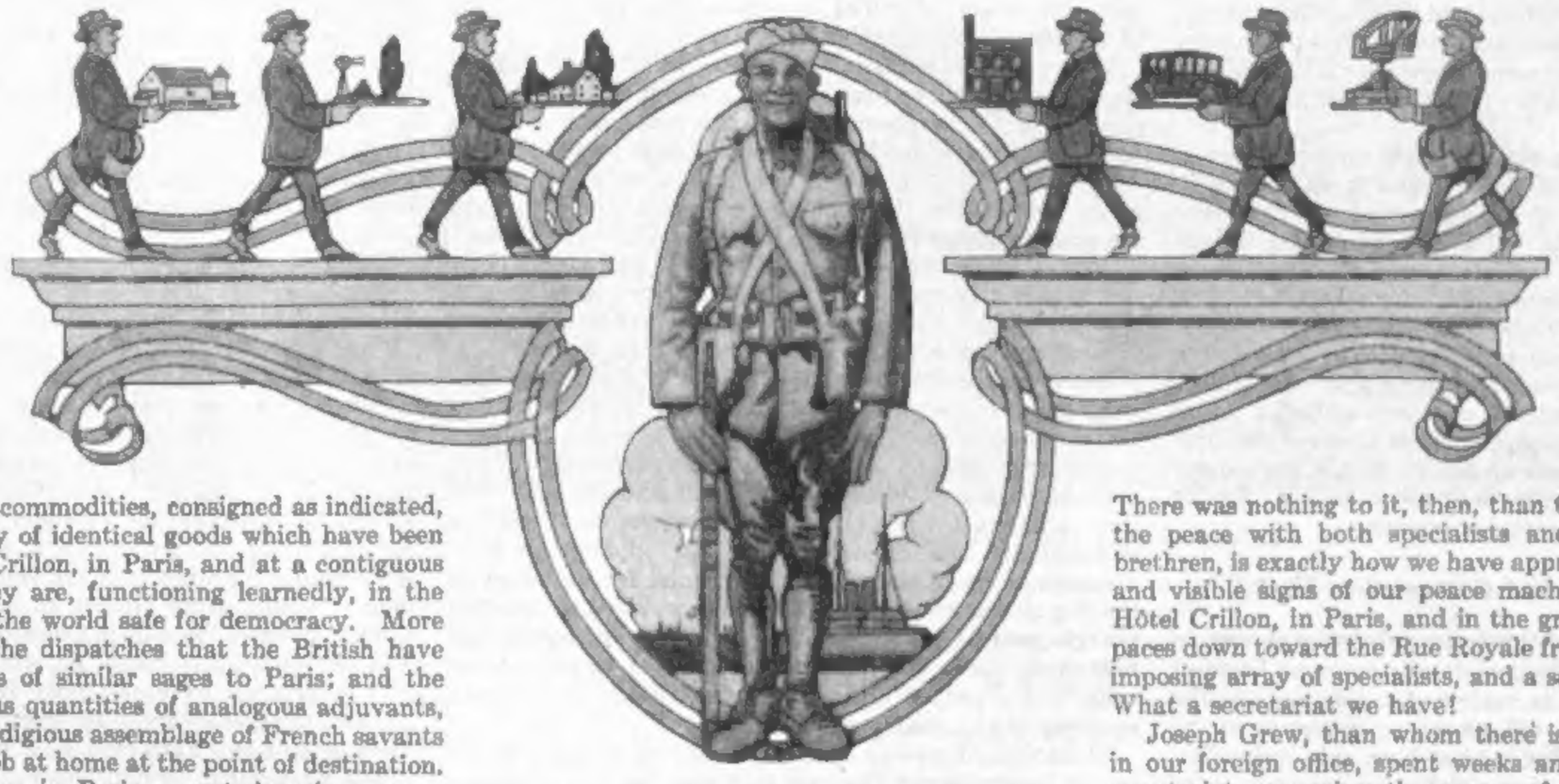
THE PEACE MACHINE

By Samuel G. Blythe

DECORATIONS BY GUERNSEY MOORE



THE war was expected to, and did, amplify our foreign commerce in ways and manners we never thought—in our period of splendid isolation—might come true; but who among us ever would have imagined—what enthusiast would have dared dream—that the day would come when we would export a special ethnologist for Gen. Tasker H. Bliss? Or a particular physiographer for Col. E. M. House? Or a personal psychologist for Robert H. Lansing?

Yet so various and ramified have our overseas operations become that we have not only exported these commodities, consigned as indicated, but also a large quantity of identical goods which have been set down at the Hôtel Crillon, in Paris, and at a contiguous building; and there they are, functioning learnedly, in the vital matter of making the world safe for democracy. More than that, we read in the dispatches that the British have exported three shiploads of similar sages to Paris; and the Italians sent in enormous quantities of analogous adjuvants, to say nothing of the prodigious assemblage of French savants who are eagerly on the job at home at the point of destination.

Wherefore, we observe in Paris a vast American peace machine walking ponderously and pompously round in a circle and continuously stepping on its own feet; and a vaster and more complicated British peace machine performing with perfect and complicated bureaucracy and in a similar peripheral manner, acting and reacting on an Italian peace machine and a Belgian peace machine and an immense number of other peace machines, ranging in size from the British, that takes three immense hotels to house it, to the Montenegrin, that has one room, on the court, in the Hôtel Meurice. These various machines make up the component parts of the great machine—the peace machine that now is so successfully making the peace itself more difficult on the banks of the Seine.

It is to be conceded that we were rather amateurs at this sort of thing. The last peace in which we were actively engaged was the peace that came after the Spanish War, and we didn't have an ethnologist on that job, nor a physiographer, to say nothing of being entirely shy of psychologists, cartographers, paleontologists, political economists and various and sundry other specialists that have been developed by the present contingency, extracted from their various retreats and exported to the seat of the present great doings in France. However, of late years our State Department has assiduously observed the procedures and precedents of the British Foreign Office, where they are past masters at making peace machines, and it has been the substance of many a proud remark by those familiar with these Washington operations that not a few of the clerks in our State Department might be justly referred to as "clarks in our Foreign Office."

More than that, we had in various high quarters, nonofficial to some extent and official to some other extent, various gentlemen who, vicarious so far as the war was concerned, were vaticinatory as to the peace, and saw great field for the endeavor there that deplorably had not had effective demonstration during active belligerency. The opportunity was comprehensive. The war itself had drawn into its maw about every phase of human enterprise save two. It hadn't done much in the way of using the diplomatists or the professors. Thus, it was argued, and wisely, that the peace would employ these talents, and the peace is employing them, or, to turn it about, they are employing the peace, which comes to the same end, albeit it has a softer sound.

We learned that the British would approach the peace with a large congregation of specialists and an immense secretariat. There was nothing to it, then, than that we should approach the peace with both specialists and secretaries; and that, brethren, is exactly how we have approached it. The outward and visible signs of our peace machine, as exhibited in the Hôtel Crillon, in Paris, and in the great stone building a few paces down toward the Rue Royale from the Crillon, is a most imposing array of specialists, and a secretariat—— Oh, boy! What a secretariat we have!

Joseph Grew, than whom there is no more efficient clark in our foreign office, spent weeks and weeks compiling that secretariat, arranging the names of the social and sartorial young gentlemen who were to assist, secretarially, in this epochal enterprise, setting those names down in the order of their precedence sedulously and skillfully; or, shall it be said, in the order of their parental precedence? It was imposing as a list when completed, and effulgent as a democracy might well afford in its personal demonstration, all carefully and painstakingly arranged, from top to bottom. One shudders over the thought of what would have been the result had some crass person shifted that order, taken Number Seven, for example, and stuck it, or him, in where Number Three was originally placed. One is justified in shuddering, for there is no doubt that a disarrangement of that glittering personnel would delay the making of peace more than it has already been delayed, which statement will convey to the reader the importance of the labors of the precedence experts.

And if a secretariat is necessary to the successful making of peace, how much more so are the specialists necessary? That is a question that deserves earnest consideration, for two reasons. The first is that we never had a peace before with any specialists in it, and the second is that we are not going to get this peace with the specialists out of it—as they think. Personally, I deem it quite possible that we shall, but that is mere lay opinion, neither ethnological, physiographical, cartographical nor historical. The fact is, the great mass of us did not know we were to have specialists in this peace, were calmly ignorant of it, mayhap blissfully so, until the list of passengers on the George Washington was published. Then we discovered that our part of the peace was liberally endowed with specialists, including a chief of specialists, and when they made their advent in Paris those of us who happened to observe their entry felt secure. No wily foreigner was going to put anything ethnological over on Tasker H. Bliss, for here was the general's personal ethnologist to guide him along

those necessary lines. And Robert Lansing, and Henry White, and Colonel House all had personal specialists at their beck and call. All was well.

It developed, of course, that the selection of these specialists had been one of the numerous labors of Colonel House. He had set his unselfish hand to the task months and months before the end was in sight, had measured every brow between the Atlantic and the Pacific that appeared to give promise, and had tagged the highest for the work. Thus when the peacetime came they marched aboard the George Washington, laden with the fruits of their specializing, and as soon as they reached Paris they began specializing for fixed periods each day. It was soon apparent that they knew everything, from the vital statistics of the original cave man to why Slavic tongues vary between Torneå and Odessa—everything, that is, except what was going on in Paris.

Hence, with a secretariat that was rigidly precedental, and a staff of specialists proceeding in an orderly and erudite manner under the guidance of their chief, we had the fundamentals for our peace-making, and round them we constructed that marvelous machine that is operating in Paris as I write, in conjunction with the greater and more marvelous British machine, which transcends anything in the way of a peace machine that the world has ever seen. Our American secretariat is imposing. The British is overwhelming. Our staff of specialists is wise. The British is omniscient. Our clerks are numerous. The British are as the sands on the shore of the sea. Our records, reports, documents and specializations are held in rooms. The British require warehouses. We use one hotel and one office building. The British use four hotels and much other space. It is humiliating.

Here we are, a first-class nation, taking an active part in world affairs, and the British simply put it all over us in the matter of secretaries, specialists, reports, and all other bureaucratic paraphernalia. Colonel House and Robert Lansing undoubtedly did their best, and allowance must be made for lack of experience; but, for all that, it girds any good American thus to be out-red-taped by another country. However, give us another twenty years at the rate our foreign office is now progressing and we can defy the British. We'll out-bureau and out-officialize them twenty to one. We'll have a permanent under-secretariat by that time, no doubt, and a country with a permanent under-secretariat is a country that never loses a trick in officializing every governmental enterprise.

The Main Cog and Connecting Link

TO GET the full flavor of this peace enterprise of ours, in its structural and mechanical details, we must begin at the beginning and trace its various developments to the full flower of their Crillon efflorescence; or almost at the beginning, for the beginning, as has been said, was when Colonel House took stock of our highbrows, and put them at specializing vigilantly and industriously on the racial traits of the Esthonians, the labial lapses of the Lithuanians, the finish of the Finns, the usufruct of the Ukraine, and in many other necessary manners. That work was done systematically and silently; but when the Germans sent in their armistice note, on October sixth of last year, the geographical building, on upper Broadway, New York, was bulging with the written results of these investigations and deductions—principally the latter.

After it became apparent that something would come out of the German request the first few cogs of the peace machine were hurriedly assembled and exported to France. The chief cog was Colonel House, and he had with him various others, who, on reaching Paris, installed themselves in a house at 78 Rue de l'Université, and there functioned in conjunction with the Colonel, who, in addition to being a cog, also assumed the important business of being the Connecting Link. All peace machines must have a Connecting Link, and as such the Colonel was speedily recognized as a smoothly operating and highly geared instrument—the very man for the place, for it is well known that the Colonel is the only American who is on terms of warm personal intimacy with Lloyd George, with Balfour and Milner and Northcliffe and Cecil and all the rest of the British, to say nothing of being well enough acquainted to call Clemenceau "Georges" and to speak to Orlando as "old chap" on occasion. Thus he was the Connecting Link between the far-away and unacquainted America, including the President, and these near-by statesmen, diplomatists and leaders of men.

The machine began to function there on the Rue de l'Université, and there the secretariat had its beginnings, right there in that house where a princess had lived until it became more profitable to rent the palace to some democratic American, who, for his part, turned it over for the use of the Colonel. There democracy found a most agreeable atmosphere and suitable surroundings, for immediately adjacent to the room in which was set down the first tentative list of that secretariat that was later to assume such interesting proportions there was a pink marble Roman bath with gold-plated trimmings, sunk into a tessellated floor, and whenever one might have been impelled, in some vague manner, to set down a secretary who was not of suitable social prominence, all one had to do was to stroll into that pink marble bathroom and immediately be brought back to the proper viewpoint. It was a great aid in keeping our secretariat—as far as our crude material will allow—up to the high social level of the British organization.

Presently the armistice was signed, and the President started on his trip to France. Oddly enough, the President seemed to be in ignorance of what real peace machine requirements are, for he held his personal party down to the very smallest number. He took a secretary and a servant, and Mrs. Wilson took a secretary and a maid. He had his doctor and a man from the White House staff. That was the slender array of his personal party, save three newspaper correspondents and some Secret Service men, showing a total misconception on the part of the President of what really is required in an enterprise of this sort.

Let it be recorded that the Honorable Robert H. Lansing, our Secretary of State for Foreign Affairs, confined his party to no such meager limits. He had a keen appreciation of what was demanded by the proprieties and the conventions. When the President and his scant retinue came aboard the George Washington the President undoubtedly was dismayed over his apparent lack of comprehension of the real requirements, for he found on the ship an entourage for Mr. Lansing consisting of attachés, chargés, secretaries of the first, second, third, fourth and numerous succeeding degrees, secretaries to secretaries, each in his proper place as to precedence, messengers, messengers to messengers.

Meantime, there was no evidence of lack of appreciation of the necessities of the case in Paris, for one afternoon those of us who were paying seven dollars a day for rooms at the Crillon were informed that next morning at ten o'clock we should take our belongings out on the Place de la Concorde, where, mayhap, we might find shelter under the lee of the Alsace monument. The Crillon had been commandeered for our peace machine. So, too, had the building a few doors down the street, at the corner of the Rue Royale, and here it was our intention to install our specialists, our secretariat and our other appanages and appendages in proper setting.

We so installed them. Colonel House moved over. Robert H. Lansing moved in. So, too, did Henry White and Tasker H. Bliss. And down the street room after room was filled with the secretariat, and there many heroic young American army officers, who had been holding the difficult Paris sector during all the stress of the war, combating the Hunnish taxi drivers and the rapacious café keepers during all those vivid days—and nights—when the Paris front had to be held—gallant lieutenants and intrepid captains and brave majors, who never faltered along the trench that reached from the Crillon bar, debouched on Maxim's, proceeded thence to the Bodega and ended downstairs in the Hôtel Meurice, where the cocktail barrage began at six-thirty each night.

We installed them, and the specialists began specializing, the secretariat proceeded to function in an approved manner, the counter espionage counter-espionaged all about, the brave heroes of the Paris front proved again their valor by holding the Martini sector with immortal courage and capacity, fully equipped with spurs.

The public had access to watch and mayhap inquire. Then one day word came that the British, up at the Hôtel Majestic, conceived it not a proper perquisite of the public to enter freely into that edifice, and had strict sifting of those who came, to the end that only the elect were admitted.

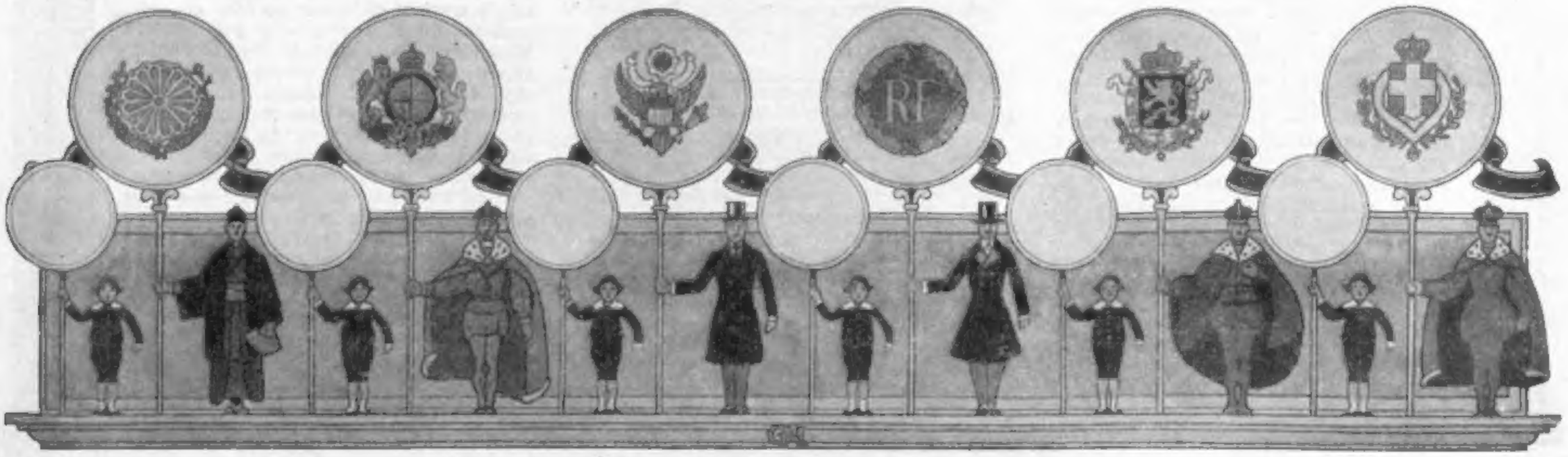
Quick to see the advantage of this, it was ordered that admittance to the Hôtel Crillon and to the adjacent building would be by pass only, and on this pass there must be a photograph of the holder, so that no unauthorized person might wander in and disturb the functionings of the Peace Commission or the specialists or the secretariat. Of course, it was only necessary to telephone to the house occupied by the President to gain admission there, and no pass was required, and no photograph; but the President could not be expected to understand the necessities of officialdom. He was merely in Paris to make the peace of the world, and was strangely oblivious to the importance of and the deep respect due to the secretary of a secretary, or to the gallant lieutenant who was doing his not inconsiderable share toward making the world safe for democracy by paying a hundred dollars a pair for his boots, and garnishing them with spurs, which are quite indispensable to aviators, and engineers, and intelligence officials, and to other branches of the service.

A Carnival of Red Tape

THERE need be no fear that our foreign office is not wedded to the principle of "diplomacy that shall proceed always frankly and in the public view"; but it must be understood that no specialists or secretaries can be expected to function in approved bureaucratic manner if there is ever a chance that some crass outsider will enter unceremoniously and ask what it is all about. Moreover, as the British have had so much greater practice and experience in these affairs than we have, it would have been utterly incongruous for our specialists and our secretaries and our gallant young army officers to be on view in the Hôtel Crillon and at 4 Place de la Concorde, subject to inspection and interrogation, it might be, when the British specialists and secretaries were not only *in camera* in the Hôtel Majestic and elsewhere, but held inviolably so by a large force of Scotland Yard men, C. I. B.'s, and other exponents of the strong arm. Furthermore, it was justly pointed out that the proponent of open diplomacy was the President himself and not his foreign office, and that the American foreign office is an institution that knows the value of precedent, and realizes the benefits of the official viewpoint, while the President is merely the servant of the people, the spokesman of the peoples of the world, as distinguished from those who are of the bureaus and associated therewith.

However, the true call of the historian of such important affairs as these is to be candid, and if my remarks thus far have seemed too eulogistic concerning the adequate conceptions by our peace machine of what the circumstances and precedents and British exemplars demand, that must be excused on the ground of my admiring Americanism, and due attention given to what shall follow. Much as it grieves me to set it down, I am compelled to say that strive as they did, nobly and unselfishly and eagerly, to be as conventional and precedent-bound and official and

(Concluded on Page 37)



A WOMAN'S WOMAN

"I Want to be Married When I'm Twenty, to Travel and Wear Beautiful Clothes and Just be Admired"

By Nalbro Bartley

ILLUSTRATED BY HENRY RALEIGH

IT WAS during her elder daughter Harriet's high-school graduation in 1901 that Densie Plummer determined after nineteen years of unquestioned loyalty to break up her home and start life anew in strange and contrasting channels. As she looked at her family beside her and thought of the old friends sitting just behind, and at Harriet, president of her class, she wondered if she betrayed her treason. Her flushed cheeks were probably attributed to pride—Harriet winning the gold medal for first honors. However, she was not thinking about Harriet any more than Harriet was included in the general retrospection that seemed to demand all of Densie's attention.

She knew that if she remained in the Little House on the Hill—so she and John Plummer had named it when they returned from their wedding journey—she would be subjected to the painful and never-ending process of "educating mother"; that Sally and Harriet and Kenneth, her one son, and John, her husband, would relentlessly proceed to assail her old-fashioned ideas and standards, though offering her no substitute in return. She therefore determined to seek her own substitute.

She applauded for some inane recitation and assumed a conventional smile of motherly pride as Harriet began to read her essay. But she could not have repeated a single word of it, though her dark blue eyes—the sort that turn purple in novels—kept staring at seventeen-year-old Harriet Plummer, tall and thin, a clever sallow-faced girl with dark bright eyes and black hair combed into a huge knot regardless of fashion.

Densie was promising herself that as soon as she was alone in her home—to-morrow afternoon very likely—she would indulge in a retrospection of her life, in which she would review all that had happened, good or bad, as a retiring general does his army. She wanted to be sure of herself before she made this drastic change. If after the retrospection was fully accomplished she was still of the same mind she would become a flat dweller.

Sally, sitting at her right hand, began to fidget with her pink feather fan. Sally was fifteen and inclined to pretties even as Harriet was to books. But Densie did not turn in reproval; she stared ahead wondering why this strange yet fascinating resolution had come to her, and what would be its results. Sally dropped her fan and Dean Laddbarry, Sally's cavalier from kindergarten days, bent to pick it up. Densie did not notice, though at that moment she was thinking about Sally and Dean, and that Sally was too handsome to be true. As some of the old friends had said when she was a baby, "She will either break hearts or have her own broken, since she is destined for romance."

At fifteen Sally was beginning to fulfill the prophecy—she had been born "cuddled," as she said; made for love and kisses and endless admiration, which she grew to accept as Harriet did her pieces of bread and butter or Kenneth his occasional pats on the shoulder. Her chestnut-red hair curled irresistibly and was combed a different way every day in the week, adorned with a different colored bow. Harriet never bothered about her hair—it was worn in a straight braid with a black bow carelessly hitched on at the end until she turned it up into a bun and said she wished she were a boy—short hair was so jolly much easier!

At fifteen Sally painted menu cards and dabbled with water colors, neglecting to dust or sew her seam as her mother had been taught to do. She also danced and demanded an evening coat and French perfumes and said she would like to stop school and take painting lessons; anyway, she meant to marry very young and have everything she wanted, so what was the use of mummy's making her learn how to bake things or render down suet! Sally had the best room in the house; she naturally gravitated to it and stayed there, regardless of company's arrival. She had more possessions than Harriet and Kenneth put together—people always gave Sally things, she did not even have to ask for them. But the things Harriet had she earned. With her earnings she bought queer books, so her mother thought, and went to lectures instead of matinées.

Sitting beside Sally in a state of modified rapture Dean Laddbarry glanced sideways to watch Sally's adorable tilted nose and curved scarlet mouth, and remarked to himself that the ruffles on Sally's dress were crisper and more ruffly than anyone else's in the room. To Dean, Sally was nothing less than an angel, a divine being who occasionally bestowed a smile on him and kept him trotting the rest of the time to do her bidding.

Dean's relatives, who lived near the Little House, had long ago said Sally was all that saved Dean's running off to sea. Sally wanted him about, and so, braving the title of mollycoddle, he stayed. He was a nondescript freckle-faced lad of seventeen, with honest gray eyes and a long thin face—just a good-looking thing, as Sally said. As he timidly put out the tip of his little finger to see if it could touch Sally's she gave it a sharp rap with her fan. Dean had given her the fan as a valentine.

Next to Dean sat the only one really intent on Harriet's essay on Hannibal—Kenneth, the youngest, boasting six years, with gentle brown eyes and a thatch of flaxen hair that made him a sissy, so Sally declared when she wished to tease. His flaring red tie and white collar betokened approaching manhood, he flattered himself, and he was trying to live up to their requirements and not become sleepy or fidgety even though it was way past bedtime—past ten o'clock, he hopefully imagined.

Even Kenneth was outgrowing Densie's limitations; he no longer wished to be caressed if he had a bad bump or someone hurt his feelings; he despised the titles "our baby" and "my little one," and had told his mother he wanted to go to a boy's camp the next summer.

On Densie's other side was her husband. He did not look his thirty-nine years; on the contrary he had a boyish face contrasting with Densie's settled countenance, though she was two years his junior. He was a well-built, kindly featured man, a tinge of gray in his chestnut hair, with humorous dark eyes and a well-modeled mouth by way of contrast. He was dressed according to the fashion of a clean-cut American business man, and as he glanced at Densie his brows drew together in annoyance.

"John's one fault," his Aunt Sally used to say, "is that his face shows everything he thinks."

He was thinking, as he looked at Densie and remembered their nineteenth wedding anniversary was not far off, that Densie actually seemed old! He hated himself for the thought, yet it was emphatic in its constant repetition. She seemed, very properly, the mother of Harriet, Sally and Kenneth, maid of all work in the Little House, stay-at-home, conventionally religious person who could make frocks—though her last ones had not sufficient style to please Sally—clean house, and entertain the Ladies' Guild of Saint Martha, having sat up half the night to finish her poundcake and sandwiches! Densie belonged to the old school, her husband realized, his brows still knit in annoyance. "An old dear," he added quickly as a sop to conscience; and of course the children's mother. He must always look out for her and never let her suspect his treasonous thoughts. At this identical moment Densie was saying mentally, "I shall justify my stand to-morrow—and then begin again. I will not be called out of date at thirty-seven. I will not have my family ashamed of me and proud only of my cooking!"

John turned away before she should look at him. He had never been able to conceal his thoughts from Densie! But he looked about the big school hall at the other mothers and fathers, and made sharp and unkind contrasts. "America is the land of progress," he told himself as conscience salve, "and the old order of things must change—the younger generation come knocking at the door."

It was picturesque and amusing to recall older times and customs, the regularity and narrowness of the life in which Densie had been raised; he forgot that it likewise applied to himself. The women just ahead of him were smartly gowned, their hair dressed fashionably, a suggestion of perfume, kid-gloved or beringed hands, and the little accessories that make or mar a toilet. They seemed like girls—American mothers were beginning to rebel against age, the conventional sitting-by-the-fire attitude. They were young as long as they could make the world believe them young. Their husbands seemed proud of them, and as attentive as John had once been to Densie. To all outward appearances romance had not deserted them. And if they borrowed a bit of rouge or a false curl to complete the effect, what mattered it?

John knew he contrasted well with the men, that he was almost as youthful looking as the day he married Densie; and that he felt infinitely younger, strangely enough. It seemed incredible that here was a serious-minded seventeen-year-old girl of his graduating!

He applauded as Harriet finished, and then listened to someone sing. He supposed Harriet would stay at home with her mother, as was proper, and—well—marry; most women did. In fact, he had thought very little about it. He took another glance at Densie, and found himself frowning in open disapproval.

She wore an old-style hat—fit for a grandmother, he judged—and a black-silk dress that was homemade and fastened with an enormous cameo brooch. Her face was an unbecoming red—she ought to use powder with discretion—and her white-silk gloves had been mended at the tips while her boots were flat heeled and unbecoming. She really could have been called fifty at a passing glance, even if the dark-blue eyes had an undying girlishness and her brown hair was untouched by gray. Still, Densie would dress her hair in morose fashion, as Sally declared, trying to correct the defect. It was drawn back from her forehead and twisted into a hard knot with ugly hairpins carelessly thrust in and about it. She was stooped because she had worked so hard—so unnecessarily hard, John Plummer thought with a shrug of his shoulders. Why will women insist on being slaves to pots and pans, this everlasting beating of rugs just so often and never being able to hire a washwoman that is satisfactory? It was all a part of the foolishness of the past. If Densie had only been sensible she would have spared herself half her pains.

"If you want to kill yourself, my dear, I am sorry; but I refuse to perish with you," he had said one memorable spring day, coming home in a new pearl-gray suit and Panama hat, preparatory to attending some business luncheon and finding Densie in forlorn calico, pathetically wiping down ceilings and washing the tops of the tall old-style windows.

She had begun to feel old then, as she paused to look down at him from the top of her stepladder.

"The woman was sick and couldn't come," she had begun in self-defense.

"Let it go! Must it be done to-day?" he had insisted.

"I hate to get behind with my work. Aunt Sally taught me that way." She had been watching his debonair self very closely.

"Have it your own way. I shall not be home until late. Where are those handkerchiefs you made for me—the ones with a monogram? I found I had nothing but a rag when I reached the office." He flourished it before her.

"In the lower right-hand drawer of your chiffonier," she said, standing up to resume her work. "The laundries make rags out of everything; that is why I do the washing myself when the women don't come."

Without answering he had left her, telling himself that after just so many years of married life women love to become martyrs! Now, as the exercises neared the end, he felt the same glow of impatience. He had always provided well for his family. Left the heir to the house of Plummer & Plummer, tea, coffee and spices, a substantial firm of integrity and prosperous business, he had managed to carry on the trade fairly well. Of late the profits were not so large, and living expenses much higher. But Densie knew how to save in the home—it was her world, that house on the hill crowded with old-time furniture. John had not stinted himself for clubs or vacation jaunts; he needed the change, he told Densie, who had always agreed with him.

They were rising to sing America. It seemed to him it took Densie longer to rise than the others; the other women were graceful, they probably danced and played golf, and had breakfast in bed.

Sam Hippler, his Uncle Herbert's confidential clerk, touched him on the arm.

"She's a right smart girl, John," Sam Hippler whispered loudly.

Some people smiled in amusement at the old man. John nodded, and began singing the second stanza. Sam Hippler belonged to Densie's world too—Sam with his old-style black coat and striped trousers for business and a choker tie fastened by a pearl pin, his gold-rimmed glasses and his withered face, his fussy, inefficient methods, though the result was usually all right. He still insisted on having a high writing desk, at which he stood to balance his books or write his letters. Of course, John would always keep Sam Hippler, though a girl and a typewriter would be more to the purpose; he had promised his uncle he would do so, and Densie would make a tremendous row if he broke his word. Densie had Sam Hippler for Sunday-night tea, and made the children, much against their will, be respectful as he stumbled through the long table blessing or told some dull tale of his early days in Lancashire, England.

There were also Maude Hatton and Lucy Parks, the two other relics now.

But everyone was beginning to crowd about the graduates, and Sally and Dean began to find their way toward the door, while Kenneth snuggled up to Densie's skirts. Kenneth was beginning to be sleepy and his mother would see to it that he reached home. Kenneth never asked his father for anything but money. Neither did he confide in or appeal to him for sympathy. Sally was her father's favorite, partly because she was beautiful and partly because she knew how "to manage daddy." Harriet was too brainy and too sallow, and the boy only a girlish sort of youngster whom his mother was fast spoiling.

Densie put her hand on Kenneth's head. "Yes, sonny, you've been very good. We'll hurry home. Come, John, this child is half asleep. Oh, Aunt Maude, I'm so much obliged to you for the beautiful pin; Harriet will thank you herself."

Which was a white lie and she wondered if Miss Hatton realized it, for the beautiful pin had been an old-style twisted brooch, which she had given Harriet in lieu of money to buy something new. Maude Hatton had sewed for Densie and for Densie's aunt when the latter was a little girl. She was an eccentric kind-hearted spinster whom everyone considered a trifle mad, living in one room of a forlorn boarding house, sewing by the day for those "who don't want style but strength," she said herself, and with the sole companionship of a canary bird to round out her existence. Densie had Maude Hatton to Sunday tea also; she would have had her more often only the family were too obviously bored. So she sent her baskets of food or pieces of cloth for a waist or skirt and often put a bouquet of flowers and a magazine in her room to greet her in surprise. Miss Hatton understood the situation better than Densie, but out of loyalty she remained silent—except to Lucy Parks, Densie's other old friend, also belonging to Aunt Sally's day, as school-teacher who had taught both John and Densie their tables and had read Peter Parley's History of the Animal Kingdom to them on Sunday afternoons.

Miss Parks was pensioned now, rooming near Miss Hatton in similar isolation, and she came once a week to the Plummers', only to be mimicked afterward by Sally and criticized by Harriet. When Miss Parks was scheduled to appear at the Plummer dinner table John always found a downtown engagement to keep him from the pleasure.

"Mother's old seamstress and teacher," Sally had said with the insolence of fifteen years. "Oh dear, I wonder if we can ever get a new sort of friends and house and start in again—just as if the others never did exist."

Lucy Parks patted Densie on her unfashionable shoulder; Densie still seemed a little girl in her faded eyes. "Your girl Harriet is bound to be brilliant, Densie; your aunt and I said so the week she was born—bound to be brilliant, but see that she knows how to keep house as well as to write essays on Hannibal. Howdy, John. Well, does it seem strange to have a grown-up daughter?"

After which she gathered her bottle-green umbrella and a beaded reticule, both of which had come out of the ark, according to Sally, and departed in company with Maude Hatton and Sam Hippler.

Neighbors began speaking to the Plummers, and then the crowd dispersed, some to make ready for the dance and refreshments, and some to go home. "Sally wants to stay for dancing," Densie said as she buttoned Kenneth's coat. "Dean is here with her, and I hate to say no."

"Let her stay. Isn't Harriet going to?"

"Yes; but I don't want them coming home alone."

"I'll stay," John suggested. "You go on with Kenneth and don't worry about us."

Densie nodded. "I'll leave the key in the box of geranium plants; and don't let it be any later than eleven, will you?"

"All right, lady," he said in amusement.

Densie and Kenneth passed ahead, first to find Harriet and congratulate her, and then to warn Sally about not being too giddy. It was on the tip of Densie's gentle tongue to say "When I was a girl we never had such graduating exercises, with engraved invitations and jeweled class pins, expensive dresses and a stringed orchestra to play for dancing." But she kept her thoughts to herself as she piloted a rather tumbly, sleepy son in a rumpled sailor suit through the crowd.

Harriet was standing with a group of teachers. She had never mingled with her classmates and had been elected president from standing rather than popularity. She gave her mother a superior smile, her black brows drawing together in slight displeasure. Harriet was not chagrined, as were John and Sally, that Densie was not in fashionable semi-evening dress, but that her mother was so old-fashioned and "uneducated," as Harriet was beginning to call it—"a queer little thing who likes Annie Laurie and has her parlor curtains looped back with huge satin bows and who cries when someone recites Casabianca, and has her few books arranged in veritable tiers on the drawing-room table, with an illustrated edition of Meredith's The Earl's Return topping the pile!"

She was afraid her mother would make some break in speaking to the adored and revered teachers who had interested themselves in Harriet's brain progress.

"You Think I Don't See Through You—Well, I Do. You Want to Get Away Without Any Trouble and Have Your Delightful Career"

"You did nicely, dear," Densie began timidly, actually in awe of this seventeen-year-old girl. "Your father has gone after Sally; she wants to stay for dancing."

Then she nodded at the teachers.

One of them said to her: "We are so proud of Harriet, but we expect to be much prouder of her before very long. We hope that you and Mr. Plummer will not interfere with what she wishes to do. This is the age for women, and Harriet is one of the pioneer vanguard. Have you told your mother about it, Harriet?"

"I did not think she would want to be bothered," Harriet said with reserve.

"Oh, do tell her!" urged another teacher, looking at Densie with quizzical eyes.

"I want to go to the social-service school in New York for five years, and I've — I've been working for a scholarship ——"

"And she has won it!" supplemented the first teacher. "You surely cannot say no, can you, Mrs. Plummer?"

Kenneth tugged at his mother's skirt. Densie felt bewildered.

"I shall talk it over with my husband," she said with old-time reserve, it being the first proper answer coming to her mind.

Harriet smiled again. "I must go, mother! I want to devote my life to educating my own sex."

At seventeen it sounded rather amusing, but Densie concealed her sense of humor with a smile, and after a few more words—most unappreciative of her efforts, Harriet thought—she found her way to where Sally, flushed and giggling, was surrounded by boys, Dean nonchalantly standing guard behind her chair.

"Oh, mummy dear, I haven't dared tell sis how splendid she was; I can't remember what she did say about Hannibal. I'll wait until daddy makes us come home, and then I'll have all sorts of nice things made up to say."

She tilted her beautiful willful little face up to Densie for a good-night kiss. Sally was in truth born cuddled; love to her was the same as bread to the working man. She must love someone and be loved in return. She drew Kenneth up to her and hugged him prettily.

"Don't be late, will you, Sally dear? To-morrow is Saturday, and we've lots to do."

Densie admired her daughter in spite of herself.

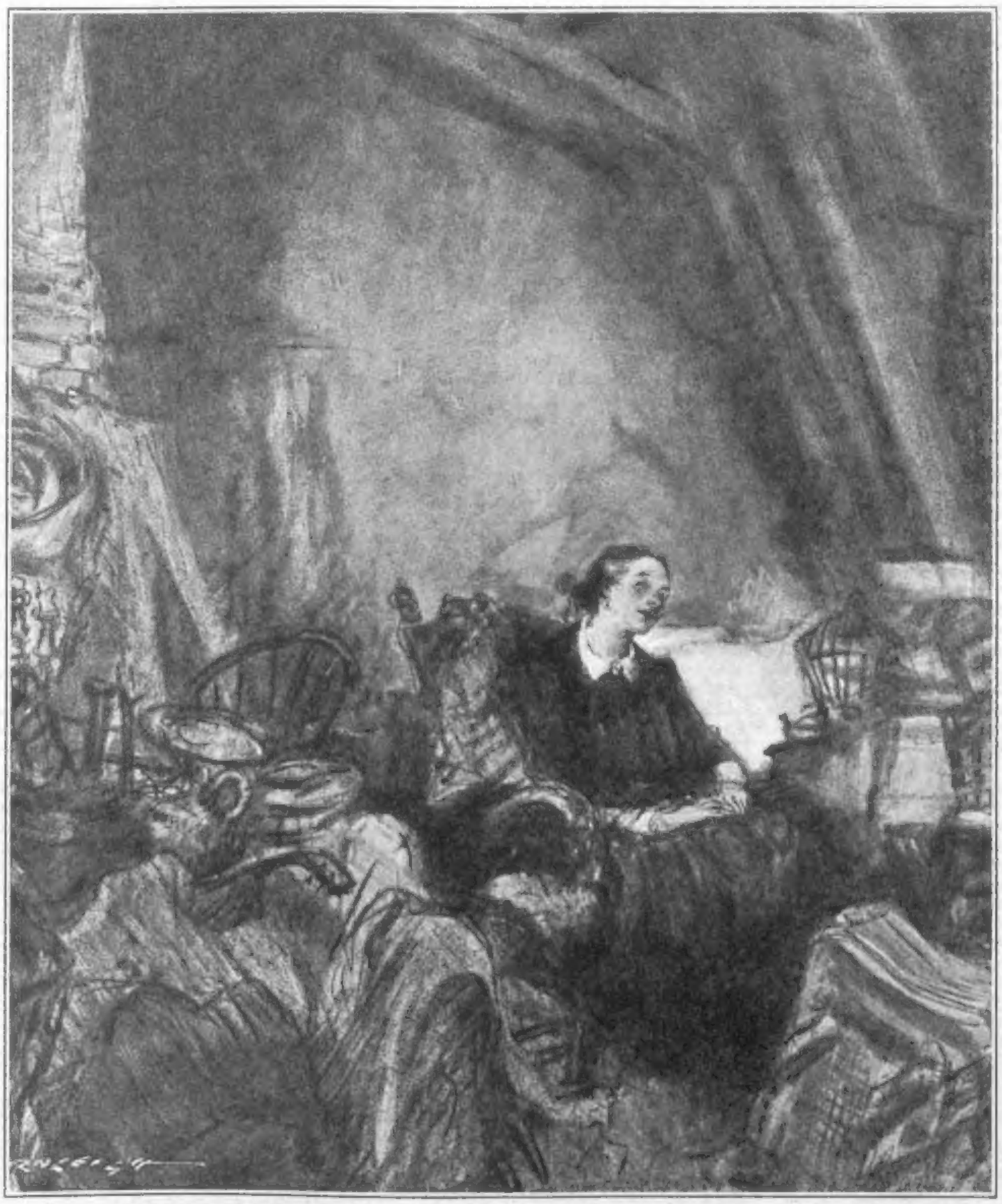
"I'll see that she's home all right," Dean promised. "Can I get your cab for you?"

"Thank you, but we'll walk; it is only a stone's throw."

Densie unfashionably left the schoolhouse on foot, with Kenneth half asleep yet bewailing the fact of no ice cream and cake as a reward for listening to Harriet's essay on Hannibal! She caught a glimpse of her husband as she left. He was talking to Harriet and some of the teachers. The teachers were smiling and animated; and Harriet, like a proud dark-woodsy creature, aloof from the others, stood and gazed out the window, seeing only her girlish visions of conquering and reforming the universe. Harriet was like a sexless sprite with the mind of a rusty old savant and the unfolded heart of a girl!

Some children leaving the hall jostled against Densie. A woman said sharply: "Be careful! Don't crowd that old lady!"

Densie gave a choked laugh—Kenneth was too small to notice—but either Sally or Harriet would have seized upon it as a reproach to her old-fashioned self. At thirty-seven—an old lady! It was really too ridiculous. Her kindly little face was crimson. It must have been her black dress and hat, for she still wore mourning for Uncle Herbert Plummer, who died the past winter. She began to wonder if it was too late to break up her home and begin anew. Was the time past for her to catch up with this younger generation?



She Must Have Been Rather Pretty She Thought, for John Had Taken Her in His Arms and Kissed Her Gently, as He Had Never Done Before

Then she began thinking of Harriet—five years at a social-service school—Harriet would be twenty-two, Densie forty-two, and John forty-four. Sally would be twenty, and Kenneth eleven; Maude Hatton and Lucy Parks and Sam Hippler very old indeed—perhaps dead. She began thinking these things in a ponderous fashion.

Reaching the old-fashioned gate she stooped down and carried Kenneth up the winding path to balance him skillfully over one hip as she unlocked the door. She put him to bed with unusual swiftness—Densie never did anything very quickly because she always took infinite pains—and came back to leave the key in the box of geraniums. She did the little chores about the house which she could not have enumerated if anyone had asked her, "Why don't you go right to bed?" The drip pan under the ice box, the clocks to be wound, the shades drawn just so, the waste cans set out for collection—then upstairs into the bedrooms to turn back the spreads with a loving hand.

She came into her and John's room—an old-time enormous place with high gilded ceilings, windows with walnut cornices, and the furniture that Aunt Sally and Uncle Herbert had given them on their wedding day. She sat beside the window and looked out at the soft June night. She wondered if she would better begin her retrospection now or wait until to-morrow. She could not refrain from wondering how it would seem to break up this home of nineteen years—she was impatient to get at the actual destruction.

Then she glanced at the clock. No, she would best go to bed, for to-morrow had an unusual burden of cares brought about by the graduation, and when she was alone to-morrow afternoon she would begin systematically, after the fashion of a prosecuting attorney, to review her own and John's lives and decide on what was best.

After which she undressed and knelt beside her bed to say the same timeworn prayer Aunt Sally had taught her to lisp. No one else in the family prayed. It was like a multitude of things her family had ceased doing, and other equally strange ones they had begun to do, without her consent or her knowledge. Just the "old lady of thirty-seven" came humbly night and morning to ask for everyone's well-being but her own.

She was awakened when her husband returned at nearly one o'clock.

"They had a remarkably pretty dance," he said as he lit the gas. "By Jove, I never light this stuff but what I wish we had electricity. Beastly!"

He threw the match aside.

"Isn't it very late?" Densie asked.

"Well, a girl doesn't graduate every day. Too bad you didn't arrange for someone to stay with Kenneth."

"Oh, I wanted to come home. I saw Harriet receive her diploma."

"Quite an essay, the teachers say. Did she tell you about the scholarship? Remarkably quiet about it, wasn't she?"

"I did not know there was such a school."

"Nor I. What a lot of new things there are—eh, Densie? Even in our day it was different from Aunt Sally's. Well, shall we let her go?"

Densie smiled. "I'm afraid she will go with or without anyone's letting her."

At which John bridled. "Nonsense! A girl's place is home—unless her parents see fit to let her go away. I've no objection to having her try it. She will be glad to come back inside of six months and be—well—be—be at home," he ended in helpless masculine confusion.

Densie did not contradict; she was thinking of to-morrow and her own personally conducted tour into the past—and future.

"Don't forget to look in at Kenneth," she said politely, "and see if he is covered. He coughed all morning, I noticed."

II

AFTER Saturday luncheon Densie drew the front shades and departed for the attic. After all, the attic is the proper place to become retrospective. What else can so inspire and remind one of the past?

She had done her Saturday baking and her Sunday marketing while the girls had supposedly cleaned the front parlors and set the library in order. Their own rooms they insisted were superfluously clean, and as there was a class picnic for Harriet to attend and a sewing club for Sally, while Kenneth went to play at a neighbor's, and John was

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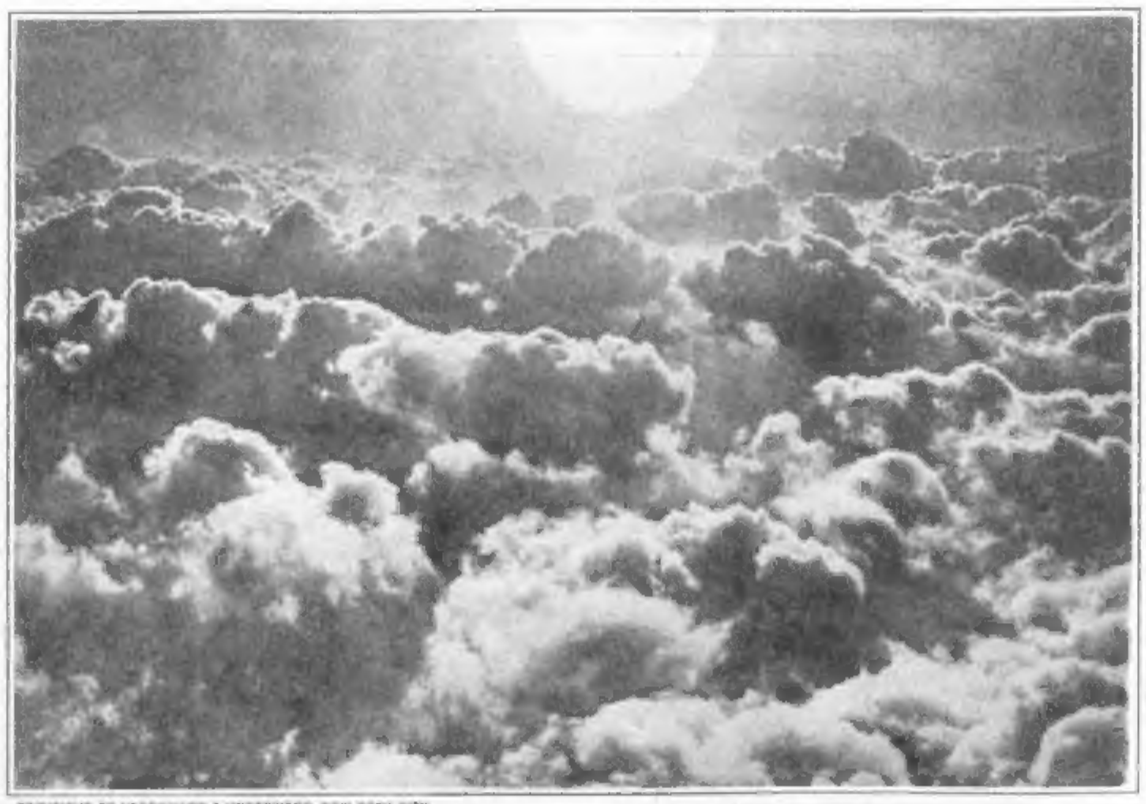
THE COMMERCIAL ZEPPELIN

By EVAN J. DAVID

ALMOST daily reports are coming out of Europe to the effect that Zeppelins are being converted into aërial merchantmen to fly regularly between New York and Hamburg.

Because these gigantic lighter-than-air machines, measuring more than seven hundred feet in length, seventy feet in diameter, buoyed up by more than two million cubic feet of hydrogen gas, and driven by six Maybach-Mercedes engines, generating a total of fourteen hundred horse power, have carried, in all kinds of weather and under adverse circumstances of war, a crew of forty-eight men and a useful load of four tons from Germany over the British fleet and the North Sea and the antiaircraft guns and by hostile fleets of Allied aëroplanes, and have successfully raided England and Scotland more than a score of times, returning safely to their home ports, often having flown a total distance of approximately eight hundred miles—the eyes of the aëronautical world, like searchlights in the night, are sweeping the heavens over the Atlantic seaboard to discover whether these leviathans of the air or the little dragon flies of aëroplanes will be the first to appear in the firmament, aërially transnavigating the 1195 miles of water that separates the old world from the new.



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This Photograph Was Made From an Aëroplane at an Altitude of Over 12,000 Feet and Shows the Sun Setting. It is Impossible to See the Earth From Above Such Cloud Banks, Which Were Very Common on Certain Parts of the West Front

Indeed, ever since man has learned to fly he has become such an exalted creature that he has ceased to regard any mechanical feat as impossible. This is, in a measure at least, pardonable when we stop to consider that ever since man got up off his hands and learned to walk upright he has longed to be able to fly as a bird through the heavens in any direction he chose, without let or hindrance, boundary or border. Though he expended every effort to accomplish this feat, and often lost his life in the attempt, for countless ages the privilege to soar aloft was denied him.

The Ambition of the Ages Realized

IN POINT of time it was September, A. D. 1782, before the Montgolfier brothers succeeded in sending up even a paper bag inflated with hot air, and it was November of the same year before two Frenchmen, the Marquis d'Arlandes and Pilâtre de Rozier, made the world's first trip in any kind of aërial vehicle—namely, a free balloon.

But these and most of the attempts to navigate the air in the next century were unsuccessful, primarily due to the lack of power adaptable to propelling a gas bag through the air. In 1852 Henri Giffard, another Frenchman, made the first successful directed flight in a dirigible 144 feet long and 39 feet in diameter. It was inflated with hydrogen and driven by a three-horse-power steam engine, an eleven-foot screw propeller, and it made six miles an hour relative to the wind. Owing to the fuel, fire and weight problems the steam engine was then impractical as a means of propulsion for lighter-than-air machines.

In 1884 Captain Charles Renard went a step further in the right direction by installing a two hundred pound electric motor generating nine horse power. The battery, composed of chlorochromic salts, delivered one shaft horse power for each eighty-eight pounds of weight, but in spite of such a handicap he flew over Paris at fourteen and a half miles an hour. Nevertheless the electric motor was also impractical, even for a rigid dirigible. As a matter of fact every gas bag was at the mercy of the winds, and could not steer a direct course, until the gasoline motor was invented and developed to generate more than a dozen horse power.

The first man to build a rigid dirigible with an aluminum framework and drive it with a gasoline motor was an Austrian named Schwarz, but the first man to build, equip, and perform the necessary evolutions with a rigid dirigible was Santos Dumont, the famous Brazilian. He accomplished this feat in September, 1898, when he set out from the Zoölogical Gardens at Paris and in the face of a gentle wind steered his airship in nearly every point of the compass. In 1901 he circumnavigated the Eiffel Tower, thus demonstrating the feasibility of the lighter-than-air ship as a practical means of locomotion through the air.

The world's first successful flight in a man-carrying heavier-than-air machine, made by the Wright brothers two years later at Kitty Hawk, North Carolina, only went further to confirm man's belief that the conquest of the air and the age of aërial navigation were at hand.

Since then in a heavier-than-air machine man has climbed to 30,500 feet and has flown 920 miles without stopping. Since my article on Commercial Flying was written this altitude was made by Captain Lang and Observer Blowers in the same machine at Ipswich, England, on January second. In a free balloon man has drifted 1503 miles through the air—from Paris to Kharkoff, Russia—and to an altitude of over thirty-eight thousand feet. In a rigid dirigible the Germans have transported machinery for making munitions all the way from Austria-Hungary over Bulgaria—while that country was still neutral—to Constantinople, a distance of 500 miles; within a radius of 350 miles of Germany, despite all military and naval opposition on land and sea, the Huns have flown with tons of high explosives and dropped them on London, Paris and Bukharest. Now comes the report from Germany that a super-Zeppelin has flown from Jamboli, in Bulgaria, to Khartum, in Egypt, and back, a distance of more than a thousand miles each way, carrying a crew of twenty-two men and twenty-five tons of medicine and munitions. It was intended to transport the supplies to General Lettow-Vorbeck in German East Africa, but a wireless received when the Zeppelin was over Khartum notified its commander to return, for Lettow-Vorbeck had been captured.

Merely a Question of Time

IN TWO radically different types of flying machines man has in the last decade aërially transnavigated great natural and geographic barriers in the form of the Alps, the Pyrenees and the Taurus mountains, and the North, the Baltic, the Adriatic and the Mediterranean seas. He has made these flights in all kinds of winds, weather and atmospheric and polemic conditions.

At last he has ascended higher than the lark and flown faster than the eagle and farther than the mightiest bird of prey. Small wonder then that he should consider the flight across the Atlantic by either the aëroplane or the Zeppelin as nothing but a question of time.

As a matter of fact man does not doubt that eventually not only the Atlantic, the Pacific and the Seven Seas, but even the globe itself will be aërially transnavigated. His only concern is how soon these feats will be accomplished facts.

Several preparations—but only one real attempt—to fly across the Atlantic have already been made. The first effort to cross the ocean from America to Europe by air was made by Walter Wellman and a crew of five men in the dirigible America on October 15, 1910. The airship measured 228 feet in length and 52 feet in diameter, with a lifting capacity of twelve tons. The envelope carrying the gas weighed approximately two tons. Attached to the bag was a car 156 feet long. The nine thousand pounds of gasoline necessary for the trip were stored under the floor of the car.

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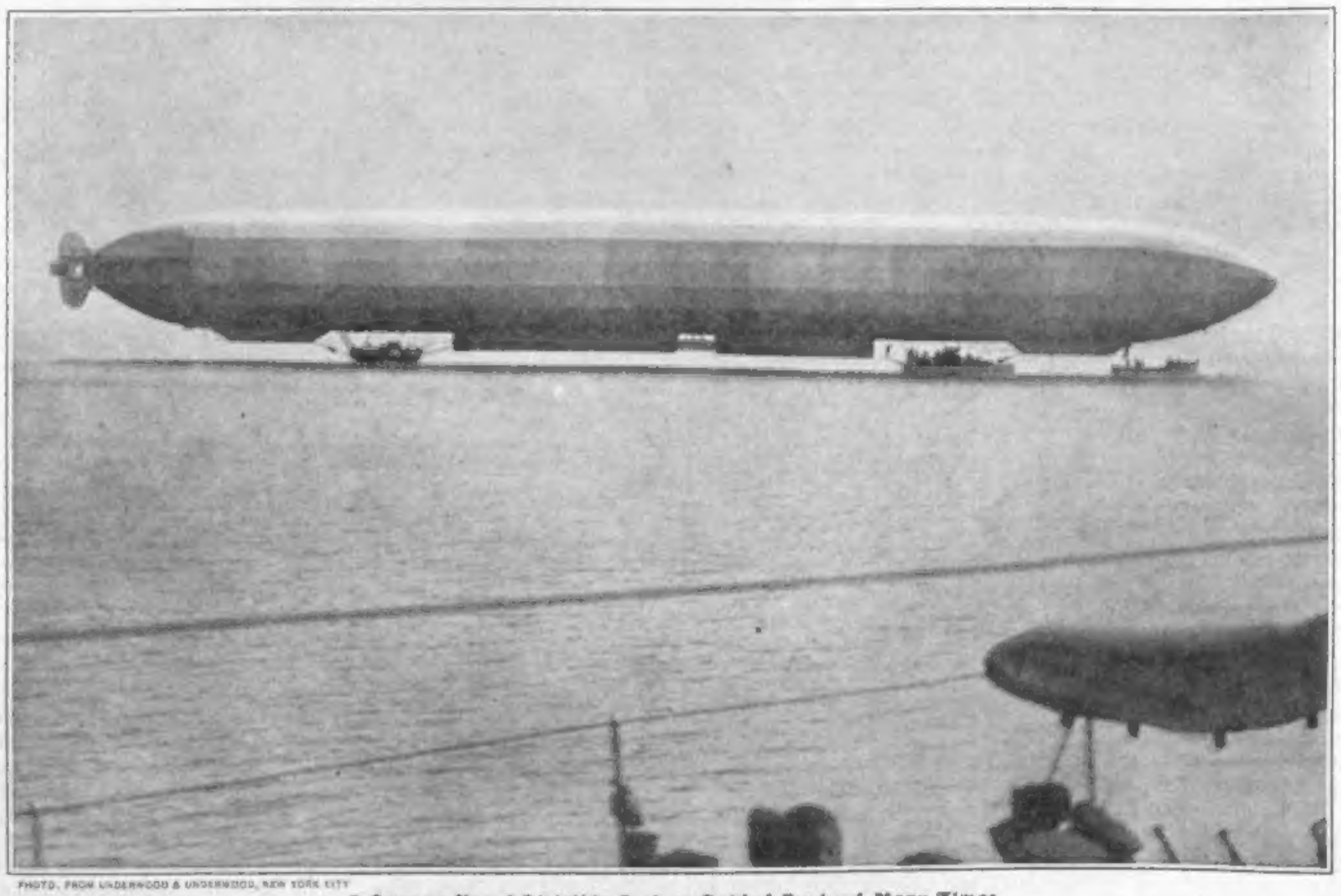


PHOTO. FROM UNDERWOOD & UNDERWOOD, NEW YORK CITY

A German Naval Dirigible Such as Raided England Many Times

THE SHRINKING VIOLET

By Sinclair Lewis

ILLUSTRATED BY MAT WILSON PRESTON

UPPER COLFAX now has one hundred thousand inhabitants, a traction scandal, two lady portrait painters, a sixteen-story building, and a Mystic Orient Temple with a swami who looks exactly like a wet raincoat and comes from the Himalayan vales of Georgia. But its daintiest entrée is the Little Theater. The most extraordinary talent has been discovered. There is a tragedienne whose interpretation of the rôle of Kathleen ni Houlihan has been compared to Duse, Ethel Barrymore, Mary Pickford and Julian Eltinge.

The Little Theater idea is pervasive. It is not confined to even the nicest set. It is mirrored in the celebrated Upper Colfax sunsets, in the peculiarly dusklike Upper Colfax twilights, and in that splendid plastic memorial, the William Higgins watering trough. But the physical part of the Little Theater hasn't been so pervasive.

Mrs. Oliphant Ardbiddle, who bottle-feeds all the civic movements that aren't kidnaped by her rival, Mrs. Andy Sands, wanted to have the Little Theater housed in a striking California mission building, with a Gothic tower filled with the studios of writers, metal workers and art photographers—as soon as there were any writers and artists in town. One of the best friends of the Ardbiddles is a man who is practically an architect, being with an interior decorator in Cleveland, and he calculated that such a temple of the arts wouldn't cost a cent more than forty thousand dollars.

Mrs. Ardbiddle started campaigning for the fund, and in one year she got pledges for sixty-seven dollars, but then she took up horseback riding.

So the Little Theater rented a nice hall in the Brown Block, in the motor district. Except that the Knights of Thermopylæ meet in the hall on Tuesday, and the New Reformed Ancient Order of the Fraternal and Friendly Brotherhood on Thursday, and an igloo of the Elevated and Insured Organization of Excellent Eskimos on Saturday, the Little Theater has the hall to itself—unless one of the affiliated female lodges is giving a basket supper. There is quite a good stage at the back. Mrs. Andy Sands said it wasn't bigger than a second maid's clothes closet, but she exaggerated. It is twice as big as a closet.

There was some difficulty in staging the Roman Colosseum on it, but still, as Mabel Tessbury, the scenic genius, pointed out, it's perfectly wonderful what an absolute illusion of distance you get by two white cheesecloth curtains and an amber flood light, with just a gladiator's foot sticking out from behind a pillar, R. 3 E.

Back of the stage is the room used for dressing rooms, props, committee conferences and informal lemonade. The throne of the High Lord of the Blubber Vats of the E. I. O. E. E. is stored there, and the chairman of Little Theater committees, who is always a chairwoman, sits on that. Cigarettes can conveniently be dropped in the helmet of the Chief Thessalonian of the K. of T. The ladies always smoke cigarettes at the Little Theater committee meetings, to make up for not being allowed to smoke at home. Husbands and brothers have such ridiculous prejudices in Upper Colfax. Not like New York.

We are present at a meeting of the play-reading committee, and there is trouble down the wind. Miss Bertha Pittelkow has sneaked in something on us. She has been in New York for three weeks, and heard a lecture by a liberal clergyman, and seen the French actors, who are so good that you don't have to understand French, and she has gone and got artistic.

The committee is about to select the next offering. Mrs. Andy Sands is in the chair; Bertha Pittelkow, having penetrated to the most exciting, dear, wild, wonderful party in a real Washington Square studio, is sitting on the floor; Miss Mabel Tessbury, who inclines to the Oriental in both her art and her voluptuous lines, and is just crazy about Japanese prints and chow mein, reclines on a pile of robes of the K. of T.; and John P. Barto, the insurance man, being the only male present, is standing. The air is electric with ideas.

Then—suddenly—all at once—bing!—the enthusiasm goes smash. It is discovered that no one has read any of the plays they are to discuss.

"I meant to, but I've been so busy, my daughter moving, and I had to go down and see that her maid watered the ferns and all," said Mrs. Andy Sands.

"Well, anyway, we're sure we want to choose three one-act plays. That's something settled," said Mabel Tessbury.

With the cheerfully firm tone she had got in New York Bertha Pittelkow began: "No, I don't agree. I think we ought to give a three-act play by J. Bolivar Whipple ——"

"I saw Jenny Canderboom down at the Jolly Jug tea room to-day, and she is still wearing that same fur coat. It's getting so mangy, and it barked when it saw me," said Mrs. Andy.

"Why, I think Jenny is a splendid woman, very bright and pleasing—though I must say my wife can't help snickering when she sees that imitation pearl necklace of Jenny's," protested Mr. Barto.

Bertha continued steadily: "J. Bolivar Whipple is the *dernier cri* of modernity. He makes Lord Dunsany look like Way Down East. Oh, I wish I could meet him!"

"I tell you one thing," Mrs. Andy snapped: "Whatever plays we put on we aren't going to have Emma Duxworth stage them. She makes me sick—the way she insisted on having the table right in the center of the stage, in The Curse of Man, instead of six inches farther to the right. It just spoiled that nice business where the grandmother tries to murder the little girl's doll."

Mabel Tessbury, being Emma Duxworth's rival as scene painter, murmured: "Poor Emma, she means well; but the way she hangs round Eugene Waite and tries to flirt with him, and him engaged ——"

"Well, let's decide on The Soul of a Bat, by Gurgeleff, for the first one-act play," Mrs. Andy sailed on. "Even if we haven't read it we know how splendid his things are—so creepy and horrible."

"But why—why—why?" wailed Bertha Pittelkow. She grabbed at her hair. She hadn't exactly had it bobbed in New York, but she had put it up so that it looked bobbed. One glance at her made it obvious that she had an artistic future, whether she finally settled down to her art-jewelry work, or the cello, or batik, or embroidering smocks. "Why do we talk of old-fashioned people like Gurgeleff? J. Bolivar Whipple is the new note. Symbolic. And the new sensitiveness. They say he is a regular Saravon—Savaron—Savonarola, the way he preaches against all these horrid, commercialized, flippant, self-advertising writers. He is one of the rare souls, like Shelley or Hamlet, too fine for his generation."

"Listen! You Can Hear Him Playing. He's Been Other-World-Wandering Like That for Three Hours, Now"

"Well, if we do have a three-act play let's give something that people will enjoy, like In Disguise," yawned Mrs. Andy. "Marnie said that when they gave it at Miss Pribble's School everybody laughed so ——"

Bertha groaned. You can tell the temperament of a person by the things she groans at. Now Mr. Barto liked the Little Theater movement—or at least his wife boasted that he did, and certainly he had written seven policies for people he had met in connection with it—but he had never groaned like that over anything except getting a nerve killed in a molar. Bertha groaned, and when she had groaned she wailed "My dear Mrs. Andy, will you never grasp the Little Theater idea? Our purpose is not to amuse schoolgirls and tired business men. We are in the van. We are in our humble way creating the new art of the theater. Whatever we may have done wrong ——"

Mabel Tessbury was standing by the window. In some excitement she announced: "There go Emma and Eugene now, and the sickening way she giggles at everything he says!"

When Emma had been inspected and condemned Bertha repeated parts of her groan, and continued: "Now you take J. Bolivar Whipple's new one-act symbolic drama, In the Whither. Oh!" She groaned again. They could never tell whether she was enthusiastic when she groaned like that, or whether it was new corsets. "Whipple's plays are pure symbolism. You know, everything is a symbol of something. Take, for instance, In the Whither. The characters are The Mossy Tree, The Cow Lamentable and The Living Spark. The Tree symbolizes Nature, and the Spark is progress, and the Cow—well, I don't exactly remember what the cow symbolizes, but —— Oh, it's all so interior!"

Mrs. Andy Sands rose. "Huh! Well, if we have nothing more —— I have never heard of your J. Bolivar Whipple, Bertha, so he can't be much good. When the president of the Anemone Club was staying with us she told us all about the new drama, and she never mentioned the Whipple person."

Mr. Barto saw a chance to get away. It wasn't too late for one game of duck pins at the Elks'. He suggested: "We better adjourn, I guess, and complete our work next meeting. I'm glad we've made some progress, and decided on a three-acter. Or was it three one-acters? Anyway—good night, girls."

As he shot out through the dark hall he heard Bertha Pittelkow shouting "Rare shrinking soul," while Mrs. Andy steadily continued, in a putting-on-gloves tone, "And I never expect to hear of J. Bolivar Whipple again."

II

FROM nine A. M. to twelve Mr. J. Bolivar Whipple wears slippers, a stogie, and a manner fully as literary as the young man who sits in the window above the curb market and insults another young man down on the pavement by twiddling his fingers. During these hours Bolivar does not write symbolic dramas, poem dramas, vorticist dramas, Freudian dramas or any other kind of dramas. He writes serials for Nifty Narratives and other wood-pulp magazines. He signs them "Jack Joliffe."

After serial publication the Jack Joliffe tales sell widely in book form. Three hundred thousand have been sold of the fifty-cent reprint of In Disguise—from which the Broadway success was later dramatized.

In Disguise is an excellent train book. This young fellow who was captain of the Yale team—kind of team not designated—goes to New York, is bored by Wall Street, wants the Great Open, takes his brother's crime on his shoulders, is sent to jail, escapes, goes West, licks the ranch bully and marries the ranchman's bonny daughter. It is virile, gripping, dramatic, red-blooded, sweet, pure, wholesome, and full of the breath of the open. But it makes Bolivar sick to think of it.

Till noon Bolivar turns out chapters of new versions of this same story, but as the whistle blows he puts on a coat with a belted back and becomes a sensitive soul.

This noon he was unhappy. As he consumed his sensitive luncheon of roast beef, Yorkshire pudding, French fried potatoes and deep-dish apple pie, he occasionally roared at his wife, who had limousine upholstery on a flivver chassis.

"What is it, dear? Do you feel the sadness of things?" inquired Mrs. J. Bolivar Whipple.

She is an able woman. For months at a time she stands for Bolivar's being shrinking and deep.

"No, but —— Did you see that idiotic spiel about Percy Snaffle in the Chronicle literary supplement? About his living a hermit life in the Adirondacks? The nerve of his publishers to get out that dope! I'd done the hermit

stuff before Percy ever got fired off the staff of the Home and Crochet Magazine. Fact is, he can't afford New York rents. And that reminds me—there hasn't been a word of publicity about me for weeks, even with Fingers of Fog just published."

"Why, deary, there were seven clippings this morning."

"I know, but —— Say, did you see that unspeakable review in the Chicago Thunderbolt? Now you know I never mind an unfavorable review. I'm glad to have my errors pointed out to me. But when a complete ignoramus dares to try to review a symbolic drama! Why, he said Fingers of Fog couldn't be acted! You know I never boast. I have an absolutely impersonal attitude toward my work. But I will say that Fingers of Fog will some day be seen on Broadway—and that day will mark the dawn of the new era in American dramaturgy. But what I need is — · Mind you, I detest vulgar publicity. Why my inner soul should be dragged out for inspection I cannot for the life of me comprehend. But just the same it is necessary to call the attention of the precious folk who understand to the finer new things, and —— By golly, we'll see whether Hitz wants to do a little publicity for me or whether he wants to lose the Jack Joliffe books!"

Bolivar firmly took the Number Five walking stick—the one that combines literary effect with firmness—and caught the bus for the office of his publishers, Hitz, Bemis & Jones.

III

MR. HITZ highly esteemed the works of J. Bolivar Whipple. Not the five volumes of symbolic, ethnic and psychoanalytic dramas, however. It is not true, as rival publishers assert, that Mr. Hitz cannot read. He can read easily, and he has actually read one of the ethnic dramas. It's the one in which the characters are The Anglo-Saxon Strain, The Czecho-Slovak Tendency and Proud Croatian Blood. Mr. Hitz said he liked it.

When a soap manufacturer makes his money out of Old Mother Hubbard's Merry Monday Laundry Soap but gets his reputation from Esprit de Printemps Savon pour la Milady, the toilet soap is called his "prestige leader." Bolivar's dramas were Hitz's prestige leader. But what paid rent and salaries were Bolivar's Jack Joliffe stories.

Mr. Hitz's office is full of atmosphere. It has white paneling and signed photographs of lady authors. In this dainty shrine Mr. Hitz was holding literary converse. The person who was helping him hold it was Mike McGogarty, who sells the territory from South Bend to Cripple Creek. Mr. McGogarty was begging: "Well, for Pete's sake, ship him a bunch of the Dollikins Deary series on consignment. There's a bumper crop of simp females in that town, and he ought to be able to shove off a slew of 'em."

Mr. Hitz made spirited repartee. "His credit is on the fritz. Remainders, that's the best he gets. Say, why didn't you get more reorders on Mrs. Hallygobble's novels? They're the best line of heart-throb stuff in America. And — —"

The nimble office girl peeped in, winked at Mr. McGogarty and announced: "J. B. Whipple calling."

"I bet he wants to see me about Fingers of Fog; and I haven't even read the darn thing. Have you, Mike?" sighed Mr. Hitz.

"Me? Thank God, I don't have to read Bolly's books. I just have to sell 'em."

"Tell Whipple I'll see him in a second, Miss Robinsteyn. Shoot me in Mr. Simplestone's manuscript opinion on Fingers of Fog, and what he wrote about it for the forthcoming catalogue."

In his original report on the receipt of Fingers of Fog the editor, Mr. Leonard Simplestone, had written: "I suppose we have to take this, for the sake of the Joliffe books, but it's worse rot than usual. Can't give plot, as there isn't any. Something about a bunch of ghosts. Whipple thinks he can do the mystic wine-of-dreams stuff, but the nearest he gets to it is lemon pop. Overworks words like ethereal, delicate, faint, afar."

Before publication Mr. Simplestone must have changed his mind. In the note for the new catalogue he generously stated: "Behind the artistry of the style, that cobweb texture from faerie, is an authoritative comprehension of cosmic rhythms. Faint and afar sounds ever through it the voice of the ethereal. But no mere closet drama is this. Its subtlety of thematization makes it peculiarly appropriate to presentation by stage societies and Little Theaters."

"Hum. I gotcha," glowed Mr. Hitz as he concealed the report and catalogue proof beneath the pile of correspondence under his left elbow and buzzed to have Bolivar admitted.

He greeted the dramatist with: "Ah, my dear fellow, delighted! This is rather a coincidence! Just last night I was rereading Fingers of Fog. Do you know, there is something—uh—something so delicate and faint and ethereal in it, and the thematization—Lord!"

Bolivar slipped from the expression of a man who wants that check to that of a man presented with a cocktail at a dinner he had expected to be dry. He beamed.

But he resolutely demanded: "Glad you like it. But look here, old man, aren't you going to do any publicity for it? There ought to be a dandy Sunday story in it. Certainly more interesting than all these society scandals and scientific marvels that all the Sundays use."

"We've been getting out quite a little publicity. Our clip sheet is widely used by literary editors."

"I— Uh—Dear Lady, Do You Think They're Going to Call for Author?" Bolivar Implored

"Huh! This kind of stuff!" Bolivar fished a clipping out of his pocket. "This is from the Kankakee Recorder. You know how the Kankakee book buyers must have stormed the book stores when they read: 'Mr. and Mrs. J. Bolivar Whipple have spent the summer on Cape Cod, where Mr. Whipple has been at work on a new book.'"

"What is your idea of publicity?"

"Me? My dear man, I have no ideas on such a subject. It is for you business fellows to think of that sort of thing. I hate publicity. This self-advertising that we see on all sides—politicians, evangelists, explorers, authors, actors—it's highly distasteful to me. Why can't a man do his honest work and not crow about it? But if you feel that you must do business that way I am reluctantly forced to give my aid. What I'd like to see is a good syndicated Sunday story about my methods of work, with four or five good-sized pictures. That story in about thirty Sunday papers would give people an idea of what we are doing in the new romanticism. Do you see?"

"It's great to not be commercial," Mr. Hitz muttered in thick pea-green awe, and added aloud: "I see. I'll have you talk to Leonard Simplestone."

IV

LEONARD SIMPLESTONE is the firm's publicity man, editor, and writer of advertisements, jackets, slip circulars, catalogues and notes to the trade. He is also the manuscript reader, art editor, new-author snatcher, and the unfortunate who has to see the lady of Southern ancestry with the manuscript volume of poems, and the young woman in her first year of art school with the portfolio of drawings. But chiefly he is the publicity man—which is literary for press agent.

You know about press agents of course. They are large and meaty or slim and George-Cohanesque. They all wear check suits, red ties, cigars in long holders and petroleum-product smiles. They play pool and read nothing but sporting pages. Get that type clearly in mind—then lay it up in the moth balls along with the comic artists' stock pictures of poets, suffragists, Frenchmen, mothers-in-law and burglars.

For like most press agents Leonard Simplestone is meager, anxious, downy-haired, and dressed in dark clothes which you never notice. He took his Master-of-Arts degree in Old English at Harvard. He once saw a professional ball game, but he didn't like it much.

When J. Bolivar Whipple had departed, after a long interview with Simplestone, the press agent took his small, amiable brown hat and went down to the office of the New York Chronicle to see the Sunday editor and the star feature writer, who used to do picture leads for all polite murder trials.

It is a familiar fact that all editors are iron-jawed persons who persecute cubs, and die of cirrhosis of the liver at forty-three. And everybody knows that reporters are beautiful young men who pilot aëroplanes, chat with kings, lick longshoremen, speak nine dialects of Chinese, and always marry the daughters of millionaires.

Naturally, then, when Simplestone's card was brought in the ferocious Sunday editor was saying to the star reporter: "I did try Brussels sprouts, but I don't think the Pansy Grove soil is loamy enough for them. I may cut out the garden entirely and keep chickens."

And the reporter, whose name was Miss Daisy Bunn, made answer: "I wish mamma and I could get a decent cottage cheap next summer, and have a garden."

Leonard Simplestone greeted them: "Say, folks, you haven't used any literary interviews in the Sunday for a long while. I got a dandy I think I could get for you. Interested in this new-art-theater stuff, Miss Bunn?"

"Oh, yes indeedy! I think it's just lovely! I wish I could write plays instead of punk news stories," sighed Miss Bunn.

"You know J. Bolivar Whipple's junk?"

"I saw one of his plays. I thought it was fascinating. I didn't know what it meant."

"Like to interview him?"

"I thought he was sore on publicity? He told a friend of mine he hated it."

"Well, I'll tell you. I went to Hitz, and I made him persuade Whipple to consent to an interview, and Whipple said that if some really sympathetic woman did it he would try ——"

The Sunday editor interjected: "Ugh! I've been in the newspaper game for thirty-two years, and I've heard 9576 people say they just loathed publicity, and statistics show that 9574 of them lied. But all right. If Daisy can get this Whipple to say something peppy we'll run it. Hang that Are Women Naturally Actresses and Untruthful to Their Husbands? story, that we have the line-cut for, on Whipple, Daisy."

"Oh, you're so cynical! I love Mr. Whipple's books," insisted Miss Bunn.

The editor marveled to Simplestone: "Isn't Daisy a wonder! She can go on year after year interviewing male dressmakers and scholarly pugilists and politicians who denounce pork, and still believe in 'em; still get up enthusiasm about every new windjammer she has to meet. That's why she's so valuable."

Miss Bunn paid no attention. In her slightly faded eyes was a light of adoration for the delicate, the ethereal, the J. Bolivar Whipple, as she caroled: "What would you interview him about, Mr. Simplestone?"

"I'd ask him about ——" Simplestone looked at the ceiling and ran his tongue along his upper lip while he recalled the exact words Bolivar had confided. "Well, ask him if he doesn't find the true artist as sensitive as a woman, and if he doesn't believe in an artist's living apart from the vulgar world. You might add the boss' suggestion about women acting all the time. I think those would fit together nicely."

An hour later Miss Bunn begged of Bolivar, on the telephone: "Mr. Simplestone said perhaps I could persuade you to let me have just a teeny interview about your artistic aims."

Bolivar—with a glass of beer and the transmitter in one hand, and a cheese sandwich and the receiver in the other—sighed: "I am dismayed by the enterprise of you

charming young ladies of the press—ah yes, so young and so dreadfully charming. I am but a poor old scholar. I cannot think what I could say that would interest you. But to oblige —— Huh? Get off the wire, operator! To oblige a lady, and a friend of Mr. Simplestone —— Will you come in to-morrow, about five?"

V

FROM one-thirty to four Bolivar, in overalls, assisted by his wife, the maid and the nurse, all in aprons, had been setting the stage for the interview.

The baby's carriage and Brother's toy car had been removed from the vestibule, and the picture of Cousin Ed's little ones snatched from the wall over the piano. The handsome vellum set of Secret Scandals and Memoirs of Royalty, which gave the room such a prosperous, unread look, were replaced by volumes of poetry fished out of that trunk in the storeroom that was too good to throw away and not good enough to use for anything except storing other things that were too good to throw away and not good enough to use. With a nail file Bolivar got the tacks out of the back of the frame of Canterbury Cathedral, and slid in over the picture a jolly print of Mskwski's Study in Amorous Parallelepipeds.

Bolivar was a thorough artist. He had said to his class in playwriting that a genius was known by his attention to details, and scarcely anyone has said that since Aristotle—or was it Roosevelt? There was no chance of Miss Bunn's seeing the nursery. They were going to lock the door and conceal their shameful state of happy matrimony. Yet the artist soul took quaint wicked pleasure in removing the boric acid and talcum powder from the shelf in the nursery, and substituting bottles of Benedictine and crème Yvette.

At four the nurse was sent out with the children. Bolivar and his wife conferred on the costume for the hero of the play. Mrs. Whipple favored the gray-and-white monk's costume which Bolivar had worn at the Masque of the Black Magic at Webster Hall, as giving the impression of a soul passionately devoted to beauty. The maid came in and begged Bolivar to wear his new braided morning coat. The nurse left the children and called up from a drug store to suggest riding clothes. But Bolivar held out for something easy and gorgeous, to symbolize the wonders of uncommercialized imagination. Over Chinese slippers, mouse-colored corduroy trousers, a fawn silk shirt, and a loose silvery-gray tie he draped a dressing gown of heavy rainbow silk.

Then they waited.

In agony they waited. Bolivar smoked nine cigarettes. Mrs. Whipple watched at the window.

"Confound that woman! Isn't she coming? I thought we had this interview planted for fair. She's seven minutes late! Isn't she coming at all?" wailed Bolivar.

The telephone. The enthralling announcement from below: "Miss Bunn calling."

"Quick! On the job!" cried Mrs. Whipple.

Before she had finished Bolivar was at the grand piano, wrapped in reverie and chords.

He knew two pieces. One was part of the Rosenkavalier; the other was a nocturne which he himself had composed. It was called Douceur de Deux Dieux. He said it always made him melancholy to play his nocturne, and it certainly made other people melancholy. But he had to take a chance on it, because it happened, just to-day, that he couldn't remember the Rosenkavalier.

"My Dear Man, I Have No Ideas on Such a Subject. Is is for You Business Fellows to Think of That Sort of Thing. I Hate Publicity"

When Miss Bunn bustled from the elevator, her eyes moist with enthusiasm for the splendid interview she was going to do, Mrs. Whipple met her at the door and, with a finger to her lips, observed "Sh-h-h!"

"What is it? He isn't ill, is he?" squeaked Miss Bunn.

"No, but he is meditating. Reaching out—far out." From Mrs. Whipple's gesture the distance he was reaching out could have been gauged as about twelve feet. "Listen! You can hear him playing. The dear soul, he's been other-world-wandering like that for three hours, now."

"Did he remember about the interview?"

"No, I'm afraid he's forgotten it entirely. He is so detached from the details of engagements and the banal routine of mere existence ——"

"Maybe I'd better go away, and try some other day."

"Oh no! N-n-n-no! He'd be so hurt if he found he had failed a lady."

The worshiping females of the intellectual harem crept through the gray-and-gold mirror hall into the library, and looked admiringly at the drooping back and flouncing rainbow dressing gown of the master. While his long fingers strayed adown the keys—occasionally missing a key—his head was up, and it is highly probable that in the brown spot in the northwest corner of the ceiling, a souvenir of the time when the bathtub had run over in the apartment above, he saw the gardens of pensive dream.

"Kekah," said Mrs. Whipple. Or it may have been "Kukuk," or "Hekeh." Anyway it was a modest wifely sound between a cough and a shoe squeak.

Bolivar started. His glance slowly came down from the ceiling. The music broke off in a smashing discord.

"Miss Bunn. The Chronicle. The interview you promised," apologized Mrs. Whipple.

"I," Bolivar announced, "have been 'interviewing,' as you call it, the soul of lost sad things that through the land of forgotten tunes floats
on to the carven throne."

"Oh my!" said Daisy Bunn.

To Mrs. Whipple she whispered: "Perhaps I'd better ——"

She hadn't a chance. Before she had deprecatingly moved two feet toward the door Mrs. Whipple had maneuvered her into a chair that was hard to get out of, and Bolivar was planted facing her.

He began to talk—long, vague, beautiful, gummy sentences, like honey dripping on the fingers through a hole in the tea biscuit. But Miss Bunn had recovered from her first feminine delight in a regular master. Despite her desire to be literary she was one of the best interviewers in America, and knew too much to let an interviewee spoil things by talking.

Looking at him as impersonally as a ticket agent she interrupted: "Mr. Whipple, don't you think that if the artist is to interpret life he ought to live apart from the vulgar crowd? Don't you think he ought to make life a protest against popular standards—for instance, things like these Jack Joliffe books? Don't you think that his intuition is enough to give him material?"

"Why, uh ——" Bolivar contributed to the interview.

"And don't you think that there is a peculiar affinity between all artists, even the most masculine ones, and women? And don't you think that women are naturally actors? Don't they always dramatize themselves, so that they just can't live up to the ordinary crude male codes of truth?"

"Why, uh ——" said Bolivar.

Bending forward, not taking a note, Miss Bunn cross-examined him nine times, and nine times was Bolivar permitted to state, "Why, uh ——"

Then she smiled, relaxed, and breathed: "Oh, it's wonderful, after interviewing a lot of financiers, to hear you reveal your dreams this way!"

"Oh, It's Wonderful, After Interviewing a Lot of Financiers, to Hear You Reveal Your Dreams This Way!"

Bolivar came out from under the nitrous oxide, and realized that the interview had already been extracted, and absolutely painlessly. But he wanted to get in something about symbols. He insisted on talking about symbols. Miss Bunn didn't listen. Symbols weren't in her outline of the interview. She sighed, looked at the tips of her gloves, wondered if she was going to get some tea, and started to go. Bolivar gave the signal. Mrs. Whipple was ready. She exclaimed: "Oh, deary, pardon me for interrupting, but while you two were talking the photographer sent up those pictures you had taken last week."

"Oh, may I see them? Maybe I could work in some with the interview," suggested Miss Bunn.

There were only twelve of them, so Bolivar let her take all twelve.

VI

MR. ANDY SANDS, of Upper Colfax, was reading the Chicago Sunday paper at breakfast on the glassed-in porch. Andy was a plain citizen who liked eating tobacco and diamond scarfpins and did not like breakfast rooms. He said that they were cold, that he hated violet-painted chairs and wicker cages with pink celluloid birds in them, and that he didn't care to have the neighbors watch him eat his vittles. But Mrs. Andy had maintained that she couldn't be a leading member of the Little Theater set unless she had a breakfast room. Andy had compromised on interior-decorated breakfasts on Sundays only.

"Here's a long spiel about one of your new dramatists," remarked Andy, and handed to his wife a magazine-supplement page headed: Wizard of the Art Drama Says

(Continued on Page 100)

Five Thousand Dollars Reward

By Melville Davisson Post

ILLUSTRATED BY E. F. WARD

I WAS before one of those difficult positions unavoidable to a man of letters. My visitor must have some answer. He had come back for the manuscript of his memoir and for my opinion. It was the twilight of an early Washington winter. The lights in the great library, softened with delicate shades, had been turned on. Outside, Sheridan Circle was almost a thing of beauty in its vague outlines; even the squat ridiculous bronze horse had a certain dignity in the blue shadow.

If one had been speculating on the man, from his physical aspect one would have taken Walker for an engineer of some sort, rather than the head of the United States Secret Service. His lean face and his angular manner gave that impression. Even now, motionless in the big chair beyond the table, he seemed—how shall I say it?—mechanical.

And that was the very defect in his memoir. He had cut the great cases into a dry recital. There was no longer in them any pressure of a human impulse. The glow of inspired detail had been dissected out. Everything startling and wonderful had been devitalized.

The memoir was a report.

The bulky typewritten manuscript lay on the table beside the electric lamp, and I stood about uncertain how to tell him.

"Walker," I said, "did nothing wonderful ever happen to you in the adventure of these cases?"

"What precisely do you mean?" he replied.

The practical nature of the man tempted me to extravagance.

"Well," I said, "for example, were you never kissed in a lonely street by a mysterious woman and the flash of your dark lantern reveal a face of startling beauty?"

"No," he said, as though he were answering a sensible question, "that never happened to me."

"Then," I continued, "perhaps you have found a prince of the church, pale as alabaster, sitting in his red robe, who put together the indicatory evidence of the crime that baffled you with such uncanny acumen that you stood aghast at his perspicacity?"

"No," he said; and then his face lighted. "But I'll tell you what I did find. I found a drunken hobo at Atlantic City who was the best detective I ever saw."

I sat down and tapped the manuscript with my fingers.

"It's not here," I said. "Why did you leave it out?"

He took a big gold watch out of his pocket and turned it about in his hand. The case was covered with an inscription.

"Well," he said, "the boys in the department think a good deal of me. I shouldn't like them to know how a dirty tramp faked me at Atlantic City. I don't mind telling you, but I couldn't print it in a memoir."

He went directly ahead with the story and I was careful not to interrupt him:

"I was sitting in a rolling chair out there on the Boardwalk before the Traymore. I was nearly all in, and I had taken a run to Atlantic for a day or two of the sea air. The fact is the whole department was down and out. You may remember what we were up against; it finally got into the newspapers.

"The government plates of the Third Liberty Bond issue had disappeared. We knew how they had gotten out, and we thought we knew the man at the head of the thing. It was a Mulehaus job, as we figured it.

"It was too big a thing for a little crook. With the government plates they could print Liberty Bonds just as the Treasury would. And they could sow the world with them."

He paused and moved his gold-rimmed spectacles a little closer in on his nose.

"You see these war bonds are scattered all over the country. They are held by everybody. It's not what it used to be, a banker's business that we could round up. Nobody could round up the holders of these bonds.

"A big crook like Mulehaus could slip a hundred million of them into the country and never raise a ripple."

He paused and drew his fingers across his bony protruding chin.

"I'll say this for Mulehaus: He's the hardest man to identify in the whole kingdom of crooks. Scotland Yard, the Service de la Sûreté, everybody, says that. I don't mean dime-novel disguises—false whiskers and a limp. I mean the ability to be the character he pretends—the thing that used to make Joe Jefferson Rip Van Winkle—and not an actor made up to look like it. That's the reason nobody could keep track of Mulehaus, especially in South American cities. He was a French banker in the Egypt business and a Swiss banker in the Argentine."

He turned back from the digression:

"And it was a clean job. They had got away with the plates. We didn't have a clew. We thought, naturally, that they'd make for Mexico or some South American country to start their printing press. And we had the ports and the border netted up. Nothing could have gone out across the border or through any port. All the customs officers were working with us, and every agent of the Department of Justice."

He looked at me steadily across the table.

"You see the Government had to get those plates back before the crook started to print, or else take up every bond of that issue over the whole country. It was a hell of a thing!

"Of course we had gone right after the record of all the big crooks to see whose line this sort of job was. And the thing narrowed down to Mulehaus or old Vronsky. We soon found out it wasn't Vronsky. He was in Joliet. It was Mulehaus. But we couldn't find him.

"We didn't even know that Mulehaus was in America. He's a big crook with a genius for selecting men. He might be directing the job from Rio or a Mexican port. But we were sure it was a Mulehaus job. He sold the French securities in Egypt in '90; and he's the man who put the bogus Argentine bonds on our market—you'll find the case in the 115th Federal Reporter.

"Well," he went on, "I was sitting out there in the rolling chair, looking at the sun on the sea and thinking about the thing, when I noticed this hobo that I've been talking about. He was my chair attendant, but I hadn't looked at him before. He had moved round from behind me and was now leaning against the galvanized-pipe railing.

"He was a big human creature, a little stooped, unshaved and dirty; his mouth was slack and loose, and he had a big mobile nose that seemed to move about like a piece of soft rubber. He had hardly any clothing; a cap that must have been fished out of an ash barrel, no shirt whatever, merely an old ragged coat buttoned round him, a pair of canvas breeches and carpet slippers tied on to his feet with burlap, and wrapped round his ankles to conceal the fact that he wore no socks

"As I looked at him he darted out, picked up the stump of a cigarette that someone had thrown down, and came back to the railing to smoke it, his loose mouth and his big soft nose moving like kneaded putty.

"Altogether this tramp was the worst human derelict I ever saw. And it occurred to me that this was the one place in the whole of America where any sort of a creature could get a kind of employment and no questions asked.

"Anything that could move and push a chair could get fifteen cents an hour from McDuyal. Wise man, poor man, beggar man, thief, it was all one to McDuyal. And the creatures could sleep in the shed behind the rolling chairs.

"I suppose an impulse to offer the man a garment of some sort moved me to address him. 'You're nearly naked,' I said.

"He crossed one leg over the other with the toe of the carpet slipper touching the walk, in the manner of a burlesque actor, took the cigarette out of his mouth with a little flourish, and replied to me: 'Sure, Governor, I ain't dolled up like John Drew.'

"There was a sort of cocky unconcern about the creature that gave his miserable state a kind of beggarly distinction. He was in among the very dregs of life, and he was not depressed about it.

"'But if I had a sawbuck,' he continued, 'I could bulge your eye. . . . Couldn't point the way to one?'

"He arrested my answer with the little flourish of his fingers holding the stump of the cigarette.

"'Not work, Governor,' and he made a little duck of his head, 'and not murder. . . . Go as far as you please between 'em.'

"The fantastic manner of the derelict was infectious.

"'O. K.' I said. 'Go out and find me a man who is a deserter from the German Army, was a tanner in Bâle and began life as a sailor, and I'll double your money—I'll give you a twenty-dollar bill.'

"The creature whistled softly in two short staccato notes.

"'Some little order,' he said. And taking a toothpick out of his pocket he stuck it into the stump of the cigarette which had become too short to hold between his fingers.

"At this moment a boy from the post office came to me with the daily report from Washington, and I got out of

The Hobo Was Waiting for Me the Following Morning. "Howdy, Governor," He Said; "I Located Your Man"

the chair, tipped the creature, and went into the hotel, stopping to pay McDuyal as I passed.

"There was nothing new from the department except that our organization over the country was in close touch. We had offered five thousand dollars reward for the recovery of the plates, and the Post Office Department was now posting the notice all over America in every office. The Secretary thought we had better let the public in on it and not keep it an underground offer to the service.

"I had forgotten the hobo, when about five o'clock he passed me a little below the Steel Pier. He was in a big stride and he had something clutched in his hand.

"He called to me as he hurried along: 'I got him, Governor. . . . See you later!'

"'See me now,' I said. 'What's the hurry?'

"He flashed his hand open, holding a silver dollar with his thumb against the palm.

"'Can't stop now, I'm going to get drunk. See you later.'

"I smiled at the disingenuous creature. He was saving me for the dry hour. He could point out Mulehaus in any passing chair, and I would give some coin to be rid of his pretension."

Walker paused. Then he went on:

"I was right. The hobo was waiting for me when I came out of the hotel the following morning.

"'Howdy, Governor,' he said; 'I located your man.'

"I was interested to see how he would frame up his case.

"'How did you find him?' I said.

"He grinned, moving his lip and his loose nose.

"'Some luck, Governor, and some sleuthin'. It was like this: I thought you was stringin' me. But I said to myself I'll keep out an eye; maybe it's on the level—any damn thing can happen.'

"He put up his hand as though to hook his thumb into the armhole of his vest, remembered that he had only a coat buttoned round him and dropped it.

"'And believe me or not, Governor, it's the God's truth. About four o'clock up toward the Inlet I passed a big, well-dressed, banker-looking gent walking stiff from the hip and throwing out his leg. "Come eleven!" I said to myself. "It's the goose-step!" I had an empty roller, and I took a turn over to him.

"'"Chair, Admiral?" I said.

"'He looked at me sort of queer.

"'"What makes you think I'm an admiral, my man?" he answers.

"'"Well," I says, lounging over on one foot reflective like, "nobody could be a-viewin' the sea with that lovin', ownership look unless he'd bossed her a bit. . . . If I'm right, Admiral, you takes the chair."

"'He laughed, but he got in. "I'm not an admiral," he said, "but it is true that I've followed the sea."'

"The hobo paused, and put up his first and second fingers spread like a V.

"'Two points, Governor—the gent had been a sailor and a soldier; now how about the tanner business?'

"He scratched his head, moving the ridiculous cap.

"'That sort of puzzled me, and I pussyfooted along toward the Inlet thinkin' about it. If a man was a tanner, and especially a foreign, hand-workin' tanner, what would his markin's be?

"'I tried to remember everybody that I'd ever seen handlin' a hide, and all at once I recollected that the first thing a dago shoemaker done when he picked up a piece of leather was to smooth it out with his thumbs. An' I said to myself, now that'll be what a tanner does, only he does it more . . . he's always doin' it. Then I asks myself what would be the markin's?'

"The hobo paused, his mouth open, his head twisted to one side. Then he jerked up as under a released spring.

"'And right away, Governor, I got the answer to it—flat thumbs!'

"The hobo stepped back with an air of victory and flashed his hand up.

"'And he had 'em! I asked him what time it was so I could keep the hour straight for McDuyal, I told him, but the real reason was so I could see his hands.'"

Walker crossed one leg over the other.

"It was clever," he said, "and I hesitated to shatter it. But the question had to come.

"'Where is your man?' I said.

"The hobo executed a little deprecatory step, with his fingers picking at his coat pockets.

"'That's the trouble, Governor,' he answered; 'I intended to sleuth him for you, but he give me a dollar and I got drunk . . . you saw me. That man had got out at McDuyal's place not five minutes before. I was flashin' to the booze can when you tried to stop me. . . . Nothin' doin' when I get the price.'"

Walker paused.

"It was a good fairy story and worth something. I offered him half a dollar. Then I got a surprise.

"The creature looked eagerly at the coin in my fingers, and he moved toward it. He was crazy for the liquor it would buy. But he set his teeth and pulled up.

"'No, Governor,' he said, 'I'm in it for the sawbuck. Where'll I find you about noon?'

"I promised to be on the Boardwalk before Heinz's Pier at two o'clock, and he turned to shuffle away. I called an inquiry after him. . . . You see there were two things in his story: How did he get a dollar tip, and how did he happen to make his imaginary man banker-looking? Mulehaus had been banker-looking in both the Egypt and the Argentine affairs. I left the latter point suspended, as we say. But I asked about the dollar. He came back at once.

"'I forgot about that, Governor,' he said. 'It was like this. The admiral kept looking out at the sea where an old freighter was going South. You know, the fruit line to New York. One of them goes by every day or two. And I kept pushing him along. Finally we got up to the Inlet, and I was about to turn when he stopped me. You know the neck of ground out beyond where the street cars loop; there's an old board fence by the road, then sand to the sea, and about halfway between the fence and the water there's a shed with some junk in it. You've seen it. They made the old America out there and the shed was a tool house.

"'When I stopped the admiral says: "Cut across to the hole in that old board fence and see if an automobile has been there, and I'll give you a dollar." An' I done it, an' I got it.'

"Then he shuffled off.

"'Be on the spot, Governor, an' I'll lead him to you.'"

Walker leaned over, rested his elbows on the arms of his chair, and linked his fingers together.

"That gave me a new flash on the creature. He was a slicker article than I imagined. I was not to get off with a tip. He was taking some pains to touch me for a greenback. I thought I saw his line. It would not account for his hitting the description of Mulehaus in the make-up of his straw man, but it would furnish the data for the dollar story. I had drawn the latter a little before he was ready. It belonged in what he planned to give me at two o'clock. But I thought I saw what the creature was about. And I was right."

Walker put out his hand and moved the pages of his memoir on the table. Then he went on:

"I was smoking a cigar on a bench at the entrance to Heinz's Pier when the hobo shuffled up. He came down one of the streets from Pacific Avenue, and the direction confirmed me in my theory. It also confirmed me in the opinion that I was all kinds of a fool to let this dirty hobo get a further chance at me.

"I was not in a very good humor. Everything I had set going after Mulehaus was marking time. The only report was progress in linking things up; not only along the Canadian and Mexican borders and the customhouses, but we had also done a further unusual thing, we had an agent on every ship going out of America to follow through to the foreign port and look out for anything picked up on the way.

"It was a plan I had set at immediately the robbery was discovered. It would cut out the trick of reshipping at sea from some fishing craft or small boat. The reports were encouraging enough in that respect. We had the whole country as tight as a drum. But it was slender comfort when the Treasury was raising the devil for the plates and we hadn't a clew to them."

Walker stopped a moment. Then he went on:

"I felt like kicking the hobo when he got to me, he was so obviously the extreme of all worthless creatures, with

(Concluded on Page 106)

"Now, Governor," He Began, When He Had Taken a Look at the Tracks, "the Man That Made Them Tracks Carried Something Heavy"

THE HIPPOPOTAMUS PARADE

By BYRON MORGAN

ILLUSTRATED BY HENRY J. SOULEN

Truck and Tree Were Lying, It Seemed, Where Truck and Tree Could Raise the Maddest Row

CONSARN you, J. D.," mildly protested Fred Wheeler, "can't you stay in your garage for a time and give some of us other makes a chance?"

Old J. D. Ward smiled wisely and settled massively back into the leather depths of the buffet-observation-car chair. The limited was clattering through the snow-covered suburbs of Salt Lake, gathering momentum for the final lap of the Los Angeles Sunshine Sweepstakes.

"My new Darco motor truck, Fred," the Bear rumbled vigorously, "needn't cause any worry to your high-toned eight-lunged Rexton. This is no pleasure-car proposition with twenty-one coats of paint and varnish. No, sir! The homely elephant I'm raving about is the best motor truck that ever took the right of way from a street car. And d'you suppose the public'll look at it? Not much!"

"Never got much worked up over trucks myself," admitted Wheeler. J. D.'s former sales manager and present rival was frankly interested. He thought that he had known every nut and bolt in the famous Darco owner's complicated character, but here was something that required explaining. "What's up, J. D.?" he queried. "Lost your speed fever?"

Old Bruin's grizzled head jerked up aggressively. "Speed's one thing, and it's all right," he growled. "And work's another. Wheeler"—the old man's tone grew husky—"why won't the world look at a worker? This truck experience has made me develop a knock. Once upon a time I was a worker myself, and I did a useful thing—designed and built a durn good motor. Nobody looked or cared. Then I took to winning races and to-day every kid is naming his homemade pushmobile after my Darcos. Now I turn back again and build a husky worker that'll haul a five-ton load seventeen miles an hour, day in, day out—and can I get publicity? Beyond the usual canned stuff, not a line!"

"So that's the wherefore of your new publicity campaign?" murmured Wheeler. "Well, your hundred-horsepower son-in-law, Toodles Walden, has put over a good one along that line. Say, there's one live branch manager, J. D. Keeps the whole Los Angeles crowd hustling. Wasn't that last publicity stunt of his a hummer?"

Old J. D. looked up with sudden interest. "What's that?" he rumbled. "Publicity stunt? Has that kid really got away with something?"

Wheeler nodded. "Yep. Didn't he write you?"

"Not a line," complained the Bear.

"Guess he was saving it for a Christmas present," grinned Wheeler. "Say, what do they do to a fellow that tips off somebody's Christmas secret?"

"Hang him, maybe," grunted J. D. He fished a coin from his pocket. "Heads you tell me; tails I'll wait until I look in my stocking." He flipped the silver ceilingward. . . . "Heads it is. Shoot, sonny."

Wheeler grinned ruefully. "Same old lucky Bear. Oh, well, the Los Angeles papers have been writing it up in headlines and Toodles can't blame me; so here goes. About three weeks ago the prosecuting attorney raised a holler because the county's motorcycle men weren't catching enough speeders. The sheriff went to bat for his lighting-cops. They fought through columns of the daily papers. Sheriff said he needed new motorcycles; that the old ones were too slow and ——"

"By thunder, they were, Fred!" Old J. D. interrupted with a broad grin. "I lost one of those fellows last summer, and I wasn't doing a mile over sixty."

"Shame on you!" chided Wheeler. "I thought you were law-abiding. Well, you'd better be good this winter, J. D. You can't beat your own cars. Those cops are driving Darcos."

"What?" roared J. D. "Darcos? Holy mackerel, are you crazy?"

"Think I was," acknowledged Wheeler, "to let Toodles sneak that stunt across under my Rexton. Whole town's talking 'bout it. Best ——"

"Say," Old Bruin interrupted gleefully, "that kid's developing. Any salesman that can sell those hidebound supervisors ——"

"Oh, Toodles just loaned them three Darcos," put in Wheeler. "Said he didn't believe in fast and reckless driving. Guaranteed that nothing could get away from his cars. Some stunt!"

"Suffering cats!" exploded the Bear. "Loaned them Darcos—my cars? For those cops to joy-ride in? Hell's bells! Of all ——"

"Don't skid your tires, J. D.," soothed Wheeler. "Just think! Toodles Walden, champion speed-law buster of California, joining the law-and-order society; donating his cars to enforce the statutes of our glorious state. Isn't that publicity?"

"Not on my Darco trucks, it isn't!" flared J. D. "Just like that kid. Here I've been writing him a library on how bad the trucks need publicity, and all I get is a brain storm that'll cost me three Darco roadsters. Say, if you tried to teach that fellow music he'd go buy a steam piano. Excitement is his dessert, same as the others. They'll cheer a racing car—a machine built for no other purpose than to do a few fast miles, but they won't give a second look at a truck, a sturdy member of the work family."

"Well, didn't you help educate 'em, J. D.—you and your high-powered racing cars?"

"Maybe," growled the Bear. "But they're going to learn a new one—they're going to take off their hats to a worker. . . . Heard of the Mexican order, sonny?"

"Only a little," confessed Wheeler.

"Well, there's a job for motor trucks," rumbled Bruin with gruff enthusiasm. "The governor of Lower California wants fifty trucks to build his new highway system. Now, that's work! Good roads mean development, farmers, industries, schools—civilization. When the road job's done they're going to harness the Colorado River to some big irrigation projects. A desert'll be made to grow cotton, barley, melons and other essential crops. Isn't that a task for a worker?"

"You haven't landed it yet, though!" warned J. D.'s rival. "Luckily for you, the Rexton people don't build trucks—but there's others who do! The Fargot outfit, for instance."

"Fargot?" roared the Bear. "Those fancy cast-iron rattletraps buck that sand? Why, they'd be lost if they got three miles from a repair shop! Look here, sonny," he muttered confidentially: "Governor Castro drives a Darco touring car. 'Nuf said! His representative, Timothy P. Brenton, a hard-headed Yankee business man, is going to meet me in Los Angeles. Bet you a new hat I paste that order in my book."

"I'm betting for you—not against you, J. D.," grinned the Rexton agent. "But I heard before I left L. A. a week ago that Cutie Cook, the Fargot Company's pretty sales manager from Indianapolis, was in town. Better watch that fellow. He's clever despite his chorus-man make-up. . . . Well, there's the lunch call. Going back to the diner, J. D.?"

"Not hungry," grunted Bruin. "See you later."

Deep wrinkles came into his old weather-beaten facial hide with Wheeler's departure.

"Why didn't Toodles write me that Cook was in town?" he muttered to himself, puffing savagely on his cigar. With Cook—the smooth-brushed right-hand man for Old Dutton Hopfield, the Fargot owner—on the ground the Mexican order might not be so secure as he had imagined.

The Fargot crowd were bitter fighters and hard losers. If necessary they would sacrifice every dollar of profit on that order to even up a long list of defeats administered by the Darco racing cars. "I've licked 'em before, and, by gad, I can do it again!" J. D. muttered.

Full of his vision and his problem Old J. D. debarked from the limited into the pink and blue of a perfect Southern-California afternoon, to be pounced upon by a brown-eyed, curly-haired shaft of sunshine, who didn't care if all the passengers did see her kiss her grizzled dad.

"By golly, Dorothy, child," beamed the Bear, "you seem honestly glad to see the old man! Wouldn't say that much though for that frisky husband of yours. Where is Toodles?"

A serious look came into the Cub's brown eyes.

"Toodles is in San Diego, daddy," she explained. "A telegram came from some man about trucks—trucks for Mexico, I think it was—and Toodles left right away. He seemed a little worried, daddy; sent you this note."

And Dorothy glanced searchingly at her father's countenance, recalling Toodles' parting words that morning: "You show him that, hon, and watch Papa Bear paw up the depot!"

But Old J. D. with an expression as of puzzlement was eagerly tearing open the envelope.

Received inside information that Brenton left this morning with the Fargot man from Indianapolis to look over road work being done by Fargot trucks in Imperial Valley. They will stay overnight at San Diego and go on to-morrow. I'm leaving at once to join them there. Don't worry. I'll bring home the bacon.

TOODLES.

For one short minute the Bear stood and glared.

"Blistering hades!" he thundered in a full-lunged blast. "Worry? Yes, I won't! Trying to cut round me and take the credit, is he? Yes, he will! That smooth, wily Cook will ditch him somewhere. He'll never get into Imperial with them. Good night!"

"Is—is something wrong, daddy?" inquired the Cub.

"Oh, no!" snorted J. D. "The Darco Motor Company has just lost an order for fifty trucks—that's all!" He yanked at his huge gold watch. "I've got to get there myself—to-night!"

"You haven't time, have you?" suggested Dorothy. "It's quite a ways."

"Hundred and forty miles," grunted Old Bruin, thoroughly heated. "Do it in three hours."

"Bet you a week at Coronado you can't!" flashed back the Cub, her eyes dancing with a humorous combativeness that brought out very strongly her resemblance to Old J. D.

"Huh!" growled her father. "I see your game, young lady. Bet and I'd have to take you along to prove who won."

"Please! Please!" coaxed Dorothy.

"All right, hon," muttered J. D. abstractedly. His mind was hours ahead, arguing over the superiority of the Darco trucks with a man who held a commission to purchase fifty. "I'll make him see that Darcos can work as well as they ever raced. I'll show him they're workers!" he muttered to himself.

That phrase had become Old J. D.'s battle hymn. It had been the underlying reason for the retirement of the Darco racing cars from the speedways.

"I want to do something greater than just build high-powered playthings for a few thousand rich men," he had growled when he gave out the announcement of his new product.

But motor-truck buyers had skeptically demanded: "Where has this truck made good?" For the trade-mark that had flashed victoriously under many checkered flags meant nothing to them. They were purchasing efficiency and stamina—not speed.

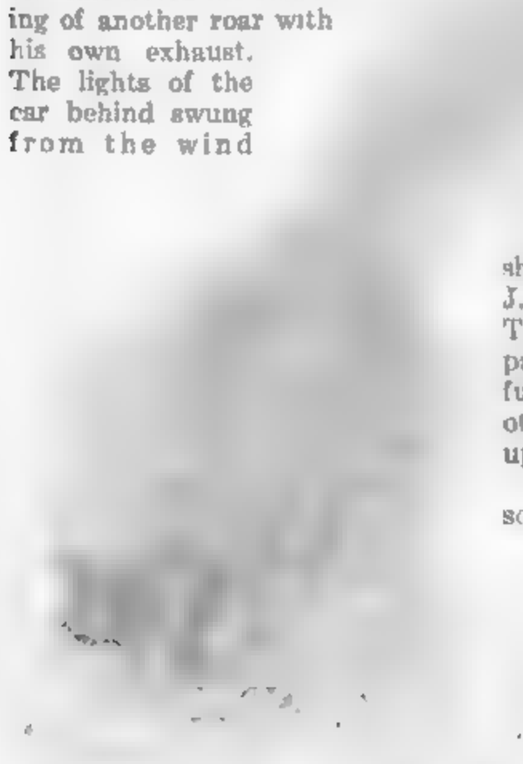
"Come along, then, hon," rumbled J. D. "I'll phone the shop. We'll have dinner while they're getting a car ready."

It was just seven o'clock when the big red Darco roadster purred out Stephenson Avenue and bored its two gleaming eyes into the darkness of the Whittier Highway. Free of the city limits Old J. D. kicked open the cut-out. The Darco, with a steadily increasing roar, hungrily filled its four huge lungs with the life-giving gas that was flowing past the butterfly valve in its iron mouth.

Dorothy slipped farther down behind the wind shield. That goodly roar promised a speedy end to her three hour wager. She glanced at the speedometer. The black numeral 50 came swinging into view.

Whittier soon dropped behind the singing tires and the Darco lengthened its stride for the long straightaway. The Bear's paws rested snugly on the wheel. A half-smile was twitching at his mouth. At that moment he was partly regretting the desire "to do something greater than build high-powered playthings."

Gradually Old J. D. became conscious of two gleaming eyes, reflected in the plate glass of the wind shield. Another half mile and they glared persistently back into his face. He shifted his position to shut out the annoying beam. His ears noted the blending of another roar with his own exhaust. The lights of the car behind swung from the wind shield to the road at J. D.'s left elbow. The rays of the two pairs of headlights fused together. Another red hood crept up alongside.



Drivers, With Fear-Strained Faces, Fought Desperately With the Huge Steering Wheels, Tried to Swing the Craned Leviathans Away From the Yawning Chasm

"If that fellow's scratching for a race he's located trouble," snorted Bruin.

The Darco leaped forward. Dorothy craned rearward with a sudden uneasiness. The outlines of a familiar radiator loomed in the darkness. Her woman's intuition added a warning.

"It's—it's a Darco," she shouted, trying to make herself heard above the inferno of noise.

The Bear nodded.

"It's—it's the speed officers!"

Old J. D.'s figure stiffened with a jerk. With grim detail his mind registered Toodles' big publicity scheme, forgotten until now in the anxiety of the Mexican order. A sudden panicky fear gripped him. Abruptly that panic was transferred to the thundering motor. The Darco, like a wild frightened monster of the night, lunged for the blackness ahead. Above its deafening roar J. D.'s ears repeated Wheeler's warning: "You can't beat your own cars!"

But J. D. was beating his own car. Miles fled rearward beneath the plunging roadster. Yard by yard the Bear lengthened the distance between himself and the pursuing car. The peaceful orange groves that bordered the road were a dim motion-picture film gone mad.

Another quarter of a mile and the Darco roared into a turn; skidded; straightened out, and flew. In one brief instant of time Dorothy's eyes caught the glint of a large orange-shaped yellow sign that seemed to detach itself from the roadside and hurtle by.

"Look out, daddy!" she yelled. "We're in Orange County!"

At that instant the Darco plunged into another turn. It was a sharp right angle. For a moment the car seemed to balance on two wheels; then, with a distinct jar, righted. Dorothy, turning to look back, thought J. D. nodded an answer to her warning.

"They've dropped out," she called at the end of another roaring half mile. "Haven't turned the corner yet!"

Old Bruin slid down in his seat. Well, that was close. But he'd have something to tell Wheeler anyway—something about beating his own cars. A startled exclamation from the Cub immediately erased the thought.

"No! There they are! . . . They're coming faster! . . . Daddy! Daddy! Don't stop! . . . They're gaining!"

The black numeral on the speedometer was 70. Bruin wasn't stopping. By every trick he knew he was trying to change that 70 to 75.

"They've separated!" suddenly screamed Dorothy. "The lights! . . . One's behind the other!"

This insane description was understandable to J. D. Too late his lagging memory slipped in the warning his ears had missed; too late he remembered the orange sign and its ironical message: "Welcome."

A member of the reception committee, his body bent low over the handlebars of a late-model four-cylinder motorcycle, swept past the Darco. He made the 70 and about five more. The second officer was just behind. It was surrender.

But the reception committee didn't say anything that sounded like "Welcome." That part of the sign was for thirty-mile-an-hour guests.

Instead he howled: "Under arrest! What t' hell you think this is?"

J. D. didn't say. There were too many more important facts. The largest was: Santa Ana was the county seat of Orange County and a certain noted judge had acquired the disconcerting habit of ten-day jail sentences. If they jailed a man for forty miles an hour what would they do to him for seventy, he wondered. Why hadn't he stopped in Los Angeles County, where the only penalty would have been a heavy fine. And visions of Timothy P. Brenton escaping into Imperial with the affable Fargot sales manager rose to gall his hopes. Also in the background, though none the less clear, was the originator of the great publicity scheme. The Bear's jaws snapped savagely as he followed the motorcycle officer down the dismal road toward Santa Ana.

Four days later the ceiling of the Western Branch echoed to the ominous rumble of Old Bruin's home-coming. Seventy-two hours in the Orange County jail had not improved J. D.'s temper, though it had enriched a prominent attorney; but three days taken away from ten left seven, and J. D. hardly begrudged the fee.

"Now, young man," growled the Bear, "you've considerable explaining to do."

"Oh, be reasonable, J. D.," pleaded Toodles Walden. "You know I didn't set that trap for you. Anyway, if you'd only stopped in Los Angeles County and ——"

"Leave that rogues'-gallery publicity stunt until later," thundered Bruin. "I want to know why you let that Fargot salesman get away with my customer. I knew that foxy Cook would ditch you. Now if it hadn't been for your damned motor-cops' relief society I ——"

"He didn't ditch me!" flared Toodles. "I did everything that you could have done. I had a long talk with Brenton. He said he wasn't going to place an order for an unknown truck until he was sure it would do the work. What ——"

"And why is it unknown?" wrathfully bellowed J. D. "If you'd carried out my orders and put across some good publicity on the Darco trucks it wouldn't be unknown!"

"Your orders!" yelled Toodles, boiling over. "Say, did you ever try to coax a five-ton truck to turn flipflops for a publicity story? Believe me, I have; and they are one stubborn elephant. The only thing spectacular about 'em is their noise."

"Rot!" roared J. D. "The trouble's with you. You've been overfed on success. Chronic case of mental indigestion. There's more romance in a motor truck than in the fastest speed wagon. Use your imagination. Train yourself to see the romance in work."

"Romance?" howled Toodles. "In a motor truck? Say, there's more in a gray-and-black mule. I'll admit they're both durn good workers—but that's as far as they go."

"Poor recommendation, I guess," growled the Bear—"a good worker. Sonny, that's the whole romance of American industry. Ships, buildings, railroads, cities, factories—all built by men who don't look pretty, but are damn good workers. Bah! You youngsters don't know the first meaning of the word 'romance.'"

He settled grimly back in his chair and glared at a fancy Christmas calendar over his desk.

"But say, J. D.," argued Toodles, cooling down, "if you're so keen on work why don't you bid on the Cabrillo Dam contract? Plenty of toil there."

"What's that?" asked J. D., straightening up aggressively. "Did those Cabrillo Valley ranchers win their fight?"

"You bet," assured Toodles. "Engineers reported the old Cabrillo Dam in a dangerous condition. Said the narrow bottlelike shape of the valley made it a death trap. Newspapers played up the story; printed photographs of Cabrillo City and demanded protection for the thousands of lives that would be in the path of the flood if the dam let go. The Cabrillo Land and Water Company was almost mobbed. They've promised to cut a temporary spillway across into Uvalde Wash and to build a new concrete dam. There'll be a ten-mile haul of material from the end of the railroad. Let's bid on the contract. Great truck publicity, J. D."

"Sounds well, sonny," rumbled the Bear. "But were you ever in the Cabrillo Valley after the winter rains had started? . . . No! Well, there isn't a motor truck built that could get through the mud."

"Oh, the work on the dam won't start until spring," explained Toodles.

"Spring?" burst J. D. "That ends it. Long before then other trucks than my Darcos will be building a new empire in Mexico."

"But J. D.——" began Toodles.

"Back to the bench, sonny," brusquely ordered Old Bruin. "The truck game is too heavy for you—you've fanned. The Darco Motor Company is sending in a pinch hitter. By thunder, I'll slam over a hit that'll put my Mexican order across like umbrellas on a rainy day. . . . Now clear out o' here and let me think!"

And Toodles cleared—crept away, as it seemed to him afterward. For the remainder of that day the manager of the Western Branch speeded up the force until everybody silently cursed him for a pest.

It was December, and people were renewing their annual custom of pretending not to notice mysterious packages. But two days later, when delivery drays began to fill up the Darco plant with outlandish and strange utensils, Toodles was frankly puzzled. They were queer Christmas presents for an automobile agency. A large coil of flexible steel cable, a half dozen broad-edged axes, various picks and shovels, crowbars, several sets of double-reduction blocks and tackle, and finally a half cord of heavy two-foot hardwood blocks were dumped helter-skelter on the floor of Tom Darby's neat garage.

Meanwhile, under Darby's watchful eyes, two Darco trucks were given a general overhauling. The dual solid-rubber tires were stripped from the rear wheels and the heavy blocks of oak bolted on in their place, somewhat after the manner of a caterpillar drive.

But it was the arrival of two huge wooden sleds that roused Toodles to inquire: "What's going on, Darby? Fitting out a polar expedition?"

And for the fifteenth time the mechanician grinned as he bossed the loading of a sled onto one of the trucks.

Vaguely he replied: "Maybe."

"Where you going, J. D.?" Toodles demanded of the Bear ten minutes later.

"Sonny, I'm going to drive the Darcos through the front-page headlines into my Mexican order."

"Huh!" grunted Toodles with a disgusted glance at the loaded trucks. "Thought possibly you were going to take your hippo friends for a sleigh ride." He marched back into the salesroom.

Old J. D. Ward was too old a hand at the publicity game to risk a premature announcement of his plans. He wisely kept silent. Of course Toodles could be trusted, but there was the bitter memory of a three-day visit to Santa Ana. So Toodles was left to fume and wonder.

"I'll bet ten dollars this expedition won't sail without me," the young man wagered with himself. "Those fellows are sure going somewhere!"

On the morning of December tenth Toodles found on his arrival at the Western Branch that he owed himself ten dollars. The two wooden-shod Juggernauts, Old Bruin, Tom Darby and six members of the shop force were missing. Sometime in the dark silent hours the expedition had sailed for ports unknown.

For a week following, Toodles and his imagination stormed the universe for an explanation, but without results. The Bear had covered his tracks exceedingly well. And that was why, when the telephone in his Hollywood bungalow rang at five o'clock on the eighth morning he lost no time in answering.

"Yes. . . . Walden talking. . . . Who? . . . Oh, hello, Mark." To himself he muttered. "Now what the devil does Mark Larkin want at this hour?" Mark Larkin was the automobile editor of the Morning Report. "Yes, you big boob, of course I heard you," he again informed the transmitter. "What's that? . . . Am I the fellow who said there was no romance in a motor truck? . . . Say, what's the joke? . . . No, you mutt; of course I haven't seen the morning paper. . . . What? . . . WHAT! . . . Sure, I'll get it."

He banged up the receiver, forgot his bare feet and pyjamas, and rushed out onto the cold dark porch.

A minute later he was back with the damp copy of the paper. Shivering with excitement and cold his eyes spelled out the bold headlines:

DARCO TRUCKS BRING HUGE XMAS TREE
FOR REPORT'S BIG PARTY

San Bernardino Mountain Roads Braved by Sturdy Darcos; Giant Fir From Pine Crest to Thrill Hearts of L. A. Kiddies.

"Oh, Toodles," exclaimed the Cub, who in an old-rose kimono was peeking excitedly over her husband's shoulder, "that's the big celebration everybody's talking about! It's to be in Central Park Christmas Eve. And now daddy and his trucks are bringing the tree. Isn't—isn't that wonderful publicity, dear?"

"Publicity?" yelled Toodles. "It's the biggest stunt ever! Good old Mark! Look here, hon, he's stuck 'Darco' into both decks of the headlines. Oh, won't that break the Fargot man's heart? Say, the big Mexican order is just as good as in our office safe. Hurrah for Papa Bear!" And he grabbed the telephone and called the automobile editor's number.

"Some stunt, eh, Mark?" he congratulated. "When did J. D. get in? . . . Oh, be here this afternoon. . . . Sure, I see why you held up the story. . . . Waited until everything was certain to go through, eh? . . . What's that? . . . A parade! . . . Down Broadway this afternoon! Say, but you fellows are shooting high! . . . Sure, see you later. . . . So long!"

Old J. D. was "shooting high"—high enough, as he thought, to wing his order for fifty trucks. The huge eighty-foot silver-fir tree had been carefully cut in two so as to be dovetailed together again. The large lower limbs were cut off in like manner. Darby, his truck loaded with the trunk and branches, had hurried direct to Los Angeles; but the Bear, with the forty-foot spectacular top, had stopped at snow line. Then, with the schedule arranged to arrive in the city in the afternoon, he had piled his truck high with snow and like a rampant elephant lumbered for home.

Broadway at four o'clock that afternoon was jammed with Christmas shoppers who forgot their errands and eagerly lined the curb. Down the exact center of the southbound car tracks progressed a noisy, majestic Darco truck. The Bear himself was presiding over the huge steering wheel; at his back a great heap of snow towered over the thick end of the fir tree.

Above the awful racket of the clattering motor truck rose the sharp clanging of bells from a long line of street cars. The enraged motormen were in a frenzy; but this was Old J. D.'s hour, and not for a mere traction corporation would he hurry his triumphal march. He was driving his beloved truck in the very spotlight of romance and publicity. Forgotten were the long days of heartbreaking struggle with the ice-gripped vastness of the San Bernardino Mountains, the long cold nights of anxiety over securing the tree and getting out before a sudden storm would block the roads. Any day now the rainy season might grasp Southern California in its wet, unrelenting grip; bridges would be swept away, highways made impassable, and the mountain roads sealed under a weight of snow and ice.

But the race was won—almost. Old Bruin's weather-beaten face was one huge grin. He played snowball with the police officers and the crowds at the traffic-jammed corners.

"By George," Toodles muttered, from his perch on a fire hydrant, "the old man sure knows how!"

At last the Darco reached Seventh and Broadway—the busiest and most congested corner of the shopping district and a spot destined to be forever marked by a huge tombstone in the graveyard of Old J. D.'s memory.

"Move along! Move along!" yelled a frantic traffic officer.

J. D. retorted by planting a soft snowball squarely on his blue cap. With a spurt of purple fuel smoke the Darco picked up its mighty load and started. The front wheels jounced weightily over the tracks; the wooden-shod driving wheels bit the rear rail, mounted heavily, settled over with a jolt ——

There was a harsh snap, a terrific jar, and the loaded truck, like a stricken hippopotamus, squatted down squarely in the middle of the crossing. A defective drop-forged rectangular rear axle, strained by abuse, had snapped.

"Now, Santa Claus," bawled a frenzied policeman, "you've played hell!"

Old J. D.'s jaws clamped grimly together. Perspiration streamed down into his eyes. Sternly he sat and gripped the wheel like a granite statue, as though by mere strength of will he could move that crippled truck and its burden.

The snow pile slowly melted into a muddy puddle, in which traffic men and railway inspectors strained and sweated amid the thoughtless laughter of the crowd, while yammering car bells and howling horns of the stalled street cars and automobiles played an orchestral accompaniment. Truck and tree were lying, it seemed, where truck and tree could raise the maddest row. Already seemingly half the cars in the city were lined up on four sides of the crossing, and angry automobilists were expressing their views of this proceeding.

Finally a nerve-racked police sergeant pulled the fire-alarm box. And under the firemen's swinging axes old J. D.'s great publicity scheme became a pile of brush at the curb. Then a fire-department tractor heaved and grunted until the Darco was skidded clear of the crossing.

"Now, grandpa," growled the police sergeant, "next time you

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Like a Huge Monster the Darco Took the Plunge With a Mighty Splash. The River Pulled at This New Obstruction, But It Stood Firm

THE YELLOW TYPHOON

XV

By Harold MacGrath

ILLUSTRATED BY WILL GREFÉ

MATHISON stepped aside, not only physically but figuratively. He saw that for a little while he was to be an outsider. There was a strange tragedy here, and it was going to be threshed out immediately. The attitude of Norma Farrington and The Yellow Typhoon was a dead reckoning that there were accounts to settle. Already they seemed to have forgotten him.

Of course he had known or at least suspected that these two remarkable women were sisters—twins. From the moment he had discovered that posed photograph, located The Yellow Typhoon in this very house, established the fact that Norma Farrington was acting on the stage that night, he had known.

From where he stood, ill at ease and restless, he could see the two faces—so alike that seen separately it was impossible to tell which was which or that there were two. Witness his own adventures in that hotel room. The detective had declared that two women had mounted that fire escape, because he had seen nothing but footprints. But the two together, as Mathison now saw them! The one with the white soul of her shining in her face, the other—a sphinx. Hilda—he would never think of her as Norma again—a white page with a beautiful poem written thereon; the other a page with a cryptogram. A miracle—he could call it nothing else; a physical allegory, the good fairy and the bad. The forest pool that slaked your thirst; the lying mirage of the desert. And yet the mirage was no less glorious to the eye than the honest pool. He knew he would never again mistake the one for the other.

Hilda Was Standing in the Doorway, Struck by That Hypnosis With Which Sudden Tragedy Always Benumbs Us

The shock over, the reality confirmed, The Yellow Typhoon gathered her shattered forces. She folded her arms and her body seemed to expand.

"Hilda! . . . Well, why not? I knew that if I returned to New York our paths would cross again. I did not will it. But what will be will be. Always meddling! Always trying to thwart me!"

"Yes, Berta; the same old Hilda, always bearing the brunt of your misdeeds; always sacrificing herself to shield you—to save the mother a hurt. For what I did never hurt her; she loved you, tolerated me. And the bitter irony of it all lies in the fact that she would have stood away from you but for my sacrifices, which misled her. Yes, I am Hilda."

"You!" rasped Berta. "It was you, then, who wore that kimono! You, turned Yankee swine!"

"I, who have sworn loyalty to the land you would betray. I tried to save you; but you would not have it."

"Save me? On the contrary your safety depends upon my good nature. I hold you and this mollycoddle in the palm of my hand. Take care!"

"You never could frighten me, Berta. You know that. Eight years! Do you realize that you have been dead eight years?"

"There are many kinds of death—some of our own choosing," said Berta insolently.

"I mean the dead who never more return. Eight years ago the mother and I buried you in Greenwood."

"What!"—explosively. "What are you telling me?"

"The Berta who was found in the river, recognizable only by the dress she wore and the locket. And every spring the mother goes there with flowers. Your ghost is not pleasant to see, Berta. The horror of that night in Shanghai when I learned the truth—that you were alive, notorious! The owner of a gambling house in the Bubbling Well Road! Nightmare! Who was it we buried?" Hilda stepped forward menacingly.

"Fine steel and hammered brass," thought Mathison. He could not touch the woman of brass now; she was Hilda's sister, and Hilda should say what should be done. Nor could he smother the spark of admiration. Bad she might be, ruthless and predatory; she was no weakling. Whatever her end she would meet it hotly. He saw that Hallowell had been stronger than Samson, since this Delilah had not shorn his locks.

Sisters who had not seen each other in eight years—deadly antagonists! He could not help philosophizing a little over this phenomenon of life. Sisters and brothers—the long roll of bitter tragedies from the day Cain grew jealous of Abel! He wished he were out of the room. It was sacrilege to witness the baring of these two souls.

"Who was it we buried?" repeated Hilda.

Berta frowned. Eight years—a long time to remember the trivial incidents associated with the abandonment of her people. All at once her eyes flashed and a corner of her lips went up in a twisted smile.

"I remember now. I gave the old clothes and the locket to a creature on the street. So she killed herself, and I am dead! No wonder you left me in peace!"

"Thief!" cried Hilda, flaming. "You cold-blooded thief! You took the last jewel that mother had and pawned it, the jewel she had been clinging to desperately—the last link to the life she had known. The tragedy was nothing to you. You pawned it to buy a new dress, a new hat. What was her love for you? Something for you to prey upon; and having preyed upon the last morsel you took wing, like the kite you are! I discovered what had become of the jewel. Without her knowing it I worked nights for months to reclaim it. Then I 'found' it. I should waste my breath if I cried 'Shame!'"

"Then don't waste your breath, Hilda. Shame? I am my father's daughter, and I take what pleases me when and where I find it. I ran away because I was tired of poverty, tired of you all. I hated you because you were always whining at my elbow not to do this and not to do that. Fine music! We were born in an hour of hate and terror. I am the daughter of my father, a noble; you are the daughter of a Copenhagen circus rider. I am a law unto myself; and you are the puppet of circumstance. Love my mother? Love anything? I don't know. But I have avenged her. I have made mankind pay for the blows my father dealt her. And I never forgave her for not claiming her rights when father died.

"We might have grown up in comfort; and her stupid pride kept us in rags. I did not ask to be born; my birth was not my will. Flesh and blood? What is life but an accident? Selfish? Who would look out for Berta but Berta? I am myself—no more, no less; and the path I travel is of my own choosing. Life! I have lived. No law can take that away from me. You have called me the kite. What is the kite but cousin to the eagle? Look back! Did I ever cringe, whine? If a blow was struck, did I not always strike back? The fault is you were always trying to pour me into another mold; I had already been poured. What you wanted of me was something like this fool's parrakeet—something content to live in a cage. Not for Berta Nordstrom! I don't know what my end will be, but it shall be a free end!"

A wave of pity surged over Mathison. For Hilda's sake he had contemplated letting this wild, untamed thing go; and now for the same reason he would not dare let her go. There was a chill of fear too. There was no knowing how far this rising fury might carry The Yellow Typhoon. Never would he forget this picture. The angel and the destroyer; the same blood, the same physical perfection—sisters! And beyond the blood tie, total strangers. And for days he had been shuttlecock to their battledores; the one trying to save him, the other trying to break him.

"One question," he interrupted grimly.

Berta whirled upon him.

"Ask it!"

"Had you a hand in Bob Hallowell's death?"

"If I had I'd answer, wouldn't I? No! But I had killed him a thousand times in my heart. I hated him above all other men. Men call me The Yellow Typhoon. I accept. Woe to those who stand in my way. If I did not break Hallowell I spoiled his life. And I have beaten you. You and your sanctimonious Hallowell! Fools, I had but to crook my finger, and how beautifully you danced! I'd have twisted you round my finger with half a chance."

"Berta, do you never stop to think?"

The Yellow Typhoon laughed. "A sermon? Save it."

"No regret? No pity?"

"Oh, I have my regrets—failures. But if you mean do I regret you and the past—a thousand times no! You say I have returned from the grave. You have yourself to thank for that. I had almost forgotten you. I promise you that I shall seek the mother."

"Take care, Berta! I am my father's daughter too!"

"A threat?"

Mathison began to grow alarmed. Never had he felt the danger so near. If Hilda suspected the game he was playing and dropped a single hint, they were lost; he, at any rate. The Secret Service would not strike until he was out of this house. Such had been his order. But if this madwoman caught one glimmer of the truth!

"Come, Miss Farrington," he said.

"Very well. But always remember I tried to save you, Berta."

"Farrington! Farrington! And I had all but forgotten! One of the men here told me. Farrington, the Broadway celebrity, rich and famous! Oh, if I but had the time!"

"To injure me? You will not find it, Berta."

"No? Wait and see. To-morrow I shall search for the mother."

"You will never find her. I wish you no evil; after all you are still the child that was always touching the stove. Take care of yourself; and good-by forever, sister."

In reply The Yellow Typhoon sped across to the door, which she opened with such violence that the knob was shattered.

"Go! I am ordered to free you. But for that! . . . Go! Meddle no more with my affairs, Hilda Nordstrom!"

Hilda passed into the hall. Mathison ran ahead and unslipped the door chain; and a moment later they stood on the sidewalk, shadowy to each other in the blinding snow.

XVI

STRAIGHTWAY Mathison put his arm under Hilda's and began plowing along through the snow, which was more than ankle-deep. As his stride was long she slipped and staggered to keep pace with him. There was a comforting strength in that arm of his.

The tension over, the encounter past, her mind was like her feet—heavy and without spring. A thought entering her head wandered about emptily, then went away. Her brain was like a vast cathedral with one or two lonely tourists exploring. This droll imagery caused her to burst out laughing. Mathison merely tightened his grip.

She was soul weary and body weary. She would have liked to lie down in the soft inviting snow and never move again. The drab future that lay beyond! What might have been could not possibly be now. So long as Berta lived Hilda must walk in her shadow. It did not matter whether Berta roved free or was locked up in prison. And no doubt this man at her side, clean-cut and honorable above his kind, was already planning how to break the slender thread of their acquaintance. Why not? Seeing her, would he not always be seeing Berta, who in his eyes was a criminal of a dangerous type?

From afar she heard his voice: "There's a drug store on the next corner. We'll order a taxi there. Your feet will be wet. . . . I need not tell you I'm sorry."

"That my feet are wet or that the woman you know as The Yellow Typhoon is my twin sister? Why bother? I ought to hate her. Still, to me flesh and blood are flesh and blood. She is dangerous and should be punished; and yet instinct rebels at the thought. Free, she will be havoc. I know her of old. Her furies when she was little were frightful, because they were always calculated. For days I've been dreading the encounter, dreading yet courting it. It was inevitable.

"Flesh and blood! What was God's idea? My poor mother! She has been through so much; and now this must strike her. She was a circus rider in the Copenhagen Hippodrome, beautiful and admired. My father won and married her because it pleased his vanity. He tired of her within a month. Then he beat her—he was half Prussian—tortured and discarded her. Is there anything in prenatal influence? They say not. Yet look at Berta! My father's soul! I don't understand!" brokenly.

"I am terribly sorry. An *impasse*; and I don't know which way to turn. She is a dangerous enemy, and this is war. For your sake I want to let her go back to the East. For my country's sake I cannot. She must pay the grim reckoning. I have some influence. There will be no publicity. I can readily promise you that. You're a brick; and I'd cut my hand off to save you this hurt. But I repeat, this is war. Fortunately the affair is military, out of the reach of a civil court, beyond the reporters. Winnowed of all chaff, the grain is that I'm powerless. In certain directions I have tremendous power; but only as an agent. I cannot judge, condemn or liberate. I am desperately sorry. She is the wife or companion of the man I believe killed my friend. She is the woman who gratuitously spoiled my friend's life. The counts against her are heavy."

"I understand. You cannot break your oath of allegiance for me; and my oath of allegiance will not permit you. But it tears and rends. Still, she once passed out of my life absolutely.

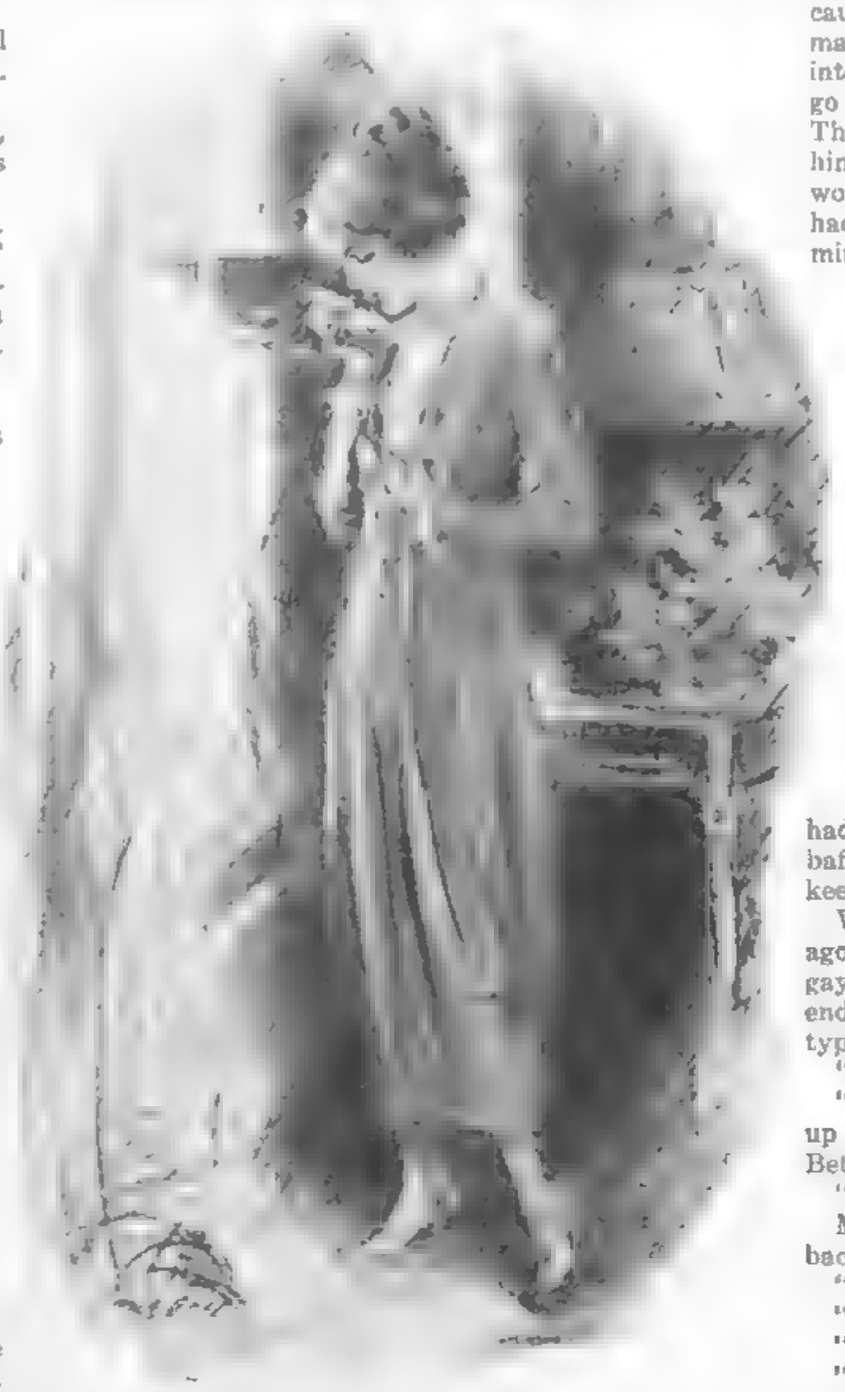
"Perhaps my concern is for my mother. I am numb with the tragedy of it. Flesh and blood; but she denied it. I tried to save her. Suppose we let Berta's fate rest on the knees of the gods?"

"If it is proved that she had nothing to do with Hallowell's death there is a chance of merely interning her for the duration of the war."

"Hallowell! That afternoon he spoke to me in the Botanical Gardens. He thought I was Berta. I tried to save him; but I reached the villa too late. I saw it, in silhouette on the curtains! I called, rang the bell, shook the gate. Then the lights went out. . . . I tried to save him!"

"I know! He was the finest friend a man ever had. And somewhere up there among the stars his spirit is at peace. John Mathison has come through!"

"Alone, all alone; without aid from anyone. With an immeasurable power behind you, you fought it out alone.



Hilda Put Her Hand Under the Little Silken Banner and Raised It to Her Lips

It was splendid—American! That envelope! The tameness of your surrender hurt. I did not understand until after we were in that house and I saw you smile. That receipt was only a trap, a bait; and the man you believe killed Hallowell walked blindly into it. No one but you could touch that envelope once it was in a hotel safe. Am I right?"

"The man is a prisoner in my room at this moment. When we enter this drug store it is a signal for the raiding of that house, fore and aft. A fly couldn't escape. We idiotic Yankees! I have him! It took patience. But there was a guardian angel watching over John Mathison. Had you not warned me they would have learned the dance I was leading them, and vanished. They had me for sleep. I thought I was awake when actually I was sleepwalking."

"Then I wasn't useless after all!"

"No."

He smiled at the sky, at the stars he couldn't see, but knew were there. Day after to-morrow!

Mathison was a one-idea man. What I mean is, when he undertook a task he went at it directly, whole-heartedly; there were never any side issues.

Presently he spoke again:

"There is one favor I must ask of you, to tighten the noose round this man's neck. Will you testify before the authorities that you found the blue print in his kitbag? Otherwise I cannot prove that it was in his possession. The theft of the receipt constitutes a military crime; but the blue print convicts him of murder, either as principal or accessory. I can promise you there will be no publicity. Will you help me?"

"I have sworn to."

"Do you know that blond man's name?"

"No."

"Neither do I. Curious thing! In that little red book there are three descriptions; these vary only in the occupations of the men described. All three are bulky, blond and ruddy. Until now I dared not be inquisitive."

"And will you do me a favor?"

"Ask it."

"Let me see it through."

"You mean, go back with me to the hotel?"

"Yes."

"Very well. And you can take Malachi home with you."

They entered the drug store, stamping the snow from their feet.

To be with him just a little while longer—because she loved him; she, Hilda Nordstrom, the proud! Not because she wanted to, but because it was written. The one man in the world; and he did not care! Friendly and interested, mystified until now; and to-morrow he would go his way. The daughter of a circus rider; the sister of The Yellow Typhoon. The Farrington was no more; to him she would always be Hilda Nordstrom. Her fame would not touch him, for he was without vanity. What had her heart been calling out through it all, since the miracle of the violets? "Love me! Love me!" She had thrown it forth as a hypnotist throws the will. "Love me! Love me!" And all the while he was busy with this affair of the Manila envelope, the blue print and vengeance. All he had sought her for was to prove that there were two women, so that he might minimize the confusion and make no future misstep.

Was there another woman? Had he not hinted at the supper table that there was? And yet on board the Nippon Maru hadn't he told her there was no one? She just could not make him out. There on the Pacific his every act had been boyish, tender, whimsical. Here he was smiling bronze, inscrutable, primordial. Blood and iron! The one man; and he was only friendly, he didn't care. When she paused to analyze the situation, however, the question rose: Why should he care? As Hilda Nordstrom—The Farrington—he had known her less than three hours.

It was so hard to remember that on board the ship he had been John Mathison to her, but she had been to him a baffling, begoggled old lady, hugging shadowy corners and keeping her back to the moon.

What had happened to the world? Only a little while ago—a few months—she had been happy, gay with the gay, enjoying life, success, the rewards of long and weary endeavor. And up over the fair horizon had risen the typhoon. Berta; always Berta!

"Pardon! I did not hear," she said.

"I said I was going to do a bit of telephoning. I'll round up a taxi. The boy is making you a cup of hot chocolate. Better drink it."

"Oh!"

Mathison was gone for a quarter of an hour. He came back to her, smiling. The taxi was at the curb.

"Better let me take you straight home," he suggested.

"You promised."

"But to-morrow ——"

"To-morrow," she smiled, "always takes care of itself."

"Come! After all it will be a matter of only a few moments. All I've got to do is to run up to the room and give the Secret Service men their orders. And I'll bring down Malachi. You are sure you want him?"

"Of course I am!" His little green parrakeet!

Later when they entered Peacock Alley—totally deserted at this hour—he flung his greatcoat into a chair, twisting the green ribbon round a button of his jacket.

"Suppose you sit here on this divan? I shan't be gone more than ten minutes. I ordered the taxi to wait."

"Go along, sailorman! And don't forget Malachi."

He wondered whether she realized how easily that name fell from her lips? Well, day after to-morrow! He marched briskly up to the desk.

"Take a good look at me," he said to the clerk; "then go to the safe and get the Manila envelope with my photographs on it."

"Yes, sir. I was really waiting for you," replied the clerk with subdued excitement. "The man who presented the receipt is in charge in your room."

He returned shortly with the envelope. Mathison crumpled it into a pocket.

"Of course you understand that all these mysterious actions have to do with the Government and that there must be absolute secrecy on the part of the management?"

"I have my orders to that effect, sir."

Mathison nodded and turned toward the nearest elevator shaft.

In a room on the ninth floor were three men. One sat near the window. His arms were folded and in his lap was a revolver. The fire escape was outside this window. In a manner peculiar to Americans he rocked on the rear legs of his chair; and every little while there was a slight thud as the chair back hit the wall or the forelegs hit the floor. The second man sat with his back toward the bathroom. From this point of vantage he could watch both the entrance to the room and the man on the bed. He evinced signs of boredom, as did the face of his companion. He was

toying with an automatic. He was sunk in his chair, his legs resting on the heels of his shoes

The prisoner, his hands clasped behind his head, seemed particularly interested in a pattern on the ceiling; but in reality he was counting the thuds of the Secret Service operative's chair; and out of this sound developed a daring campaign for liberty. Because he had surrendered docilely without a sign of protest or struggle he was confident he had by this time broken a wedge into the vigilance of his captors. He was a big man, blond; but his cheeks were no longer ruddy.

On a stand by the radiator Malachi occasionally shifted his weight from one foot to the other. He didn't love anybody, and he never was going to love anybody again. His nose—or rather his beak—was thoroughly out of joint with the world. Rooms that swung high and swung low; rooms that rattled and banged, the red walls of which hurt his eyes; and rooms with glaring lights. And always, just as he believed his troubles over, up went the cotton bag and he was off to other surprises. No; he was never going to love anybody again.

The man near the bathroom inspected his watch.

"He ought to be along now."

The man on the bed sat up. Slowly he swung his legs to the floor. He rubbed his palms together, and the links between the manacles chinked slightly. He stood up.

"May I go to the bathroom?"

The man in the chair near the bathroom nodded.

"Leave the door open," he advised.

Alone he would have risen and faced the bathroom door. But across the room was his companion, who from where he sat could see into the bathroom obliquely. Slowly the prisoner passed the chair. He was the picture of dejection. With unbelievable swiftness in a man so big he turned and threw his arms over the Secret Service man's head, bringing the manacle chain against his throat murderously, all but garroting him. The automatic had scarcely touched the floor when the blond man releasing his victim and stooping behind the chair recovered it.

Now comes the point upon which his endeavor had been based. When you lean back in a chair, to recover necessitates a sharp forward tilt. Sometimes you get all the way down and sometimes you have to make a second effort. So it happened to the operative by the window, dumfounded by the daring and suddenness of the attack. As he threw himself forward the second time violently the automatic slipped. He caught it, but not quickly enough.

"Drop it! For I shall shoot to kill. Get up! Now kick it in my direction. Very good!" These words were uttered with dispassionate coolness.

The victim of the garroting was writhing and coughing on the floor. He would be out of it for several minutes. There was only one idea in his head—to get air through his tortured throat.

To the other operative the blond man said: "I am a desperate man, and I promise to kill you if you do not obey me absolutely. Unless I go forth free I might as well go forth dead. It is my life against yours. Walk toward me, with your hands up."

The Secret Service operative had heard voices like this before; and he had wanted to live. Moreover, he knew that every exit would be covered until the patrol arrived, if it was not already at the curb. At the utmost the blond devil's victory would be short-lived.

"You win!" he said quietly, stepping forward.

"Face the other way."

The operative obeyed. The manacled hands rose above the unprotected head and the gun butt came crashing down. The operative slumped to the floor. The blond man's subsequent actions bespoke his thoroughness in handling this kind of affair. He sought the handkerchiefs, wet them, and tied the operatives' hands behind their backs. Few fabrics are tougher than wet linen.

The man he had hit was either dead or insensible; so he paid no more attention to this unfortunate. His interest was in the operative who was now slowly getting air into his lungs. The blond man threw him on his face, sat on him, then rifled the pockets for the manacle key. He found it and freed his wrists. He ran to the bathroom again and returned with a towel, which he wound about the half-strangled man's head. Next he calmly pocketed belongings which lay on the bureau top.

He was reasonably certain that he could not escape by any of the hotel entrances. There was only one chance—a window on the first floor, from which he would have to risk a drop of twelve or fourteen feet to the sidewalk.

Malachi was climbing up to his swing and clambering down to his perch.

The blond man, the automatic ready, opened the door—and Mathison stepped in! The advantage of surprise in this instance was on Mathison's side. A fighting man of the first order he struck first. He brought his fist down hammerwise upon the pistol, at the same time sending the toe of his boot to the enemy's kneecap. Instinctive actions; but both blows went home. The blond man was forced to give back in order to set himself.

There began then in that small room one of those contests that the Blind Poet loved to recount and which we nowadays call Homeric. Mathison was lighter than his opponent by thirty pounds, but he gave battle with a singing heart. This was as it should be, man to man. No tedious affair of the courts—cold, formal justice. Hot blood and bare hands! An eye for an eye, a tooth for a tooth!

The blond man as he looked into Mathison's eyes sensed that he was about to fight for his life; thus he became endowed with a frenzy that doubled his strength. His one blind endeavor was to get his gorilla arms round this Yankee swine who had tricked and beaten him. He lunged, head down. Mathison jabbed him and with lightning speed shut the door with a backward kick.

He met the blond man at every point—boxed him, used his boots, employed the science of the Jap wrestler, threw obstacles, laughed, taunted sailor fashion; in fact, fought with the primordial savagery of the Stone Age, scorning the niceties of sportsmanship. He knew what his antagonist was—a Prussian or one who had been Prussianized. And with devilish cunning and foresight he carried the Prussian idea to this blond giant—to kill him with his bare hands!

The blond man's desperate swings landed frequently; for with his eye upon a single point Mathison was often compelled to expose his face. That throat! To reach it with that Japanese side cut, a blow that saps and blinds!

Once the enemy succeeded in gripping Mathison's jacket where its fastenings met; and Mathison wrenching back left half the front of his smart jacket in the eager hand.

Bloody, an eye half closed, his lips puffed and bleeding—but his teeth showing soundly through the grotesque smile—a gash across his forehead, Mathison continued to play for the throat. Queer thing about such contests—there isn't any pain until it is over.

A dozen times they stumbled over the operatives on the floor. The one with the towel round his head was now alive and was tugging powerfully at the wet linen binding his wrists. Finally he managed to get to his feet, only to be hurled against the wall.

"I Will Give You Fifty Thousand Dollars in Cold Hard Cash. If You Refuse You May Sue From Maine to Oregon"

The inconvenience of these obstacles, animate and inanimate, reacted against Mathison as often as it did against his enemy; and at one time Mathison was borne back against the foot rail of the bed but a violent thrust of the knee extricated him.

Suddenly and unexpectedly Mathison was offered his opening. The operative who was still blinded by the towel rose again and staggered about. He struck against the blond man's shoulder, and as the latter thrust him aside Mathison struck.

Not an honorable blow, this cut at the throat; not the sort white men use in fisticuffs. But, I repeat, these two were bent on killing each other.

When you touch a hot coal your hand jerks back. It is reflex action purely; the conscious brain has nothing to do with it. So it is with the blow on the Adam's apple. The hands fly to the throat because they must!

Mathison did not pause to note the effect of the stroke. He knew it had gone home. He had been badly punished but he was still fighting strong. The years of clean living, of unsapped vitality were paying dividends to-night. He sent in a smothering hail of blows with all the power he had left to put behind them.

It was now that the other man began to realize he was no longer interested in killing Mathison, that he sought only to get away from this force and fury which were superior to his own. He looked about desperately for a corner to turn; but there wasn't any. Back he went, back until his legs struck the edge of the bed. Even as he wavered Mathison leaped, bore his man down, knelt on his ribs and dug his fingers into the bull-like neck. No doubt Mathison would have throttled him. An eye for an eye, a tooth for a tooth! But a singular event stayed his hands.

During all this surging to and fro, this battering and scuffling, Malachi's fear and agitation had grown to the point where he was compelled to express his disapproval in the only way he knew—by sounds, hoarse, raucous sounds, human words.

"Mat! . . . *Chota Malachi!* . . . You lubber, where's my tobacco? . . . Mat! . . . Lysgaard! . . . To hell with the Ki! . . . Mathison, Hallowell and Company, and be damned to you! . . . Mat! . . . Lysgaard!"

Slowly Mathison drew back. The berserker lust to kill evaporated, leaving him cold and sick. The revelation that the name of the murderer was Lysgaard was insignificant compared with the fact that Hallowell had reached out from the Beyond and saved his friend from carrying blood-guilty hands to Hilda Nordstrom, who waited downstairs!

Meantime the jar of the battle had not passed unnoticed. The guests in the rooms adjoining and below had been telephoning the office. The clerk, aware that there were Secret Service operatives at all exits, hastily summoned them, and four plunged into Mathison's room just as he stepped away from the bed.

"It's all over, gentlemen," he said thickly. "The man on the bed is wanted on two accounts, theft of naval plans and murder. He is Karl Lysgaard. In 1916, to cover his espionage endeavors, he became a naturalized citizen. Ostensibly he is Danish; but he was born in Holtenau, near enough to the Kiel Canal to make him a first-class Prussian. Take him to the Tombs, and keep your eye on him while taking him there. I will appear against him in the morning. The woman known as The Yellow Typhoon——"

"Has vanished," whispered one of the operatives.

"Escaped?"

"Like smoke! Telephone message came while you were up here. But she won't go far. Already all exits are being watched. No trains, no ships; and she will not be able to hide long in New York. Some scrap you must have had here! Your uniform's a wreck. Better wash up."

Mathison staggered into the bathroom, now mindful of his injuries. He was sure that one or more of his ribs had been broken. Every beat of his heart was accompanied by a stab either in his head or in his torso. The floor wavered like sand in the heat and he was none too certain about the walls.

Escaped! The Yellow Typhoon had slipped through that web! He did not know whether he was glad or sorry. Not one man in a thousand would have broken

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PHILADELPHIA, FEBRUARY 15, 1919

Courage and Common Sense

THE bill recently introduced in Congress providing for the deportation of interned alien enemies is a good beginning. It is a bill with incisors, but it lacks molars. A dainty little peck at this alien-enemy business is not enough. Deportation of a small and relatively insignificant group of Germans who were caught with the goods is not enough. Like much American legislation this bill does not go to the root of the trouble. A group of even more dangerous alien enemies, made in Germany and finished in Russia, is operating in America to-day. They are conspiring against our institutions and hoping to loot our country. We are not so short of tonnage that we cannot spare some for them. One shipload of Bolshevik agitators started home for Russia via Siberia and a second shipload started home for Germany would end the whole business.

Has Congress the courage and the common sense to act? In the past it has usually been more given to catching a snake alive and counting its rattles and trying to tame it, than to stamping on its head. This is not, however, a domestic snake, but one of the well-known German viper family. We should have learned by this time not to play with that breed.

Courage and common sense would have prevented almost every evil with which we are contending to-day. A little simple root legislation passed when the problems were young would have done what a multitude of repressive laws have since been powerless to effect. These measures were so obvious that they were not statesmanship—only common sense.

The need for drastic legislation to restrict immigration has been apparent for some time. Congress finally passed a law that requires the would-be immigrant to tell how far he has progressed in the Second Reader or something equally searching. If it had decided to be real nasty it would doubtless have prescribed an examination in the new dance steps.

The real trouble with Americans is that there are not enough of them and that the rank and file do not make themselves decisively heard in matters of legislation. They believe in their country and their institutions with all their hearts, and are inclined to let it go at that. Of late years, too, they have been in danger of being overwhelmed by a mass of undigested aliens. True, a large number of these foreigners are good material for citizenship, but they have poured in too fast for proper assimilation. And while they are in a transition state from the customs, methods and institutions of the Old World to those of the New, speaking English imperfectly or not at all, they are easily misled and preyed on by dishonest demagogues and agitators. One of the great tasks ahead of our generation is the teaching of our ideals and our language to these men. If we let in a new flood of foreigners before we do this the melting pot will end up as a garbage pail.

Among Americans there is no real Bolshevik sentiment. The stuff is all made in Germany and exported to us via Russia. The newspapers play up every happening that can possibly be given a Bolshevik head, exactly as they would a mysterious murder or a hot-story divorce, and for the same reason. It is abnormal, un-American and sensational. But it is the news fad of the hour, like a Thaw trial, to which the papers send sob-sisters, specialists in emotion and "big names." For a certain part of the public are morbidly interested in Bolshevism, as they are in the latest murderer and his crime. Many psychopathic women affect a mild form of it as they would any strange cult that promised diversion and excitement.

The only real field for Bolshevism in America is among the ignorant and half-assimilated foreign-born; our only danger from it is in permitting its alien-enemy leadership to operate among the credulous and the vicious. The cure is courage and common sense. The same simple home prescription will take us through the reconstruction period to a better and stronger America.

No one but a fool will shut his eyes to the faults of our democracy or deny that many grave abuses exist in our country. The American contention is simply that no other system yet devised by man has given so much peace, prosperity and happiness to a nation as ours, and that none holds out so much promise for the future. America has been a good place to live in; it must be a better one in the future. To make it so is our job, and we must go about it with courage and American common sense, not with pessimism and Russo-German theories.

We want prosperity in America, but not swollen fortunes. We want big rewards for men who do big constructive things, and jail sentences for the big fellows who steal the fruits of their work and the savings of small investors. There have been altogether too many mavericks loose on the range, sucking cows on which they have no claim. There would be no real railroad mess, no necessity for trying to pare down wages in basic industries, if there had been no banker control and no flagrant watering of the stock of these corporations. For this reason, if for no other, reductions in high dividends must precede reductions in high wages during the adjustment period.

The wise business man is not the one who is talking about liquidating labor, but the one who is sharpening his pencil in order to figure out a way to keep wages up. The reactionary business man must get it clearly in his head that the country is not interested in speeding up business in order that he may have a new motor, or a new country house and a flock of footmen, but that the whole mass of Americans may move up to a higher plane of living and self-respect. He must be satisfied with a fair but a smaller share of the profits. Labor must not only be kept employed but well-paid. Courage and common sense will do it—courage to go ahead, to expand, and to bet on the country that has never failed the man who believed in it—common sense to understand that no prosperity is worth while that is based on the exploitation of others, and that no gains will be lasting that are not fairly divided.

America is big and rich and she has been able to stand a lot of damned nonsense, but this is not the time for any sort of nonsense from either Bolsheviki or Reactionaries. And one of the best symptoms of the times is the determination of intelligent and forward-looking business men to stand for a square deal. We have passed a library of laws trying to stop the growth of evils, but not to stop the evils. At this very minute we are lifting the restrictions that safeguarded small investors during the war—in effect saying to the wolves: "There are the sheep; they are fine and fat; help yourself." We might as well repeal the health laws while we are about it.

We have been very busy trying to save the world—a laudable enterprise, but a large contract. Let us by all means try to help our neighbors, but incidentally let us try to help ourselves. Every paper, every speech is full of references to our debt to Britain, our debt to France, our debt to Belgium, until it looks as if we owe everybody and nobody owes us. But in remembering these multitudinous debts we need not altogether forget our debt to America. We can pay it with a little courage and common sense at this time.

Ship Them Home

To Keep the Wheels Turning

By WILL PAYNE

IF YOU cast back in your mind just four years you will recall that the country was much disturbed by an unemployment problem. Some pretty careful investigations indicated that in midwinter of 1914–15 more than four hundred thousand persons in New York City who were capable of working could find no work. The same condition obtained in every industrial center. Taking the country over the number of persons who were capable of working and wanted to work, but could find no work, must have risen into the millions.

Everybody agreed that this was a scandalous condition, that there was no good reason for it, that something ought to be done about it. The mayor of New York appointed an excellent committee to investigate and report. The mayor of Chicago appointed an excellent commission. The National Commission on Industrial Relations took up the subject. Many committees, commissions and individuals took it up. The press and other agencies by which public thought is influenced generously lent a hand. Meanwhile municipal soup kitchens and "Hotels de Gink" were improvised, and long lines of able-bodied men, who were willing and able to work, daily and nightly took their scanty dole of free food and lodging, while charity organizations wrestled with destitute families.

Investigators pretty generally agreed on one proposition—namely, that nothing is more likely to sour a man on the industrial scheme in general than this situation of offering society all he has, his labor, and being informed—with regret—that his check is no good; so far as he is concerned society has simply shut up shop. They pretty generally agreed, also, that in such a situation the man has a good right to be sour, for when society obviously wants an endless quantity of goods that are the product of labor it is absurd to say that society can find nothing for labor to do.

When the Machine Slows Down

IN THE midst of the agitation of this problem of unemployment war orders began flocking in from Europe. Presently there was work for all hands. Further on there was more work than hands could be found to do. The Federal Government, numberless state and local bodies and all agencies capable of attracting public attention were exerting themselves to get more people into industry. The country was struggling with a problem of scarcity of labor, and the opposite problem of unemployment was mostly forgotten.

Yet everybody knew we should have it on our hands again, sooner or later, unless intelligent and vigorous measures were taken to prevent it. We always had had it on our hands periodically. There had been periods of severe industrial depression, beginning or culminating in 1814 and 1825 and 1837 and 1848 and 1857 and 1873 and 1893 and 1907, besides various depressions less extensive or attended by less dramatic circumstances in the way of panics in the security markets and bank failures. About every five or six years, in fact, there had been a sufficient let-up in industrial activity to cause considerable unemployment. Sometimes, as after 1873 and 1893, severe depression with chronic unemployment on a large scale had continued two or three years—purgatorial years for labor.

Unusually severe depression had been ushered in dramatically, with a panic on the Stock Exchange, a lot of bank failures, a general excitement. Those dramatic things come suddenly and unexpectedly, for surprise is one of the necessary elements of a panic. But periods of extensive unemployment do not come suddenly. They come gradually, with plenty of forewarnings. Security markets may be thrown into panic by a sudden alarm, but though the Stock Exchange is in convulsions all the wheels of industry are turning as usual. Some time must elapse before the shock extends to them and mills begin to shut down. The experience of 1893 and 1907 illustrates that.

The huge, complex mechanism of industry is not subject to panic. In the nature of the case its movements must be comparatively slow and gradual. When the tremendous shock of a world war fell upon England there was panic in the security markets and in financial circles, but the reaction upon industry itself was so slow that it took England several months to find out that business could not go on as usual. And as a shocker there has never been anything to compare with the world war. The security markets are a jagged, saw-tooth affair with precipitous ups and downs; but industry itself moves in long tidal ebbs and swells. The movements can be traced.

There is no foreseeing a panic—except by a few perspicacious people, most of whom are wise after the event or just happen to have guessed right that time. In the most conspicuous cases business depression has been ushered in by panic which was not foreseen. So a great many people have concluded that periods of unemployment could not be foreseen, and there is obviously no use in trying to protect yourself against what you can't foresee. A great many people have simply accepted panic, depression and extensive unemployment as mysterious visitations of Providence that nobody could do anything about. But extensive unemployment comes gradually. Its progress can be traced. Remedial measures can be taken in time. We already have a chart by studying which any competent observer can say confidently: "If this movement keeps up we shall presently have a lot of men out of work." We have a monthly statement of railroad operations, which means the movement of goods; a monthly statement of foreign trade; a monthly statement of the make of pig iron, which is the basic thing in the great iron and steel industry; the Federal Reserve Board publishes a weekly statement of bank transactions, which are a measure of the volume of trade; the United States Steel Corporation, which roughly accounts for half the trade in its lines, publishes a monthly statement of the unfilled orders on its books. In New York and in Massachusetts the state collects monthly reports from labor unions of the number of their members out of work.

Our chart can be improved, but already it is sufficient to show clearly the state and trend of industry, and when the pointer persistently turns downward we know absolutely that it means increasing unemployment.

Before the war industrial high-water mark in the United States was reached about the end of 1912, or—to the great satisfaction of Republicans—about the time of the change in Administration at Washington. Exports of manufactures were then topping a billion dollars a year. Railroads were moving two billion tons of freight. The make of pig iron rose to thirty million tons. These were all record figures. The Steel Corporation had unfilled orders on its books to the amount of eight million tons. Such scanty data as we had from labor unions showed full employment.

The Barometers of Business

THEN the pointer began to turn downward—no precipice, but just an easy slide downhill. Many explanations were offered to the public—usually with more or less marked political bias, as Democratic tariff revision, antitrust legislation, oppressive railroad regulation. This ebb and flow of business, the steady alternation of good times and poor times, has probably attracted as much and as studious attention as any other social phenomenon, and is still essentially a pretty baffling subject. We feel chipper and push briskly ahead, incidentally making a good many mistakes as we go along and cheerfully ignoring them. Then something discloses the extent of our errors and we are quite dashed thereby and turn glum and stop pushing. That is about the way it happens. The point here is not what causes the industrial tide to turn, but the fact that it turns with a comparatively slow movement that can be clearly traced.

By the beginning of 1914 the monthly output of pig iron had fallen to less than two million tons against more than two and three-quarter millions a year before. Unfilled orders on the books of the Steel Corporation had fallen to four million tons against eight millions a year before. Bank clearings were shrinking. In short, there was a clearly

Foggy Weather

defined movement which, if it kept up, meant extensive unemployment. Labor-union reports were already showing increased idleness. It did keep up quite steadily through the year. By November the make of pig iron had fallen to a million and a half tons. The Steel Corporation's unfilled orders had shrunk nearly another million tons. By December steel mills of the country were working at only a third their capacity. Bank clearings the country over had declined more than one-fifth. Railroad revenues were running far behind. And a big unemployment problem was on our totally unready hands.

By that time, it is true, war had broken out in Europe and its first effect on American business was demoralizing; but war in its first effect simply accelerated a movement that had been under way and clearly visible for more than a year—a movement which, if unchecked, was certain to bring widespread unemployment. We had the amplest warning.

As a matter of fact, unemployment in 1914 had been a serious and growing problem for months before it attracted great public attention. As far back as March twelve per cent of the members of reporting labor unions in Massachusetts were out of work. By September, out of six hundred thousand organized wage-earners in reporting unions in New York a hundred thousand were idle—the greatest number to be reported idle in seventeen years, and the highest ratio of unemployment since the depression of 1908, following the panic of October, 1907. Winter was coming on, when unemployment generally increases and the trials of the wageless increase too. There was plenty of warning long before the situation reached that acute stage where it became an exigent current problem. That stage never comes suddenly.

By midwinter there were some millions of idle hands—not alone along the Eastern seaboard or in the greatest manufacturing districts but throughout the country. The National Commission on Industrial Relations remarked that unemployment was quite as bad in the Northwest, which is theoretically underpopulated, as anywhere else. It is decidedly a national problem.

The Vicious Circle of Depression

WHAT changed the extensive unemployment of four years ago is well known—war orders from the British and French Governments. Of course, as concerns the labor market, it made no difference what those governments ordered, so long as it was something we could make; nor whether the orders came from those governments or from the American Government. Orders being given for goods the wheels started turning again. Workmen, hitherto idle, began receiving wages, whereupon they began giving orders on their own account—that is, buying goods with their wages—which set more labor at work, and presently we had the condition known as good times.

Depression and unemployment always run in a vicious circle. The demand for goods slackens. Mills shut down. Their workmen are idle and stop buying, which still further lessens the demand for goods, so more mills shut down and the demand for goods further decreases. It runs in a vicious circle. Of course the potential demand for goods is just as great at one time as at another. People wanted just as many goods of all sorts in 1914 as in 1912. Some people would not buy because they had grown discouraged. Others could not buy because their incomes had been cut down through stoppage of wages or through shrinkage in the volume of trade. As soon as the foreign governments intervened with orders for goods we stopped going down the spiral and began going up. The foreign governments needed very little money, comparatively speaking. As soon as we began going up and felt confident, we were ready to give them credit—which we did to the extent of three billion dollars before our Government intervened in the war and granted still greater credit out of the National Treasury.

Given a basic condition sufficiently sound so that credit will function in a fairly normal way, a condition of depression and unemployment will be changed to a condition of relatively full employment if only somebody will step in with orders for goods—or for work on an important scale. Just how strong the initial push would have to be—just how many goods or how much work would need to be ordered—to change the movement from down to up would, of course, depend upon circumstances; but an English statistician, looking over the situation in that country, said not a great while ago that orders for work to the extent of only twenty million dollars, if given at the right time, would usually stop the spread of unemployment and set the pointer in the other direction, for just as one idle man tends to make two idle men, one employed man tends to make two employed men.

There is somebody in the United States—or a great many somebodies—who might always intervene in slackening times with orders for goods and work and whose intervention might turn the scale. In 1915, when employment was already on the upgrade, five hundred million dollars of municipal bonds—in round numbers—were issued in the United States. Except a comparatively trivial amount for refunding this represented public work—schoolhouses, sewers, street paving, parks, and the like. This is a rapidly growing fund. In 1904 it reached two hundred millions for the first time, and in 1913 four hundred millions. Cities are not only growing but they are undertaking public works on a scale that expands faster than population.

Taking into account the rise in prices and wages since 1915 and the municipal inclination to expand in that direction, and with government war financing once out of the way, the public-works fund represented by the output of municipal bonds could easily be put at six or seven hundred millions a year.

The United States contains just a little less than two and a half million miles of rural public roads. A great part of them have been built by local road districts and townships—or, rather, they have not been built but have just happened. Of late years, since the public really became interested in good roads, the states have taken a supervising hand in road improvement. But to the end of 1916 only fifty thousand miles of road had been built by states or by state aid, and only eleven per cent—or under three hundred thousand miles—of all the public rural roads were surfaced; which means, except under very favorable natural conditions, there was only that much road that a self-respecting automobile wouldn't groan over after a rain. In 1915 twelve thousand miles of state or state-aided road was built. The expenditure for construction and maintenance of roads under state supervision was eighty million dollars; but the expenditure on roads and bridges not under state highway departments was estimated at a hundred and eighty millions. A number of states have already planned extensive road improvements to be carried out after the war. Certainly the country ought to be spending not less than a quarter of a billion dollars a year on road improvement.

In July, 1916, the Federal Government appropriated seventy-five million dollars to aid road improvement in states that would conform to its requirements by undertaking supervision of road work and maintaining certain standards of construction, the money contributed by the Federal Government to be matched by at least an equal sum from state or local sources. Every state has joined in the plan, those that didn't already have highway departments within the meaning of the act, creating them. Probably the Federal Government will take an increasing interest in road building.

What it will do in other directions, such as public buildings, waterway improvement, reclamation of waste land by irrigation and drainage, and so on, is problematical as yet; but it will certainly be doing something.

Construction for Future Needs

THERE is already fairly within sight a public-works fund of a billion dollars a year, and it may turn out to be decidedly larger. A great deal of this work ought to be pushed along. But there is always a little of it that needn't particularly be pushed. In fact, it should be the general policy in planning public works to allow a little deferrable margin. Say the margin is only three per cent—planned, blueprinted, the bonds authorized but held in the treasury. With a fund of a billion, three per cent would give thirty millions a year. Say that industry, by and large, shows a declining pointer every five years—begins to slacken and throw people out of work. A five-year accumulation of the reserve fund would amount to a hundred and fifty million dollars, which would set a great many hands at work—building the addition to the park and the new courthouse that had been planned and provided for but not actually undertaken; taking down the old bridge that would serve the purpose yet wasn't what the public really wanted, and putting up a new one; replacing the gravel road of secondary importance with macadam or concrete; in short, carrying out the deferred improvements. Watching the chart referred to above, noting that industry was slackening and unemployment increasing, somebody would say when, and the deferred work would start. It is more complicated but no more chimerical than the action of the Federal Reserve Board in moving the interest rate up and down to slacken or tighten the string on credit.

It need not be restricted to public work, either. The at least quasi-public railroads—in spite of some unfavorable and discouraging conditions—increased the investment in their plants by an average of almost five hundred and seventy-five million dollars a year in the five years ending June 30, 1915—which, generally speaking, means extensions, permanent improvements and new equipment. They should have been increasing these items decidedly more, for they were not keeping up with the country's transportation needs, as subsequent developments proved. A good while ago James J. Hill said the railroads ought to be spending a billion a year for extensions, permanent

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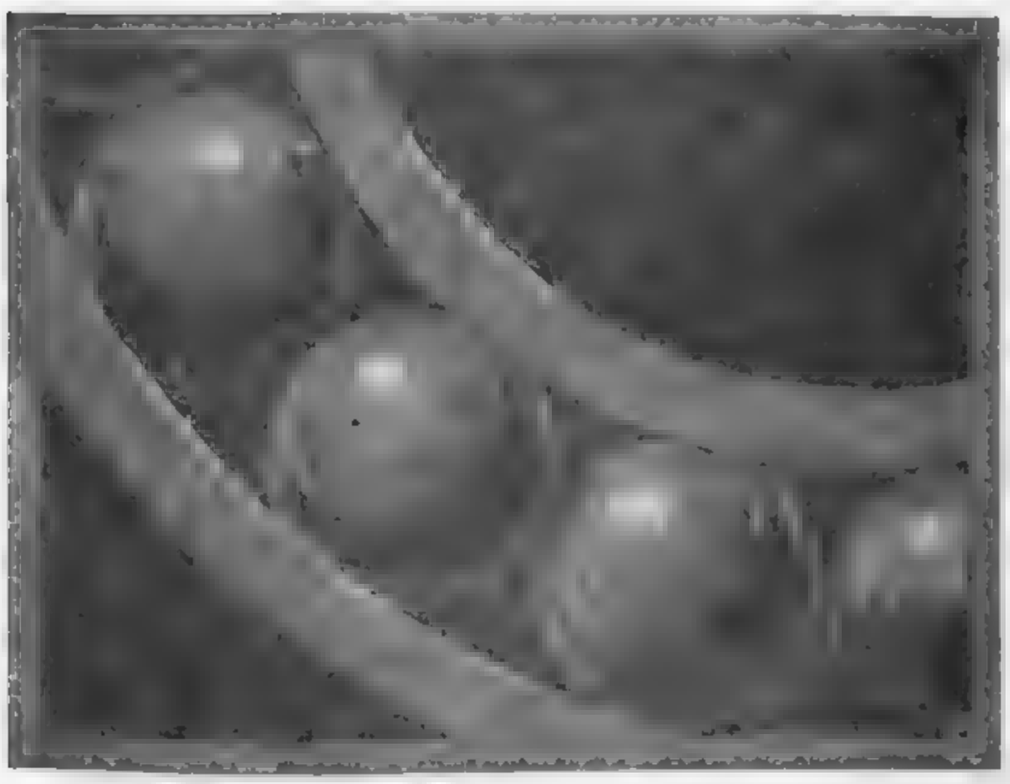

Republic
STAGGARD
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Maximum Grip with Minimum Friction

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improvements and new equipment in order to keep abreast of an expanding country. Certainly with the prices paid for labor and materials they ought to be spending a billion a year now. This is nearly all work that needs to be pushed along, yet there could always be a little deferrable margin—say one per cent or so a year. Three or four years' accumulation would help notably to take up the slack.

Telephone lines, now in government hands, spent sixty millions a year or so on extensions and permanent improvements, represented by increased capital investment, while improvements from surplus earnings increased the amount. Taking such quasi-public things as street railroads, electric-light companies, gas companies—even half of one per cent a year would give a big fund.

You remember about Christmas shopping—mostly done only a few years ago in one wild rush and riot in the ten days before Christmas, with stocks of goods scrambled, salespeople on the verge of nervous prostration—or over the verge—buyers jammed, trampled, exasperated. Humane souls, shocked at the effect upon saleswomen, began to protest against it and to organize public opinion. No laws were passed about it, but the public was appealed to, for the good of the saleswomen and its own good. The result is a notable change in holiday shopping habits. A great change in our unemployment habit can be brought about.

A good many occupations are obliged to be seasonal—harvesting wheat, for example. Some others used to be seasonal for no better reason than that it seemed more convenient. Seasonal occupation results in a good deal of unemployment whether times are good or bad. The workers have to shift from one job to another and lose working time while they are shifting. The meat-packing trade used to have its two seasons. The clothing trade used to be seasonal, for people rather naturally buy clothes for warm weather or cold weather at the change of the seasons. Shoemaking used to have its regular busy season and dull season for the same reason. About two-thirds of the paint making used to be done in the spring, for people generally painted their houses in the spring.

Better Distribution of Labor

But time came when a clothing concern, a shoe concern, a paint concern found that by a well-directed and vigorous campaign they could keep their goods moving much more regularly the year round. In general they had to appeal to the public and to retailers, offering special inducements for off-season buying and so on. A good many lines of manufacture have found that by hard, intelligent work, directed to the trade and to the public, they can keep their goods moving and their mills turning much more regularly. It is better for them and decidedly better for their labor force.

Substantially the same tactics can be directed against the harder problem of unemployment, which is due to a general decline of industry. In the good-times year of 1912 building operations undertaken in two hundred and thirty-five American cities involved an outlay of slightly more than a billion dollars. Far the greater part of this was private building—office buildings, stores, factories, dwellings, and so on. We may confidently take the private building fund of the country at not less than a billion a year. By a Christmas-shopping campaign or a paint-trade campaign, such as is indicated above, this building fund can be levied upon to combat slack-times unemployment. The brutal hardship and injustice of unemployment to the individual worker and its great social disadvantages can be emphasized, public opinion can be organized, until private builders generally will begin to figure on a little margin—a half of one per cent that can be deferred; plans made, money in sight, but suspended. It is all a question of forming and organizing public opinion.

It is just as much a capital question as a labor question, for when labor is idle capital is idle too; when the pay roll shrinks profits shrink. That was brought out recently, as it happened. The president and secretary of the Manufacturers' Association of New Jersey, representing the employers of the state in many lines, and the president and secretary of the New Jersey State Federation of Labor joined in signing a statement, addressed to the authorities at Washington. It set forth that the two associations, one representing capital, the other representing labor, had held a joint conference and unanimously agreed to urge the Federal Government to withdraw or modify its orders canceling war contracts, or, rather, directing that all work on such contracts cease at the end of January, 1919. The petitioners explained that much partly fabricated material now on hand would become mere junk if work on it ceased, and that thousands of hands would be thrown out of work.

Whatever differences they may have on other matters, intelligent labor and intelligent capital are at one when it comes to stopping the wheels or materially slowing them down. In a purely selfish way the problem affects capital as well as labor, and both of them are involved in the general social scheme, one of whose great plagues consists of recurrent unemployment due to business depression. There is hardly a greater plague. To fold our hands and say we can do nothing about it, when the world obviously wants all the goods that can be produced year in and year out—and when as obviously the world can pay for all the goods we can make if only the world is kept at work—doesn't look very creditable.

It is true, as a rule, that when business is looking down it isn't so easy to float bonds or obtain credit for important undertakings. But the Federal and local governments can always obtain credit for their undertakings. If they take the down movement at the right time and give the cue private enterprise may be depended upon to follow.

Deferred Public Works

The Federal Government is already decidedly interested in this question, for on the one hand it is rapidly demobilizing and returning to civil life hundreds of thousands of men, while on the other hand it is rapidly shutting off war's tremendous demands upon industry. This may create a transitional period in which there is extensive unemployment; and once unemployment becomes extensive it tends to put a brake on the wheels, for it decreases the public's purchasing power. This, of course, raises the possibility of a situation that cannot wait on any five-year program—a situation of this very spring and summer that must be dealt with promptly if it is to be dealt with at all.

Early in December, therefore, the Department of Labor sent questionnaires to all the principal cities of the country asking for a statement of the public work in hand or in prospect for the immediate future, and of work for which funds were not already provided but which might by a special effort be got under way this year. Otto T. Mallery, of the War Labor Policies Board, Department of Labor, calculates that a fund of three hundred million dollars would set eight hundred thousand men at work and keep them employed at average wages for three months. Public work that would have been undertaken in 1917 and 1918, but that was deferred on account of the war, probably comes to that much.

In a great many cases, no doubt, especially as to 1918, not only has the work been deferred, but the plans for it, except in general outline, have been deferred too; for it has been our American habit not to plan in detail until we were ready to begin. Every public body ought to be busy now with blue prints, for if the transitional period from war to peace production does create considerable unemployment there is time to meet it, with intelligent strategy, by throwing a strong reserve into the breach. And the possibility of unemployment in the transition period simply emphasizes the fact that, based on tabulated industrial experience for a hundred years, periodical unemployment is a factor that ought to enter permanently into all our planning. In one form or another we take out insurance against almost every known, charted, constant hazard—against fire loss, marine loss, death loss; and in good years a well-run business sets aside a surplus to stabilize dividends in poor years. It is time to take out insurance against this known, charted, constant hazard of recurring unemployment. As we have never begun to do that in a systematic, long-view way we should make an extraordinary exertion now to insure against the hazard of the transition period by preparing public work that can be undertaken if the need rises. This means not only Washington and New York and Chicago, but the country town and rural road district. It would undoubtedly be possible in sixty days to build up a big public-works reserve. If the occasion for drawing upon it does not arise the experience will have been very valuable in establishing a policy of preparedness against unemployment. You don't regard last year's fire-insurance premium and life-insurance premium as a loss because your house did not burn and you did not die that year. Preparing public works now would be taking out insurance.

Preparedness against unemployment that is due to slackening industry must finally involve knowing more about the subject and getting it far better organized. It is a fact that at any given time we know more about every other important factor in industry than we do about labor. We never know how many hands are unemployed, how many men are looking for jobs or how many jobs are looking for men, nor whether the man that is looking for the job is only a mile away from the job that is looking for a man. No other factor in production is handled with such scandalous waste as labor. A year ago, when the country vitally needed every hand that could be found, literally hundreds of thousands of workers were drifting about the Atlantic seaboard—and elsewhere—from plant to plant. Plant after plant had a labor turnover of forty or fifty per cent—a third or half of its hands quitting and being replaced by new ones. To one plant in West Virginia forty-two thousand men were sent from New York City alone, who practically just marched through. Quite a lot of them were traced to Baltimore, where labor agencies grabbed them and shunted them all somewhere else.

War compelled the Federal Government to step in and set up national employment bureaus, but they cover only a small part of the field. Some states have public employment bureaus, but they cover only a little part of the field. New York State, for example, maintains free public employment bureaus in New York City, Brooklyn, Syracuse, Rochester, Buffalo, Albany. But there are seven or eight hundred private employment offices in the state, and the private offices probably do at least nine-tenths of the business. The state has no control over them. The cities in which they are located are supposed to license them and see that they conduct themselves properly. Some cities take that duty with more or less seriousness and some practically disregard it. Undoubtedly a great many of these private agencies are honestly and capably managed, but the public has no particular assurance that they will be so managed and takes no pains to get any such assurance. Some private agencies comply with the state's requests for reports. Many do not. The result is that the state has no information of any public value about them.

Similar Problems in England

Unemployment in some degree or other is an ever-present problem, good times and bad times. Last year, when there was more work than hands could be found to do, the big labor turnover referred to above was a phase of unemployment. The men were out of work while they were shifting from plant to plant. There is always some unemployment in seasonal jobs, like harvesting. In the building trades one job is finished before another is quite ready; some days' work is lost. British statistics, more comprehensive than ours, indicate that on an average over a series of years four or five per cent of the organized wage-earners are idle. Probably organized workers have a rather lower average than the unorganized. All through fair average times our labor-union reports indicate much the same condition.

Undoubtedly that average can be reduced by control of public works with a view to stabilizing employment, by a much better system of employment agencies, and then by a campaign to bring about greater regularization of industry generally so as to reduce seasonal employment as much as possible and keep goods moving—and making—in a more even flow through the year.

Two years before the war England accepted unemployment as a standing condition of industry and set up a national scheme of insurance against it under government control. Beginning with six standard trades, such as building trades, in which unemployment was a constant feature, Parliament provided that each of the two and a half million hands engaged should pay in five cents a week, while the employers should pay in another five cents weekly, and to the fund thus created the government should add one-third as a subsidy. To be eligible for insurance the workman must have been employed in one of the selected trades for twenty-six weeks in each of the three preceding years. Then if he is out of work through no fault of his own, and not because he is on strike, and if he is ready to accept work when offered to him by a public labor exchange at wages equal to those he earned before, he can draw an unemployment benefit of seven shillings a week for fifteen weeks in any year. The first year's operation showed a large surplus of receipts over benefits paid.

Then the war came along and under its abnormal conditions unemployment fairly disappeared.

In 1917 the Pennsylvania Legislature passed an act "to provide for the extension of the public works of the commonwealth during periods of extraordinary unemployment caused by industrial depression, and providing a fund for the purpose aforesaid to be known as the Emergency Public Works Fund." A commission, consisting of governor, auditor, treasurer and commissioner of labor, is to have charge of the fund, with authority to use it in public works when in its opinion such action becomes advisable. The legislature appropriated only fifty thousand dollars for the fund. But this act, I believe, is the first definite recognition by an American legislative body that unemployment due to slackening industry is a big, standing social question which ought to be dealt with and not just pointed to with regret. Every state ought to have a similar emergency-works fund. That ought to be a standing feature of its public-works policy.

Now is the Time to Act

Action to insure against extensive unemployment ought to come now—immediately. From the moment we declared war, demobilization with a coincidental shutting off of war orders was a future certainty—bound to come sooner or later. Nothing whatever was done about it—excepting Pennsylvania's action—because we never had done anything about unemployment or seriously thought of doing anything about it. It is high time to take the subject up comprehensively, as a standing problem against which standing provision should be made. And as this transitional period may bring much unemployment the country ought to be busy now creating a reserve of public works—thinking and planning so that any decided continuing slack in employment can be taken up. The railroads alone ought to have at least a billion dollars' worth of work in hand for the current year. Their status is unsettled, but the Government can settle it to the extent of reaching an agreement regarding many extensions and betterments.

We have no business to find ourselves in the old position of sitting down and thinking about settling things while a million men are looking in vain for jobs. It is perfectly possible now to make such preparations that on a few weeks' notice a big reserve fund can be thrown into the breach. If no breach develops the comparatively small cost of preparing plans can well be charged to insurance. It is a fact well known in war and business that breaches against which intelligent preparation has been made seldom really occur. Intelligent preparation against unemployment—knowledge that a big reserve was ready and would move forward into industry when it was needed—would tend decidedly to promote confidence in the future. And the presence or absence of confidence in the future is largely what makes times good or poor.

We had a bad banking system. Presently everybody knew it was bad and that made it all the worse. Fear that it wouldn't operate properly assured that it wouldn't operate properly. We adopted a good banking system, and after all the most valuable single thing about it is just the fact that it is there. Everybody has confidence in it, and that is its best asset. If, when the industrial pointer begins turning downward, everybody knew that intelligent plans had been prepared and a powerful effort was going to be made to check the movement before it reached the worst stage, that general knowledge might do more to prevent extensive unemployment than any particular thing the emergency-works funds would do.

STYLEPLUS CLOTHES

Hitting the new world's stride

The spirit of Victory is in the air.

America has begun another great year in her history.

Our boys as they come marching home fill us with new pride and vigor.

From ocean to ocean the country turns from war to peace—in an era of extraordinary prosperity.

Styleplus Clothes for Spring and Summer '19 will ring true to this spirit.

Their style and their quality appeal to men who are *doers*.

Shipments are now being made to our Styleplus merchants for the coming Spring season.

They present the latest, correct styles.

The clothes are carefully tailored.

Their quality is guaranteed.

Always exceptional value for the money.

Sold by one leading clothing merchant in most cities and towns. Write for Styleplus booklet and name of local dealer.

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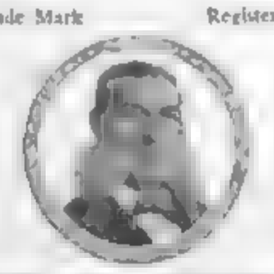
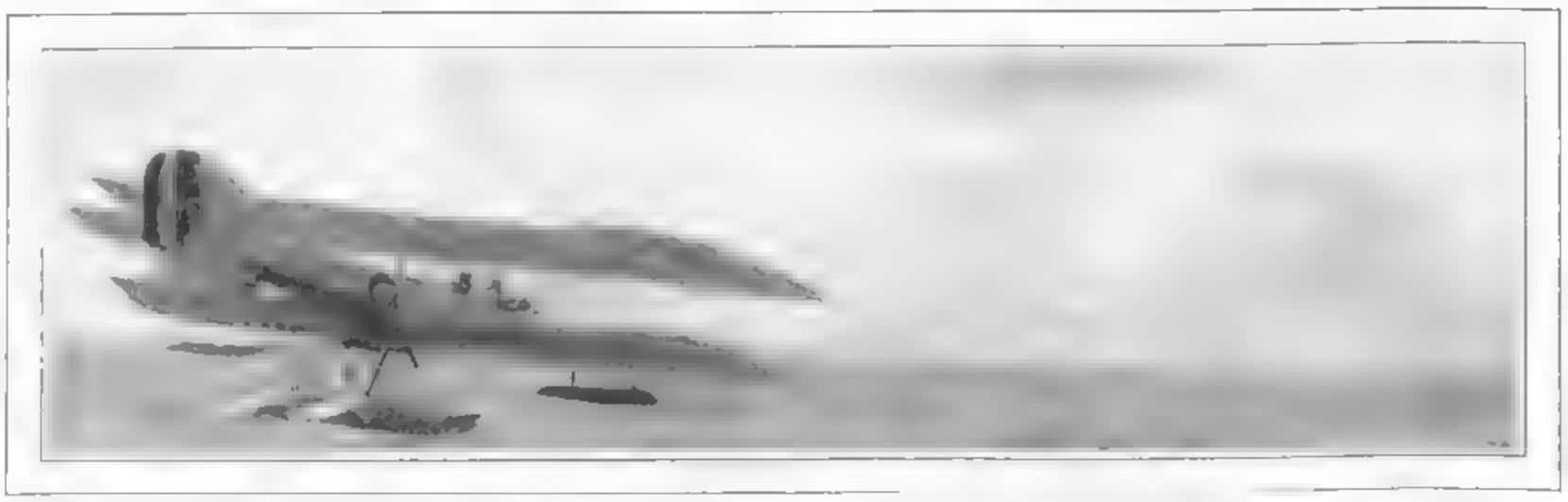


AIRCRAFT WIRELESS

Invention by Wave Attack on the Electrons and Ions



By James H. Collins

SOME of these days it will be your turn to listen to the wireless telephone of the type developed for airplane use in American war aviation. And when it is you will hear telephone talk at its best; for it will be telephone talk transmitted through the new vacuum tubes perfected for this purpose, instead of the coils and relays of the wire telephone system. These tubes look like incandescent electric lamps, about half size, with a complicated arrangement of wires, grids and plates, instead of the familiar filament. They give transmission of remarkable harmonic range and purity.

"Some day telephony will all be done by glass bottles," say the engineers who developed these vacuum tubes—that is their shop term for them. And they look forward to the day when the tubes can be widely applied to wire telephone systems, eliminating all the relays and like apparatus now necessary.

You see, human speech and human hearing are complexes. It is one thing to telegraph and quite another thing to talk, whether by wire or wireless. If you merely want to telegraph dots and dashes you can break a wire circuit or transmit an electrical impulse over the ether waves of radio, and your message is clicked or sizzled. But speak the simplest word, or even a vowel, and you have a combination of tones—some high, some low—calling for a combination of different electric potentials, to carry from the speaker and deliver to the listener. Telephony requires, so to speak, the full eighty-eight-note scale of a grand piano, with its sharps and flats and chords; whereas telegraphy is little more than thumping on one key.

The Versatile Talking-Bottle

WIRE telephony is still far from perfect. Because numbers like five and nine lose distinctness in transmission, your central operator may innocently give you a wrong number. In naming city telephone branches each name must be selected with a view to clear transmission, and great care taken to avoid names that will sound alike. The Chinaman, whose speech has a singsong quality, gets better transmission than we who speak English—or American.

This glass bottle is a true Aladdin's Lamp. It grew out of the Crookes tube, then developed as De Forest's audion, first used as a detecting device on wireless telegraphy, and presently making wireless telephony possible. It is a receiver, a transmitter, an alternator, a detector, an amplifier, a governor—and a few other things. You may turn into it almost anything in the way of electric currents, within its range, and it will do things to them for purposes of work. It is the basis of the recently announced multiplex telephony, whereby simultaneous telephone conversations can be maintained over the single circuit which formerly carried but one. If you want a soft-speaking telephone, use it in a particular way; and if you want conversation bellowed out in a noisy place, use it in another.

With wire telephony, your piano is of limited range, and also out of tune; for it is necessary to use a lot of relays, condensers, coils, and other semimechanical devices which work imperfectly and hinder transmission while trying to help. With these new glass bottles, however, all that jumping-jack apparatus disappears, and you talk by means of the electrons and ions.

Telephony with vacuum tubes not only carries the complexes of human speech without distortion but delivers them where human speech itself is impossible otherwise amid the deafening motor and propeller noises of the airplane, from one to five miles above the earth.

It will now be necessary to speak somewhat of war.

The writer realizes as keenly as yourself, dear reader, that war is at a heavy literary discount. But, though aircraft wireless was born in war, it really is not to blame for that, and its chief interest is along the lines of popular science and practical peacetime utility.

Wireless telephony was a fact before we entered the war—and a thoroughly American development. Radio speech was transmitted between United States Navy vessels at sea in 1915, and across the Atlantic to the Eiffel Tower in Paris, and over the Pacific to the Hawaiian Islands in the same year. These installations required elaborate apparatus, of course; so that when Uncle Sam's Signal Corps asked the scientific staff of the Western Electric Company, the largest telephone research organization in the world, to develop aircraft wireless, obviously he set some task! For all the equipment for generating the radio currents and transmitting and receiving speech, and the antennæ for catching speech out of the air had to be reduced in size and weight, so that they could be carried on an airplane. More than that, they must not interfere with other apparatus or give the aviator any trouble.

And right there the fun began. As subsequently developed, the little wireless power plant for the plane needed about as much power as would run an electric fan—a mere nothing to take off the shaft of a four-hundred-horsepower Liberty motor. But aircraft-motor specialists bristled. Somebody was always trying to tack dewdabs on their power plant, they protested, and they would have none of it; and they were right. So the wireless engineers had to make their own power with a little wind propeller, after trying storage batteries. The airplane wing specialists viewed antennæ proposals apprehensively, and wireless engineers had to devise a trailing wire behind the propeller to pick up their radio talk. There was still a box or two to be stowed aboard somewhere, and they had to get space by haggling with other specialists. Aviators themselves did not view the wireless with any joy when it was first proposed—they thought battle flying already complicated enough; in fact, though born in wartime, and likely to grow into a useful adult, aircraft wireless was more or less a foundling in its first days.

But it had one friend in the Army. Back in 1912 Captain C. C. Culver, a Regular Army officer, a cavalryman and a farsighted student of military tools, became an ardent believer in the cavalry of the air and also in the maneuvering of aircraft by wireless. Fully two years before the European War he demonstrated the practicability of working wireless telegraphy between an airplane and the ground. As aircraft developed on the Western Front his views about wireless maneuvering were supported by war experience; and in February, 1917, he achieved wireless communication between an airplane and a ground station at San Diego, California. Captain—now Colonel—Culver is not an engineer or a technical man; but he was something more necessary in the intensive missionary work needed while our aircraft plans were in the making: He was a bug on aircraft wireless—constantly on the job, never losing an opportunity to sell the idea. He sold it to army officers. He sold it to the aviators. His technical experiments, though demonstrating that the idea was physically practical, did not assist in broad scientific and manufacturing development, which was subsequently necessary to put wireless outfits by the thousand on Uncle Sam's battleplanes. But if any class of workers need the salesman it is certainly the scientific men; and there was never a time during their researches when the technical men, working on complicated problems, did not find their labors facilitated by having Colonel Culver on the sales end. He sold wireless to the flying men and also brought the flying point of view to the telephone scientists. And, given wireless as a new battle flying tool, he was active in working out tactical methods for maneuvering aircraft.

All the world loves the single-handed inventor of the movies, with his model, his secret and his troubles; but an invention like aircraft telephone could not be the product of one man. It was an achievement of massed invention. The desired end was discussed, defined, split into units, and parceled out among specialists in widely different fields. It was invented in a thirteen-story skyscraper down on New York's North River front, a workshop wholly given up to telephone research. To get good results from one man a dozen were set at a single detail, and to get the happy device that finally did some part of the business often a dozen or more were developed and cast aside.

It was by massed invention that the Germans built their war machine. It was for lack of massed invention that the British fell short during the first months of the war. Ultimately they learned that success in meeting war problems ran in just about the ratio that you could mass specialists upon it—a dozen men in some vital little field were good—fifty better—a hundred ideal.

So, when wireless sets were wanted for airplane use, not merely in the requisite compactness, lightness and efficiency, but by tens of thousands and the quickest possible production, this big laboratory massed men on the critical factors without stint. It prepared to develop aircraft wireless by a wave attack of specialists. One of the happy circumstances for us was the fact that American development of the telephone had made such a laboratory staff available. British technical men who came over to advise us during the first weeks after we entered the war were delighted to find such a working force available.

Talk Better Than Signals

NOTHING whatever had been done abroad in wireless telephony. The telephone in Europe is largely a government monopoly, and has not kept pace technically with telephone development in the United States.

Aircraft fighting had reached a point where instantaneous communication by telephone promised military advantage equivalent to radical increases in speed and flexibility. The tools of war are pretty well standardized. All combatants have the basic things—rifles, high explosives, aircraft, submarines. Military advantage depends chiefly on perfecting something a little better along standard lines and making it count before the enemy can adopt it—which will not be long. Aircraft had been boosted up to top speeds and mobility, and also fought in fleets under battle formation. The very essence of fleet maneuvers was communication; and beside the instantaneous telephone all signaling systems were cumbersome.

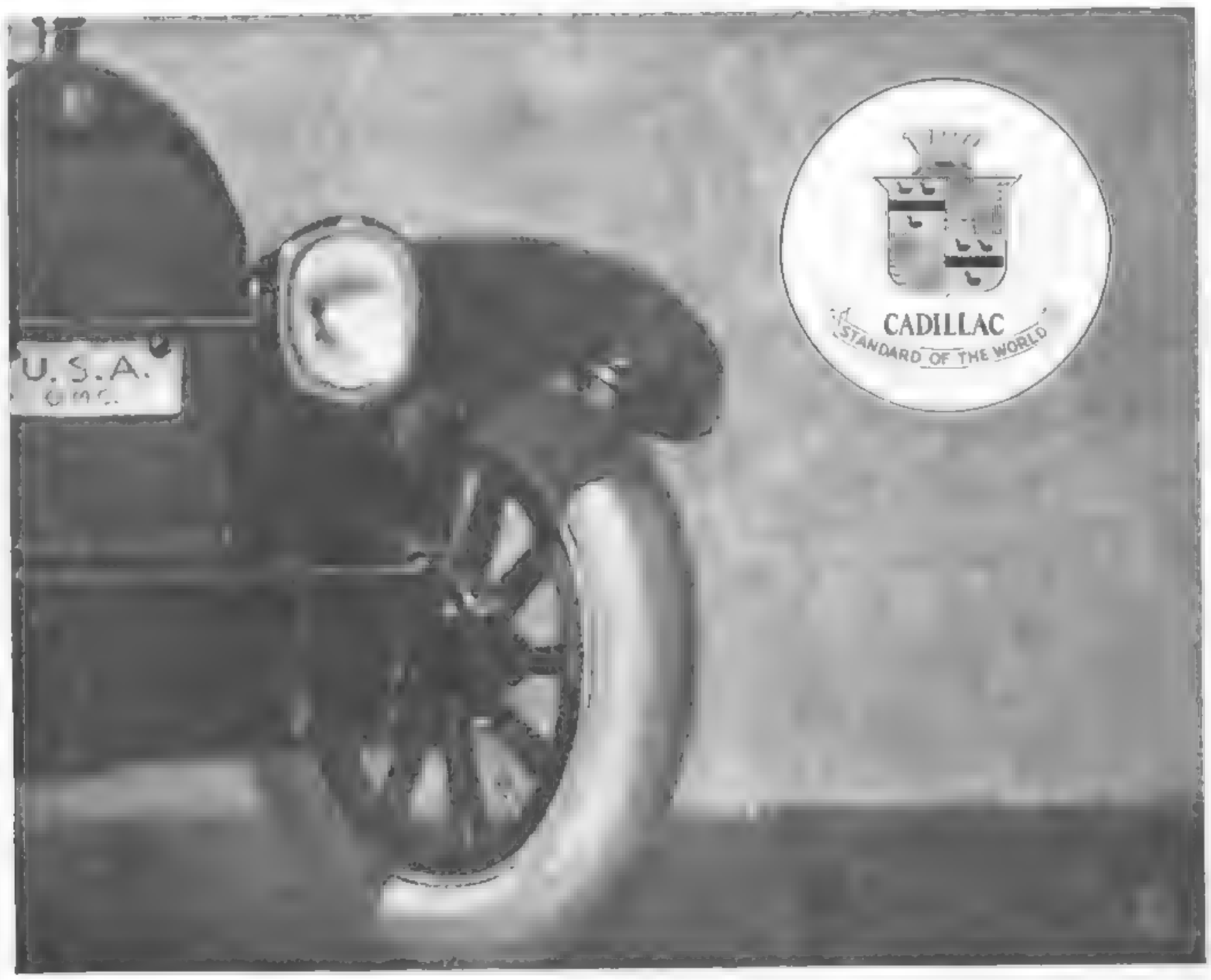
Basic principles of wireless telephony had already been worked out so thoroughly that the chief remaining problem was to devise special aircraft apparatus.

Actual conversation between planes in the air and to the ground was simple enough if other difficulties could be overcome. Apparatus had to be as light as possible. A suitable power plant was needed. Perhaps the greatest difficulty of all was to make telephone conversation audible to flying men in the air, where noise from the motor and propeller made ordinary conversation impossible. There were also electrical disturbances arising from the airplane-motor ignition system, which affected the wireless telephone.

In July, 1917, five weeks after the first conference, an experimental set was demonstrated at Langley Field, Virginia, conversing between an airplane and the ground. Five months later, at Wright Field, Dayton, Ohio, there was a demonstration of telephoning between the ground and two planes in the air, and also between the planes aloft. Each plane had a pilot and an observer, both receiving messages, and the observer was able to talk with the ground or other planes. The first maneuvering of planes in the air by telephone was then effected. After flying overhead in sight the aviators received orders for scouting, and in a few minutes one of them reported:

"I am now about nine miles north of Dayton, and must be over German territory, for I see a brewery."

(Concluded on Page 92)



THE one thing a Cadillac owner admires most in his car is its constancy.

He knows that he can depend upon it to do the same things, in the same way, whenever and wherever he calls upon it to do them.

The Cadillac does not, as one owner has aptly said, meet a man with a smile one day, and a snarl the next.

It is a stable, steadfast, faithful friend, and he knows it will not fail him.

He knows it will start; he knows it will go, no matter how swift the going; he knows it will respond with a rush when he presses down the accelerator.

If the journey be one of ten miles or ten hundred, he can count upon this same unchanging, uniform performance, from the joyous start to the fresh, fine finish.

Every mile of those ten, or ten hundred, or ten thousand miles, he is serenely sure of the same sense of ease and security.

He drives the Cadillac into the garage at night, knowing it will meet him with the same splendid readiness in the morning.

That is one reason why the average Cadillac owner can see no other car on earth save the Cadillac.

It gives him constancy in performance and he gives it back constancy in friendship.

Except in improved quality of performance, the Cadillac does not change, and therefore the Cadillac owner does not change.

CADILLAC MOTOR CAR COMPANY - DETROIT, MICH.

THE VOICE OF THE CHARMER

By L. B. Yates

CLOTHED with simplicity and divested of all that descriptive verbiage which usually precedes a narrative of consequence, it might be stated briefly that the Honorable Cassius Belisarius McCaleb, editor of the Bowville Daily Clarion, was talking, while the Widow Henderson was listening. That lady's countenance wore a certain impersonal, if not indeed the bored, air of one who hears an oft-repeated tale.

"It's th' heart-interest thing that counts aftah all," breathed the little editor as by a masterly flank movement he secured possession of the widow's fat hand and pressed it fervently. He paused in what might have otherwise presaged a flight of oratory and regarded the recently acquired territory intently. "You—ah—ahem—you know, Miss Marie"—he hesitated—"I always considered you had such beautiful and—and"—McCaleb cast about for a fitting simile; under ordinary circumstances he was versatile at this sort of thing, but now he pulled up lamely—"such fine, capable hands, Miss Marie, if—if I might be pe'mitted to say so," he concluded.

Somehow or other this latest effort did not come up to McCaleb's standard of the adulation that rightly should have been laid upon the altar of feminine fancy. So, metaphorically speaking, he took a running start and commenced all over again:

"Yes, indeed, Miss Marie! Yes, indeed, madam! It's th' somethin' that grips a hold of a feller an' kinda hits him where he belongs. Aftah that he ain't got no more control over his goin's or comin's than a rabbit. Th' real fact of th' mattah is, it's a state of mind which——"

"Quite so!" returned the lady firmly. "Quite so, Cassius; but I've heard all that before. Haven't you been coming round here for nearly a year now? And when you aren't wanting to go right out and die for me you're inventing alibis for the scandalous way you're neglecting business—going up and down the country with a stable of no-account race horses. Once and for all time I want to say that——"

"I know! I know, Miss Marie," interjected the widow's suitor hastily. "I came heah expectin' somethin' of this kind, an' fo' that very reason I'm goin' to give you th' surprise of a lifetime."

The speaker drew himself up, his whole personality was surcharged with renunciation while, with a considerable display of importance and mystery, he unfolded a newspaper and turned to the advertising columns. It was the current issue of the Clarion, still damp from the press. He paused momentarily to give the promised manifesto dramatic effect; then cleared his throat and read:

GREAT SALE OF RACE HORSES

Acting under instructions from the Honorable Cassius B. McCaleb, the undersigned will offer at public auction on Monday next, November tenth, all the race horses in training—the property of that gentleman. At which time the following well-known performers will go under the hammer:

Applause	Valedictory
Fallen Leaf	Wait-a-While
Wanderer	Inspiration

Ovation

The pedigree and performances of these horses are too well known to need further exploitation. They will be sold by the undersigned to the highest bidder. Terms cash.

[Signed] GEORGE B. MALONE,
Auctioneer.

McCaleb finished with a flourish, folded the paper carefully and replaced it in his pocket. He looked through the window with the self-righteous demeanor of one who has been amply vindicated. There was nothing more to be said.

As he concluded, however, the Widow Henderson eyed him narrowly. She had completed a certain sum in mental arithmetic with the aid of her fingers.

"I thought you said you were going to dispose of all your race horses?" she queried with just a suspicion of acidity in her tone and considerable emphasis on the adjective.

"Why, certainly! Why, certainly!" replied the lovelorn one nervously. "That's just exactly what I did say—at least all of 'em that's in trainin'. Of course I didn't figgah on partin' with Vanity, or that little no-account weedy filly that has just been broke. I thought when she got her growth I'd have her gentled to drive. She'd make a rare good one for your phaëton, Marie. If you'll just listen a moment——"

It Seemed as If She Was Bound to Crack Under This Phenomenal Burst of Speed

The Widow Henderson raised an admonitory finger, cutting short whatever might have followed.

"There are just two reasons why she wouldn't, Cassius," she interrupted suavely—"only two I can think of just now; but there may be others. In the first place, I said that, before I married you, you would have to get rid of everything you owned in the way of a race horse; and, in the second place, I have not reached the point where I consider I cannot afford to ride behind something that looked like a carriage horse. Do you realize my attitude in the matter?"

"Quite so! Quite so!" the other broke in. "Really, Marie, it was an oversight on my part. It shall be as you say, madam—everything shall be absolutely as you say. I want to come into court with clean hands, madam."

The widow noted with approval that McCaleb was the kind of captive who willingly forges his own fetters.

At the time of writing the Honorable Cassius was the sole proprietor and editor of the Bowville Daily Clarion. That journal was one of those small-town papers which has for an existing excuse the eternal menace of a Republican vote everlastingly threatening to get between the ancient and apostolic succession of hereditary Democratic office-holders and the Federal feed box.

But deep down in his heart of hearts McCaleb only regarded the molding of public opinion as a side line. Like many another pilgrim in this vale of tears he had day-dreams—visions that some day Old Dame Fortune would smile upon him, and that he would see his own racing jacket borne to impressive victory in that classic of all classics called the Kentucky Derby.

But between the little editor and his ambitions rose many obstacles. A colt of Derby caliber is mighty hard to find and still harder to acquire when one does find it. Besides, it takes a long pocketbook. McCaleb was a natural-born horseman, but he was not gifted in the ways and wiles of big financial movements.

Once in the history of that historic event the much-coveted prize had been almost within his grasp. If you care to look back into the records of a certain year you will find that a three-year-old called Vanity, carrying his livery, had led her field all the way, right to within twenty yards of the judges' stand; then she stepped on a rolling stone, faltered, staggered and broke down.

To the average man a recollection of this unfortunate happening would have been anything but agreeable; but to the Honorable Cassius it was a treasured memory, invested with a certain sad satisfaction and almost all the romance of actual achievement. Frequently, when the last form had gone downstairs, Candy Coombs, his colored rider and factotum, would make a pilgrimage across the street for the peculiar julep with which McCaleb was wont to round out the labors of the day. Then the editor would light a cigar and, leaning back in his large armchair, possess his soul in ways of sympathy. These reflections always centered on the Kentucky Derby and a certain bright May afternoon when a little black mare had made a gallant but futile struggle.

A marvelous moving photograph, far better than the greatest film expert could possibly produce by any combination of scenario and screen, and invested with all the atmosphere of this soul-stirring contest, was pictured upon the editor's brain. In his mind's eye he saw again the crowded grand stand, and the clubhouse lawn looking, as it did, like an animated flower garden, embellished with all the beauty and chivalry of Old Kentucky. He saw the horses parading in single file to the post, and he noted how the little black filly arched her neck and reached for the bit.

"There is one way a good race horse always walks," McCaleb would chuckle to himself; for little Vanity stepped off like a fox. He remembered how the ribbons of his racing colors had been plaited in her mane, and how he himself had decorated her brow band with silks and satins of the same hues. And again he could see the sun casting the blended reflections of pinks and grays and purples upon her glossy coat.

Then there was the race itself—how with a tremendous burst of speed she had sprung out of the bunch just as soon as the barrier was lifted and made every post a winning post right down to the last; and how his friends had shouted and applauded and shrilled their triumph. But just as he reached out to pluck the rose it withered to ashes.

After that came the recollection of the little racer hobbling away from the scene of her almost triumph, trembling in every limb, with her big brown eyes dilated with dumb agony; and how they had sat up in her stall all night bathing the injured member, which for days afterward she did not dare put on the ground because the middle tendon had been ruptured. When this happens it is rarely if ever that a racer faces the starter again.

And in the privacy of her box stall that night, with none to bear witness, McCaleb remembered how he had put his arms round the little mare's neck and had broken down and cried, just like any other ordinary human being whose heartstrings had been struck by a discordant hand. So they took her home; and, though defeated, she was always honored, and retained a place in McCaleb's affections greater by far than any of the other thoroughbreds that had worn his colors.

Perhaps the reader has already gathered that McCaleb was a peculiar combination. He was eminently a creature of sentiment; and, because the policies of certain portions of the Old South were not directly connected with other than material things, his finer nature found expression in association with his dumb friends.

Outside all these things, of course, was the Widow Henderson. That lady had come into the little editor's life early in the game. To be strictly truthful, she had been his first love. But at the critical moment, as McCaleb was always led to believe, a combination of ambitious motherhood and relatives, acting in an advisory capacity, had sidetracked Dan Cupid—so far as he, at least, was concerned—and the young lady, who was accounted one of the fairest buds of Kentucky womanhood, was annexed by a visiting pilgrim from the North, who had no unholy leanings toward the race track, but who knew Wall Street backward. In that haven of hopes he was called Hatchet Henderson; and the sobriquet was not without significance.

But in the innocence of his heart McCaleb knew not that the capture of the prosperous one was the culmination of a skillfully planned campaign. It never struck him that the Henderson millions had any weight with the fair Marie or was the weapon with which his undoing had been accomplished.

So it was that McCaleb hied him back to his musty little sanctum, hugging the memory of his one romance to

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Sixty years ago LION hats for men were first presented to critical American dressers. Typifying their excellence of quality and dominance of style we placed on them the LION seal. In over half-a-century they have never deviated from our original conception of what was fitting for the crowning feature of a gentleman's dress.

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LANGENBERG HAT CO.

MANUFACTURERS OF LION HATS, CAPS AND GLOVES

St. Louis, Mo., U.S.A.

ESTABLISHED 1860

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his breast and getting day by day more prolific of invective when marauding Republicans sought to enfilade the patriots who had Andrew Jackson for their standard bearer.

Henderson took his bride to an ornate home up on Riverside Drive, from which point she could preëmpt the best possible view of the majestic waters of the Hudson and the frowning Palisades beyond. In other words, the fair Marie had reached the real haven where ambitious femininity ceases from troubling, while her lord's check book is rarely if ever at rest.

When the newly wed Mrs. Henderson reached the metropolis one of her first activities was devoted to having some perfectly correct stationery embellished with her Riverside Drive address; and thereafter she spent most of her leisure moments inditing notes to the young women who belonged to her particular set at home. These letters, it might be explained, made it pretty hard sledding for the local male talent and resulted in a tremendous crop of old maids, who tarried unduly for a bank roll that never came.

Years passed, until one day Hatchet Henderson was gathered to his fathers. Then his relict, now fair and forty, turned the house on Riverside Drive into railroad bonds and went back to her home town. She was well enough off in this world's goods now to follow the dictates of a middle-aged heart—a heart more than worldly wise from infancy and which time had not perceptibly softened.

But still, for all that, the feminine nature yearns for the adulation of the opposite sex, and on her return she found her old lover still rejoicing in the doubtful delights of unreconstructed old bachelorhood. Marie Henderson liked to tell herself that he had preserved this state of single blessedness on her account. One can even be fat and forty, mercenary beyond measure, and still not be impervious to the clarion call of romance.

When it came to handling a male benefactor, the buxom Marie had not forgotten a single point in the game; and there was always danger that the little editor might be caught napping by one of the derelict sisters. The widow had not been home a week before she had ticketed and numbered the preponderance of his future. Apart from this, her vanity was flattered when his calls became almost as frequent as they had been in the days of yore.

One thing above all others appealed to the widow: She knew that the Honorable Cassius had no sordid designs upon her wealth, and long before he proposed she had made up her mind she would accept him. Still, he would have to put away from him everything that savored of his old manner of living. There should be no racing stable to eat holes in the stocks and bonds the late lamented Henderson had wrested from the wolves of Wall Street.

So it is that the opening paragraphs of this narrative find the Honorable Cassius yielding to overwhelming odds, and the buxom Marie accepting an unconditional surrender. The McCaleb racing stable went under the hammer; and even the little black mare that had so comforted him was given to a friend who owned a big farm adjoining Bowville. For this one concession he had pleaded; but the widow was inexorable—the voice of the tempter would have to reach a long way if it ever beguiled him again.

A faithful recorder of passing events would like to be able to chronicle how the Widow Henderson became Mrs. Cassius Belisarius McCaleb, and how the newly married couple lived happily ever afterward; but the world of literature is full of happy endings, and the truth must prevail even if it demonstrates that love is not always blind.

Perhaps it began to dawn upon the editor that the full-blown Marie was not the charming ingénue he had courted in the days before she had sacrificed herself upon the altar of filial obedience. Or, again, he may have discovered that the sacred bonds of matrimony—in polite circles supposed to be mythical—are in reality stronger than brass and less resilient than walls of granite. No man can tell, because McCaleb was not the kind to air intimately personal grievances for public edification.

In her Northern home the widow had acquired many advanced ideas, several of which were closely connected with woman's exact place in the general order of things. This included many formulas for the complete subjection of the recalcitrant male. It was rather a rude awakening for the little editor, who had all his life been a free agent; and, willy-nilly, he was forced to admit to himself that the woman he had married bore a closer resemblance to a Roman senator than to the ingenuous débutante he had courted in the first flush of his youth. In times of such mental stress it was a liberal education to read one of the McCaleb editorials, because, displayed therein, would be found a marvelous vocabulary, fairly bristling with adjectives, and directed point-blank at the dastardly policies of the Republican Party.

And then, too, certain occasional happenings roiled the McCaleb soul and rocked it from its foundation. For instance, one afternoon his telephone rang, and at the other end of the line he heard a soft drawling Southern woman's voice:

"Is this Colonel McCaleb?"

"Yes, madam; this is Cassius B. McCaleb talkin'."

"I called up, colonel," continued the voice, "to ask whether you were in the market for a very fine yearling thoroughbred colt, well bred and a good-looker? I take ——"

"You're grievously mistaken, madam," interrupted the editor brusquely. "I wouldn't give a picayune fo' th' best one that evah looked through a bridle. I don't have any truck with them any more. I don't want to ——"

"Why, colonel!" protested the voice. "Everyone told me you knew more about a race horse than the man who wrote the book. Now let me give you some data about this colt ——"

"I don't care what people tell you, madam!" howled the now thoroughly roused editor. "There is a passel of blankety-blankety idiots in this community, an' ——"

He started to hang up his phone; but before he did so he caught a low mocking laugh, and the same voice, as if talking to someone else, said:

"She's got him well trained, Betty. He nearly bit my head off. Too bad about poor Cassius!"

After that McCaleb pursued his literary labors with a gun on one side of his desk and a long scalping knife on the other. It was a hazardous undertaking to enter the sanctum and bring up subjects pertaining to the improvement of the breed of horses; and it might also be recorded that the editorial columns of the Bowville Daily Clarion no longer contained brilliant essays on the desirability of fostering those industries devoted to the cultivation of extreme speed.

Advocates of the peace-at-any-price theory might have found a shining example in the attitude of the editor toward the wife of his bosom.

II

OUTSIDE the air was balmy with the drowsy, languorous odors of approaching spring; and as Cassius McCaleb looked through the open window he drew a long sigh, which, to be exactly truthful, did not register unqualified satisfaction with the general order of things.

The season of plowing and planting was at hand and with thoughts of agricultural activities came reminders of adventures in other fields of contentment. There were recollections of the days of unreconstruction, when McCaleb used to journey to the old Churchill Downs race track to prepare his thoroughbreds for the spring meet. There came thoughts of reunions with old friends at the Pendennis Club and other social and agreeable features with which McCaleb used to invest his annual holiday; but for four long years now he had eschewed all these things.

With an effort, he shook himself together and resumed his quest for a mislaid document, which he promised would be found in the lower drawer of his desk.

Here again Old Satan was lurking, because the editor's hand came in contact with a parcel the discovery of which was a distinct shock. The package contained a racing jacket, as bright and fresh as the day on which it came home from its makers. For a long season it had been laid away, forgotten; but now he could not refrain from unfolding the wrapper and examining the contents. They were the new colors that had been made for Vanity's Derby and were the sacred symbols of that memorable occasion when she had almost won the conquering crown.

McCaleb fondled the pretty silks as he took them from their resting place. One of his daydreams had been that he would keep them unsullied until such time as he found another champion worthy to bear them; but simultaneously he remembered he had put all these things behind him and gulped down a sigh as he folded the packet and put it away. Again he took up his pen to resume his labors, but after a few futile efforts to frame sentences it dropped idly from his hand, and for several moments he was lost in reverie. This continued until he was suddenly awakened by the voice of Candy Coombs.

"Look out dar, Mistah Cassius! Look out ob de window—quick! Heah comes Ole Majah Miles wid his string, startin' fo' de races!" exclaimed the black boy excitedly. "Great King, an' heah we is, jes' lookin' at him—da's all; jes' lookin' at him go by! Lawd! Lawd! It's worse dan bein' in jail!"

His master vouchsafed no answer to this outburst and momentarily turned to his work again, but the leaven of the Pharisees was working and the red gods were flashing signals. Moreover, the voice of the tempter was whispering softly to the editor's soul of souls. After a moment's hesitation he rose abruptly from his seat and approached the window.

"Dar's de Majah, his own se'f, now!" resumed Candy as he balanced himself out on the sill. "Heah he comes in his buggy, an' Jodey Beam am wid him. He's goin' to gether de geraniums whar dey grows. De undertaker won't never catch up wid him!"

The man in the buggy glanced toward the open window and, noting its occupant, pulled his horse up sharply.

"Howdy, Cassius? Howdy?" he ejaculated in a tone of hearty greeting. "One would think you would feel like backslidin' this weather. Aren't you lonesome up theah? Ain't you tired playin' solataire with yo'self? I'm always expectin' to hear that you have broken into th' game again. No leanings or symptoms that way yet, eh?"

The editor lifted a deprecating hand.

"You have th' wires crossed," he protested, half jocularly; "badly crossed an' everything mixed up. I'm th' original brand from th' burnin'—that's what I am. Do you know, Majah, that I haven't seen a horse race in ovah three years? Got tired of it—plumb tired of it. There ain't nothin' to it but a lot of grief an' trouble an' discouragement. Th' fact of th' mattah is, I just woke up, Majah—just woke up."

McCaleb's tone, however, was not that of one who makes triumphant proclamation.

Major Miles regarded him intently for a moment. With others of the community, he knew to what source could be traced the marvelous reformation of Cassius B. McCaleb.

"That talk ain't on th' level," he returned with the air of one who presumes on old friendship. "You're gettin' too reckless with your language. I guess you believe it, all right, but it don't sound natural. Why, there wasn't a man south of th' Mason and Dixon line that thought mo' of a race horse than you did; or knew th' game bettah, fo' that mattah. Then all at once you go to work an' gallop th' wrong way of th' track. Yo' best friends can't understand it, Cassius—they just can't credit it. Don't you nevah hearken to th' voice of th' charmer?"

"Very little if any, Majah!" interjected the other. "I ain't got nothin' against th' race horse, but sometimes a man's ideas change about th' scenery as he travels down th' road. He gets a-hold of othah interests an' different ways of amusin' himself."

The man on the street nodded shortly.

"That's one way of lookin' at it," he returned. "I've known of folks takin' to their beds when they weren't ailin' at all. Whenevah I see you, Cassius, you remind me of Old Man Rogan's broken leg."

"Aha!" chortled the little editor with an admirably forced attempt at appreciation. "You always have a good one on tap, Majah. Let's have it."

"Yes," resumed the other. "Old Man Rogan lived out our way, an' every little while he'd go off June-in' on a regular Saturnalia of his own; on which occasion he'd try to bull th' red-liquor market by drinkin' up all th' visible an' available supply.

"Well, one day he just drank himself speechless, an' they brought him home an' put him to bed. Old Lady Rogan was mightily put about; so she sent for th' doctor an' pleaded with him to see if he couldn't straighten Old Bill up fo' good.

"This physician happened to be a canny old Scotchman, an' he agreed to perform th' miracle; so when Old Man Rogan came to he found his right leg done up in splints from th' knee down, an' they told him he had fell out of his buggy an' fractured that member in four places.

"Bill lay in bed for six weeks an' used to tell all his friends who came to see him about how he felt, an' what a remarkable thing it was that th' injured limb never gave him a minute's pain. An' you oughter heard him braggin' about what a great doctor he had—and so on. But he never took another drink so long as he lived. That accident scared him plumb stiff; an' he went to his grave firmly believin' it was only Old Doc Runyon's skill that saved him from bein' a hopeless cripple for th' rest of his natural life."

The little editor laughed heartily.

"I don't just see th' application to my case, Majah," he protested. "It's a good yarn, but it don't fit me."

"I never carry an interpreter with me, Cassius," returned the Major noncommittally. "I couldn't afford to; an' if I did he'd be excess baggage half th' time anyway."

"Wait a minute an' I'll come down an' look your string over," volunteered McCaleb, changing the subject hastily. "It seems to me you have a few likely-looking ones, Majah."

"Help yourself, Cassius; help yourself!" beamed that worthy. "None of 'em will bite; an', though they have hoofs, I have nevah seen th' sign of a horn sproutin'. Take a good look at this colt, Cassius. He's a regular hyena! That's Shootin' Star. He's a hull team, Cassius—a hull team! I set a lot of store by him."

"An' this one?" inquired McCaleb as he passed down the line and stopped before a black filly. "Somethin' about her fills th' eye. I like that kind."

"You ought to make her acquaintance," returned the Major. "You're gettin' close to home. That's old Vanity's daughter, an' she looks as like her mother as two drinks out of th' same bottle."

The little editor started as if electrified.

"Vanity's baby!" he breathed. "Think of that!"

"That's exactly what I said," returned the other.

"What do you call her?" quavered McCaleb.

"Well," responded the Major suavely, "as you named her mother Vanity, I figgahed I'd ask fo' a new deck; so I called her Simplicity."

The little filly pushed her soft muzzle into the editor's hand and made a motion as if to rummage in his pocket. It reminded him that Vanity had just such a trick when

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she was looking for sugar or some other dainty. He leaned his cheek against hers and his eyes were misty.

"Honey baby! Little lamb!" he crooned as he stroked her glossy neck. "An' so you have come back to see yo' own folks."

For a moment or two he regarded her in silence, then coughed huskily and again addressed the filly's owner.

"Has she shown you anythin' much, Majah—anythin' worth while?" he inquired anxiously.

But Major Miles was lost in a profound reverie.

He was thinking of the number of times McCaleb had stood in the breach for him when he most needed it, and the Honorable Cassius had to repeat the question several times before he responded:

"What's that you said, Cassius? Has she shown me anything? Huh! She's showed me all th' tricks in th' race-horse testament. But that was when she was a yearlin'. I didn't race her as a two-year-old. The fact of the mattah is, she has nevah faced th' starter yet."

"No? Why not?"

The Major shook his head mournfully.

"I'm afraid she's a moonflower, Cassius," he breathed confidentially. "She might be that or some other rare exotic that blooms aftah dark—one of th' kind that withers befo' th' banquet. I don't know what it is; but sometimes she can run ovah th' moon, an' then again she can't beat a fat man trundlin' a wheelbarrow. She's got me up in th' air—that's what she has!"

McCaleb drew a long breath.

"Ah!" he said in a puzzled way. "Doesn't respond to treatment, eh?"

"That's what," reiterated the Major. "I thought well enough of her to enter her in all th' big stakes, an' now I'm between two minds whether I'll carry her any farther or not. I worked her a mile th' day befo' yesterday, an' if I was lookin' fo' anything like real speed I'd 'a' had to load her on an express train. She didn't have nothin' but a feather on her back either. It's beyond me! Every time I think of th' money that's due for forfeits it gives me heart failure an' paralysis in the fingers of my writin' hand."

"She looks all right," hazarded McCaleb argumentatively. "Legs as sound as th' Declaration of Independence. Ribbed up like a seagoin' destroyer. Eyes bright an' forked just like a jack rabbit. If there are any other indications of speed I don't know 'em."

"That's it, Cassius; that's th' trouble," agreed the Major. "She looks good enough to bet on in any company, but she's made me th' victim of misplaced confidence more times than th' first girl I evah courted. Why, I even put her in th' Derby! An' now I'd be tickled to death if I thought she could run five-eighths without callin' fo' her mail at th' half-mile pole. You wouldn't take her off my hands, would you, Cassius? It would be th' act of a Christian gentleman."

"I'd like to have her just to play round with," replied McCaleb wistfully. "It would keep Candy busy, anyway; an' she might come back. You can't evah tell; it's th' reversals of form that makes racin'."

"You ought to know, Cassius; you ought to know!" purred Major Miles. "Nobody is a bettah judge; but if you feel like investin', say, two hundred an' fifty dollars in a filly that's in all th' big stakes from New Orleans to New York, all you've got to do is to hand me some money. If you don't want to do that—why, I'll make you a present of her."

"I—I —— Th' fact of th' mattah is, I've got to be careful, Majah," stammered the editor. "My people—that is to say, my wife, you know, is very much opposed to ——"

"Yes, yes!" interrupted the Major briskly. "Womenfolks are peculiar, Cassius! But, bein' an old bachelor myself, I ain't in a position to give expert testimony. Couldn't you compromise matters, Cassius? I nevah saw th' time that taffy wasn't sweet and that a woman would resent flattery."

"No use, Majah; no use tryin'. It wouldn't work," vouchsafed McCaleb with conviction. "If I take this filly it'll have to be regarded as th' most profound secret. No earthly soul must know."

"Well, if that's all," replied the Major, "she's yours; an', more than that, she'll be dead and buried, so far as I'm concerned."

McCaleb still hesitated, but the temptation was more than he could withstand.

"I'll take her, Majah," he finally said. "An' I'll do th' best I can with her. You can't tell—somethin' might happen."

"Oh, yes," returned the Major as he gathered up his reins and moved off. "That's th' beauty of life, Cassius; no two fellahs evah agree on th' exact spot where th' lightnin' is agoin' to strike."

III

"TH' DOCTAH advises me to take long walks as early in th' mornin' as I can," volunteered McCaleb as he sat at breakfast a few days after the events above related. "Says I've been stickin' too close to th' desk, and if I don't look out I'll be a mighty sick man." The editor wagged his head solemnly and drew a long face in a heroic attempt to excite the sympathy of his spouse.

"I knew that long ago, Cassius," replied the lady tartly. "The trouble with you is, you go mooning round, and no constitution will stand that kind of thing. You should buy yourself a pair of heavy-soled shoes and a few flannel shirts; then a good brisk walk these beautiful mornings would make a new man of you. It's really gratifying to know there is one physician left with an ounce of brains."

"That's exactly what he prescribed, Marie," droned the editor mournfully. "I nevah realized that I was in such bad shape until he looked me ovah."

Mrs. McCaleb nodded curtly.

"Anyone but a born idiot would have known that!" she returned. "Just see that you carry out his instructions and don't merely keep it up for a day or two. I'll engage to get you out of bed in the morning; and then, with a little self-denial, you may become rehabilitated."

"It's goin' to be hard at first, but I'll stick it out, Marie. If only to please you, I'll adhere absolutely to th' program."

McCaleb coughed lugubriously and laid his head on his hand, registering the business of extreme weariness. It was a masterly effort, which completely disarmed the suspicious Marie and left him so that he was free to come and go at all kinds of unusual hours without being asked to give an account of himself.

Why should it be necessary to state that McCaleb's peregrinations took him to the outskirts of the town and always terminated in a deserted locality once occupied by the buildings and offices of the old county fairground?

The stables had, for the most part, fallen into decay, but in the long row of sheds a couple of box stalls were found which, with a little repairing, were rendered weatherproof; and here Candy Coombs and the little black mare were installed. And here, also, McCaleb came at daybreak every morning personally to superintend the efforts put forth to manufacture speed for an animal whose case had been declared hopeless by Major Miles.

And then the most wonderful thing happened, because Simplicity seemed to take on a new lease of life simultaneously with her change of ownership and performed all the various tasks allotted to her in a manner worthy of her illustrious lineage.

"Th' Majah might have been mistaken, aftah all, mightn't he, Candy?" queried McCaleb anxiously after the filly had worked an impressive mile.

"Ain't no might about it, Mistah Cassius!" retorted the boy with conviction. "He sure was mistook! Why, she was pullin' me out ob de saddle ebery inch ob de way! She's de filly wid de silk dress, an' ef she evah quits I'll eat her. Dat lady is de kind dat gibs you her heart when it comes to a whippin' finish."

"Well, Candy," replied his master, "so far she has done all we asked of her; but when we try her over the Derby route it may be different."

Two days afterward Simplicity received her baptism of fire. With her weight up, she was sent the full mile and a half; and with an easy frictionless gait she negotiated the distance in time that made McCaleb gasp and stare unbelievingly as he scanned the face of his watch.

He could scarcely credit his eyes, because the second hand declared, in a manner that put all argument out of the question, that she had covered the route in time away beyond that of the ordinary candidate, and faster than most Derbys were run. It was a complete refutation of the Major's theory regarding her.

"Was she goin' strong with you, Candy?" inquired McCaleb tremulously, and mainly because he did not know anything else to say.

The little black rider laughed.

"She could carry a house an' run dat fast!" he chortled. "I had her head in my lap all de way, Mistah Cassius."

McCaleb rubbed his eyes and looked at his watch again. She would better that time at least a couple of seconds in the real race, and it did not take him more than a minute to arrive at a conclusion regarding her future movements.

"Now listen, Candy: Th' Derby will be run th' day after to-morrow, an' I'm goin' to start this mare. You hustle round an' get her on the afternoon train and she'll be in Louisville by eight o'clock. When you get there, lead her over to th' barn back of Colonel North's house. You know where it is. It's vacant now and th' family are all away, but he won't mind an old friend like me usin' it for a day or two. But listen, Candy: If you stub your toe, or this thing ever gets out, it means battle, murder and fireworks for everybody concerned. Now stir yourself; there ain't no time to lose."

The next evening found McCaleb and Candy in close consultation in the mare's stall, which was situated about half a mile from the Churchill Downs race track. It is unnecessary to state that they had arrived in town unheralded. McCaleb had taken the precaution to transfer her original entry into the name of the Folly Stables, thereby concealing his identity and clothing his movements with added secrecy.

As they talked, however, a knock resounded on the door. McCaleb motioned his assistant to silence and, turning down the light, made no effort to answer. But the knocking was repeated insistently and finally the voice of Major Miles wormed its way through a convenient knot hole.

"It's me, Cassius; it's only me," he whispered in a stage aside. "Open up! I have somethin' of th' utmost importance to communicate."

The editor undid the latch and peered out, leaving just space enough for their nocturnal visitor to worm his commanding presence through.

"You old heathen! I knew you'd come!" rumbled the Major as he recovered his breath after evident untoward exertion. "I've been lookin' for you for two or three days now."

"You didn't read anything about my arrival on th' front page of any of th' papers, did you?" queried the editor noncommittally. "Did you expect me to hire a press agent an' bring a pocketful of photographs? Or perhaps you figgahed I'd have a brass band to meet me at th' depot?"

Major Miles laughed softly.

"Cassius," he replied, "you're just a curiosity. Mo' than that, when it comes to sendin' a horse to th' races you're a wizard."

The editor eyed the newcomer narrowly.

"I'd have advised you, Major," he responded, "and told you all about it; but I was afraid of putting th' jinks on her, so I thought I'd just steal down here all alone, an' if I wasn't lucky enough to win—why, I could go back home again, an' no one would be a bit the wiser. Then again, you know, Majah, I have a sneakin' suspicion that you didn't tell me th' exact facts about this filly."

"Cassius," replied the Major evasively, "there are times when a man is permitted to lie to his best friend. Perhaps this was one of 'em. I ain't sayin' it is, but I can't forget th' number of times you went to th' front for me when I needed it. But let's forget that part of it. I guess she's right on edge; an' that work of hers was good enough to spread-eagle th' best Derby field that ever faced a starter. I'll gamble you fell off th' fence when you looked at your watch."

"What do you know about it? Has anyone been toutin' her?" exclaimed McCaleb with sudden alarm. "Why, Majah, I worked her up there in th' country where there wasn't a soul could tell th' difference between a race horse an' a mouth organ! Are you just guessin'?"

For answer Major Miles drew a fat stop watch from his waistcoat pocket and held

it toward the editor. It registered the exact time in which the filly had run her mile and a half the day before. McCaleb staggered back, gasping.

"I won't divulge just how I got that," resumed the Major evenly. "But, outside of myself and my rider, Jodey Beam, no one else is in th' secret. But tell me, Cassius, how did you fix matters up at home? Won't yo' wife be suspicious at your absence?"

McCaleb laughed guiltily.

"I expect I did mislead her somewhat, Majah," he stammered. "You see, th' Editorial Convention is in session down here, an' she thinks I came over to attend that. She don't evah read th' sportin' news—thank goodness! And, even if she does, th' fact that I race under th' name of th' Folly Stables and the owner being my nephew, Billy Jackson, who lives in New York—would throw her off th' track. I have nothin' to fear from that quartah."

"Admirably arranged, Cassius; admirably arranged," commended the Major. "But now let's get down to business. I start Shootin' Star in th' Derby, an' we shall have two strings to our bow. Still—bar accidents—th' filly should win in a walk."

For several moments thereafter the Major talked in a manner that showed he was thoroughly conversant with the possibilities and chances of all the other candidates.

"Now, Cassius," he concluded, "I just want you to let me engineer this thing an' not ask me too many questions. I suppose you're goin' to bet on th' filly. Am I right?"

"I thought I'd risk a thousand on her," replied the editor.

"Hand th' money right ovah to me!" commanded the Major. "I think I have a scheme for makin' forty dollars sprout where one greenback poked its timid head above th' soil. Let me have that money; an' don't ask any questions. You get th' mare to th' post, all right, an' meet me aftah th' race is ovah."

"But I don't just exactly understand," hazarded McCaleb. "Aren't you goin' to start Shootin' Star yourself? And isn't he a colt of class?"

"Yes," responded Major Miles calmly. "I'm goin' to start my horse, Cassius; an', what's mo', I'm goin' to bet a thousand dollars on him. What do you know about that?"

McCaleb shook his head.

"I give it up!" he replied.

"You used to be considerable of a whale at the classics when we were both in college, Cassius," concluded the Major; "so I'll just say *Verbum sat sapienti*. You know what that means, don't you?"

But before McCaleb could respond the door closed and Major Miles was gone.

That night in the corridor of a leading hotel the Major held close communion with a tall slender young man who was known as the Humming Bird, a sometime plunger and professional follower of the races. On many previous occasions when the Major planned assaults upon the strong boxes of the bookmakers the Humming Bird had acted as his confidential emissary.

When the entries were posted the next day and the layers of odds had chalked up their prices, Major Miles entered the ring and proceeded, with a good deal of pomp and circumstance, to play Shooting Star, who was the candidate from his stable and was quoted as one of the first three choices.

From his stand Ikey Epstein, who operated four of the largest books in the ring, leaned over and whispered to the Major.

"How about it, Major?" he queried. "I see you're playin' yours. Must think pretty well of him—eh?"

"Worked faster than anything I ever saddled, Ikey," confirmed the Major with a sudden burst of confidence. "An' you can do me a favor if you will. I'm goin' to bet a thousand on him. I wish I could bet more, but can't afford it just now. You can keep th' price boosted in your book though an' use this information anyway you want to for yourself after I get my money down. He'll win if he doesn't break a leg. I'm goin' to play most of my money on his nose, with just a saver for a place, should anything go wrong. Keep this under your hat, Ikey, for it's th' best information you ever got in your life!"

"Who's this Simplicity trick?" resumed the bookmaker. "She ain't in th' dope. She never started yet; an' I see she's entered in th' name of the Folly Stables."

"I expect they're some Northern folks," returned the Major carelessly. "An' so they call it th' Folly Stables, do they? Well, there's nothin' wrong with that. If they're lookin' for an education they'll about run to form. Huh! Startin' a maiden in th' Derby! That's a good one, Ikey!"

"I'll just make her forty to one an' pick up a little supper money," laughed the bookmaker. "You don't want any of that, do you, Major?"

"Not for me!" fervently quoth that worthy as he turned to go. "Not for me! I quit shootin' at th' moon when I got my first pair of pants. If I was makin' book I'd let 'em write their own tickets on outsiders of that stamp. They'll eat her up an' throw th' remains to th' birds of th' air."

The betting ring on Derby Day at Louisville usually furnishes several exciting incidents worthy of more than passing mention, and on this occasion it was the Humming Bird who, for a few brief moments prior to the calling of the Derby field, furnished the entertainment. According to the best accounts and judged by his erratic actions, that gentleman had been imbibing too freely of the cup which exhilarates. It was reported that he had beaten a long shot in the third race for a considerable amount and, after celebrating his success at the bar, was pyramiding his winnings on the unknown entry from the Folly Stables.

The Humming Bird had frequently made spectacular plays of this kind, and the fact that he was now endeavoring to beat the longest shot in the race was a source of much amusement to the pencilers. They reached for his money eagerly, and when the horses went to the post his pockets were bulging with tickets that called for a king's ransom if Simplicity won.

All alone in the center field stood McCaleb, watching the horses at the post. He had not foregathered with any of his old friends; neither had he entered the grand stand or the clubhouse inclosure. Out here among the holiday crowd that thronged the free field he ran no risk of being recognized.

There were one or two false starts; then the barrier lifted, the timer dropped his flag, and a roar went up from the stand:

"They're off!"

For the first eighth of a mile the field hung pretty well together, while McCaleb watched anxiously and endeavored to pick out his own racing jacket. Then they commenced to settle down to their work and strung out as some of the contestants went to make pace and others to avoid it. At the first half mile the positions remained unchanged, but suddenly three horses, as if by mutual consent, separated themselves from the rest and assumed command.

Down the stretch they rushed head and head—a black filly on the outside, a chestnut horse carrying a cherry-colored jacket in the center, and the dark and pale blue of Major Miles next the rail. It was a horse race to the lower turn, and then Shooting Star drew slightly ahead, with Jodey Beam sitting as still as a graven image. Lapped on his hips was the little black mare, and McCaleb noticed with satisfaction that Candy had made no move to improve her position.

Up the back stretch they raced without changing perceptibly; and then, just as the crowd commenced to thunder words of encouragement to Shooting Star, the little black mare poked her nose in front and by an imperceptible effort shot out a length to the good.

Experts, with their race glasses upon her, announced to those about them that she could not last; and indeed it seemed as if she was bound to crack under this phenomenal burst of speed. But she turned into the home stretch two lengths in the lead, increasing that distance to four before she reached the drawgate. Candy was grinning and looking back, while Jodey Beam was riding Shooting Star out to the limit. The race had developed into a procession; and Simplicity, to use a sporting term, "walked home with her mouth wide open." Shooting Star finished second.

Once more the classic had been run and won—won amid the profound silence of the grand stand. A rank outsider had garnered the laurels. Only one of the public choices had been placed in the first three.

But when the little black mare came back, with the easy swinging jog that denotes extreme excellence, and made her way into the sacred circle in front of the judges' stand, the vast concourse forgot their chagrin. And, because Kentucky loves a good race horse, and, moreover, the rich red sporting blood courses in the veins of prince and peasant, every man and woman in the crowded grand stand rose to acclaim her victory and do her honor.

It was the sweetest music McCaleb had ever heard. He stood rooted to the ground as one in a trance. All his dreams had come true and a big lump rose in his throat. He was eventually roused by the jovial voice of Major Miles, who came up behind him, accompanied by the Humming Bird.

"We laid 'em to th' land that time fo' fair!" he chortled. "Yo' cup of happiness is brimmin' ovah, Cassius; an' th' Hummin' Bird here has so many tickets to cash that it looks like a pinochle deck. We got forty to one for most of it; an', besides th' honah, you've won enough to make you fairly comfortable fo' th' rest of yo' life. Wake up, Cassius, an' let's go uptown an' celebrate."

"I don't know how to thank you, Majah," quavered the little editor. "Anything I evah did for you hardly warranted this kind of payment."

"The only thing we know about friendship, Cassius," responded the Major in a more serious tone, "is that you nevah see it advertised fo' sale in th' newspapers; and no man appears to be in th' market to buy it, though some folks gets a holt of a spurious brand that costs 'em a lot of money. Firm friends are like good huntin' dogs or great race horses. The best of us have only a few in a lifetime; and the older we get, the mo' convinced we become that we have to hold on to 'em at all risks and at whatevah cost, fo', no mattah how far yo' have to jouney fo' a friend, yo' must go gladly an' with somethin' mo' than joy in yo' heart. I am proud to say that I have been fortunate enough to numbah you among those whose affectionate regard I treasure beyond words. I can't add mo' than that."

"You have a way of puttin' things that precludes anything adequate in the way of expressin' appreciation, Major," interjected McCaleb in tremulous tones. "I wish I could ——"

"Shucks!" responded Major Miles. "Why will you harp on th' unhappy past, Cassius? I didn't lose anythin' that I know of, bein' as I beat th' race both ways. We carried out our program an' looted th' enemy from th' cellar to th' garret. Look at th' Hummin' Bird here! He played the part of th' submarine; an' if it wasn't fo' th' grace of God he'd be the greatest actor on th' American stage. Now let me suggest that we stop on our way at a jewelry store an' purchase a little gift fo' your wife. Of course she ain't evah goin' to know, but no woman cares much for a man who ain't got good use of both his hands for carryin' and fetchin'."

Once up town, the greater part of the evening was given over to conviviality; but McCaleb retired at midnight, as he had made up his mind to take no chances and catch the early morning train for his home. The Major, however, had dined—and wined more than well; so, after bidding his partner good-by he decided to make a night of it, and sallied forth to a resort where racing folk mostly congregated.

A crowd of newspaper men and trainers lined the bar. They all knew Major Miles, and one of them turned and addressed him as he entered.

"Sorry you couldn't win, Major!" he exclaimed. "Sorry you couldn't win with Shooting Star. It was tough luck to see a big stake like that won by a maiden filly owned by a Yankee. Pity we couldn't have kept it at home."

The juice of the grape more often than not plays hob with the conservative elements in the composition of the canniest man.

"You don't know what you're talkin' about, Charley!" hummed Major Miles, with rising inflection. "You're ghost-dancin' an' off th' reservation. It beats all what a blamed lot of unreliable information one can get on th' race track; an' I ain't talkin' about th' brand of goods scattered round by the touts."

"Perhaps I don't," returned the newspaper man warmly, "but I'm speaking about what is common report. I have it from an authoritative source that Simplicity is really owned by a man named Jackson up in New York City."

The Major threw back his head, drained his glass and chuckled.

"That's th' best joke of th' season!" he exclaimed. "An' if I didn't like you so well, Charley, I'd let you go on an' publish that fool story. As it is, I will content myself with assuring you that you are a mile away from th' truth. There is no necessity, however, of mentionin' who owns her—except to say that she was entered in th' name of th' Folly Stables."

"That isn't the way the newspaper game is played at all," objected the other. "We're supposed to get the real facts if we can. And I might ask how do you know, anyway? I guess if you had the real grapevine stuff you'd turn it loose. How do you know I'm not right? And can you prove what you say? I guess not—eh?"

No warier bird ever wore feathers than Major Miles; but now he was mellow with many libations and his tongue ran ahead of his better judgment.

"How do I know, eh?" he retorted thickly, with drunken gravity. "Well, well, Charley; that's Merry Jest Number Two! How—do—I—know? Well, I'll tell you just once, to show you there's no ill feelin' an' to give you a little manifestation. I bred and raised Simplicity my own self, Charley, an' I sold her this spring to Cassius Belisarius McCaleb, editor of the Bowville Daily Clarion. You may have heard of him; an' he's th' man who owns every hair in her tail. Now you've got it; an' no turf writer evah had a bettah yarn to set his pen in motion."

Editor McCaleb alighted from the morning train and approached his dwelling with no misgivings. He was experiencing the uplifting feeling of rectitude that comes to one who has accomplished that which he has most desired. He had little fear that discovery would jar the usual trend of domestic affairs from their mornings. Then, too, he came bearing presents; and he felt the comforting impact of the jewel box.

McCaleb possessed all that imagination noticeable to such a marked degree in some men of his calling. In his mind's eye he had staged his entrance to the very last detail. He visualized how he should greet Mrs. McCaleb—with all the effusion and ardor of which young lovers are supposed to be the custodians. He pictured to himself how adeptly he should lead the conversation into paths both agreeable and entertaining to that lady.

Added to all this, he had brought with him the latest gossip concerning the suffragette movement in the city; and he would suggest a special article, to be written by Mrs. McCaleb herself, which should have his data for a foundation.

As to the details concerning the work of the editorial congress, McCaleb was letter-perfect. He had a narrative on tap as long as a moral law, describing the labors of that eminent organization. This, for pure and unadulterated fiction, outdid all his previous efforts. He should even describe how he had magnanimously refused the presidency, retiring in favor of his friend Fitzgerald. Taken in its entirety, it was some romance; and the editor chuckled as he assured himself that no point had been overlooked in order that the little offering should be thoroughly presentable.

It was in this enviable frame of mind he drew near to the presence. He halted momentarily at the doorway to compose his features; then, turning the knob, he entered.

The editor's advent was noiseless, his aim being to pleasantly surprise the wife of his bosom. From the hallway he could peer into the breakfast room, and he noted, with appreciation, that the table was laid and all things made ready for the morning meal. Even the coffeepot sent forth its hospitable and gratifying aroma.

Mrs. McCaleb was seated at the head of the table, her back being toward the door. She was reading the morning paper, no doubt waiting for his coming. McCaleb took a swift but noiseless step forward, and was just about to make his presence known when something in the headlines of the paper attracted his attention; and as it did he froze into helplessness, momentarily losing all power of motion.

On the front page of that paper, and in the largest black-faced type procurable, was blazoned forth an announcement which to most American citizens would have been surpassing in gratification; but to McCaleb it was like the sundering of all his home ties—not to say a declaration of war and recrimination.

Mrs. McCaleb was perusing the details underneath the headlines with interest. To the imaginative editor that lady's usually stern aspect was accentuated, and he could visualize her mouth shut so tightly that the lips might have been mistaken for a thin line drawn by a pencil. It was rigid womanhood indeed, because the

(Concluded on Page 37)

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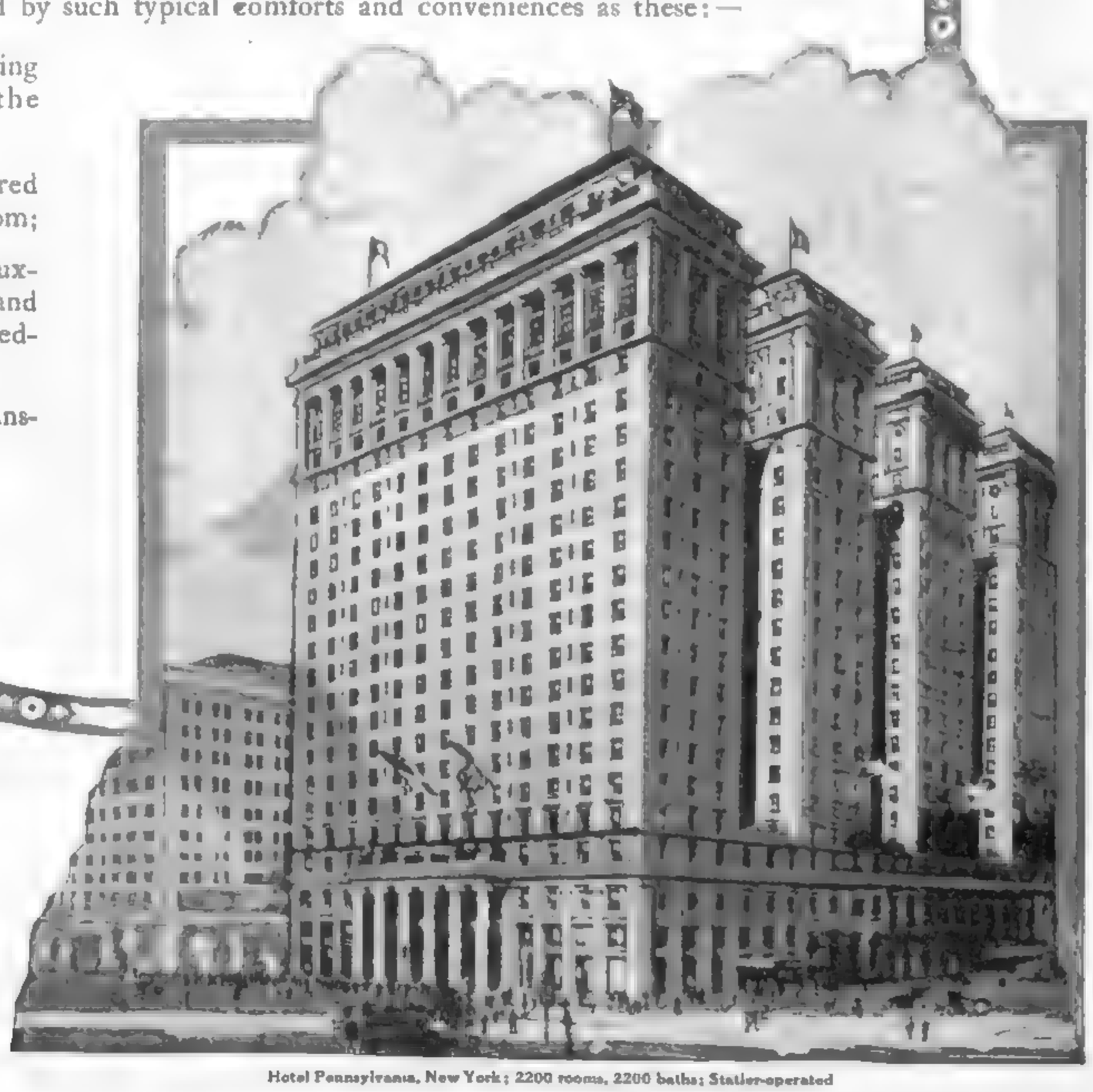

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Fenestra
SOLID STEEL WINDOWS

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announcement that claimed her attention read as follows:

SIMPLICITY WINS

CASSIUS B. MCCALEB'S FILLY ANNEXES THE BLUE RIBBON

LUCKY EDITOR ACHIEVES AMBITION OF LIFETIME

CAREFULLY PLANNED COUP

BOOKMAKERS LOSE A FORTUNE

McCaleb read no further, but took another swift look to assure himself that his senses were not befuddled; and then, because prudence is always the better part of heroism, he backed silently from the room, tiptoed to the hall door, turned the knob and slid stealthily out.

"*Sic transit gloria!*" droned McCaleb ruefully as he moved away. "I guess I'd bettah be amblin'. It's one of those cases where a man is just exiled from his own habitation—marooned, an' wiped clean off th' slate by th' all-fiah'd pernicious sponge of printer's ink an' counterfeit civilization."

He took his way down the street; and as he went men and women shook him by the hand and breathed congratulations. There was a time when this would have been myrrh and frankincense, but now the seed was falling upon stony ground. A mighty big fly was peregrinating round in McCaleb's ointment.

He stumbled upstairs to the musty little office that had been the scene of his labors for so many years, and sat him down to ponder upon the kaleidoscopic manner in which events had rushed by him during the past two days. The way to readjustment was beset with obstacles; but in the very midst of McCaleb's analysis of chaotic conditions the telephone bell rang.

"It's another of those congratulations, I suppose," he muttered ruefully as he took the receiver from its hook. "I reckon I'll be gettin' 'em all day."

But at the sound of the voice at the other end McCaleb started and looked round apprehensively. At first it seemed as if he was about to hang up and beat a precipitate flight; but second thought seemed to direct a different course.

"Yes, my dear; it's me," he muttered lamely. "Yes—yes, my dear Marie; I was just lookin' ovah my mail. The—ah—ah the fact of the mattah is, my dear, a very remarkable thing happened to me yesterday; a—a most unusual and what you might call astounding thing—a—a ——"

But the voice at the other end of the wire mercifully broke in again.

"Cassius," it said, "are you listening to me?"

"Why, certainly, my dear! Of course I am!"

"Do you know, Cassius, that your breakfast is getting to be stone-cold? I've been saving it for you for half an hour now, and I know you always like your toast crisp."

"My—my toast!" retorted McCaleb in awe-stricken tones.

"Yes; your toast! That's what I said."

And then a woman's clear tinkling laugh was launched along the wire from McCaleb's domicile and smote upon his amazed eardrums:

"You just come right home to where you belong, Cassius, and quit your foolishness! Why, you old dear, I knew all your plans weeks ago! Did you think Candy wouldn't confide in the cook? And don't you suppose she retailed everything he told her for my benefit? Hurry home and let me congratulate you!"

"Ah!" chuckled the little editor as he hung up the receiver with a sigh of relief and put on his hat. "It's time to sing the doxology, because the world still loves th' winners. And I have heard the voice of the Charmer."

THE PEACE MACHINE

(Concluded from Page 4)

bureaucratic, and really practice diplomacy and its correlated branches in the approved manner, there were times when our native American lack of experience and ignorance of form led us into such excesses as giving the people an inkling now and then—not often, but occasionally—of what was going on.

It was remarked, on certain occasions, that some of those present in official and advisory capacity as representing the United States seemed to think it their duty to represent the United States, and there was much consternation, especially among those who had made a study of the requirements and precedents, when these gauche and noncosmopolitan individuals asserted themselves as Americans. This was held to be distinctly bad form. A chief offender in this regard was the President himself, who labored under the obsession that his duty was to be pro-American, rather than pro-anything else save the United States. Very often there was an undercurrent of criticism, tinged with regret, that the President should so far stray from the formal path as to assert that the United States has various rights and principles involved in the peacemaking, and that these rights and principles are fully as important and fundamental and insistent as British or French or Italian contentions.

Scandalized Expatriates

There were times when it seemed that the American contention for freedom of the seas and for a League of Nations was held to be the true American position, mistakenly and through ignorance of that subserviency to foreign thought and action that is very often the *sine qua non* of American official, and mostly nonofficial, temporary or permanent residence abroad. Here again the President was the chief offender, not alone because he held stubbornly to these contentions, but also because he committed the grave indiscretion of advocating them openly, and the even graver breach of the official and diplomatic and political requirements of putting his case before the various peoples interested instead of conferring exclusively with the politicians themselves, in the time-honored diplomatic manner.

There was deep regret over this contravention of precedent and official form by the President, not so much among the British and the French, who were of the strange opinion that the President was fully competent to do as he desired and speak as he wished, but among a certain section of the Americans themselves, who could not understand how any American, whether President or commoner, could be so non-responsive to the older and, therefore, better forms, manners, customs and practices prevailing in European countries; forms, manners, sentiments, principles, customs and practices having the stamp of Europe upon them, and thus unquestionably superior to anything American—how any person, President or commoner, could be so crudely American, so lacking in appreciation of those niceties that age and usage have established as correct.

Nevertheless, certain sections of the American peace machines endeavored valiantly to overcome these handicaps, but the requirements of accurate chronicling necessitate the statement that at times there appeared to be a certain lack of coordination, a certain absence of homogeneity of effort, a certain nonofficial and nonbureaucratic irresponsibility, strive as the men might who felt their European obligations to hold things steady. The specialists specialized mightily, delivering into the hands of the commissioners huge chunks of varied information on all subjects germane and nongermane to the Fourteen Points. The secretariat was assiduous in its efforts to maintain correct form. The gallant army officers, resplendent in natty uniforms, held consultations as to how best proceed to attain the desired end, and evolved almost daily new methods of putting in their inferior places presumptuous persons who neither wore spurs nor could show service stripes that denoted the hardships of the Paris sector during the war.

Moreover, the British machine, finally complete, was gigantic in its manifestations. No less than four hundred highly esteemed and completely trained bureaucrats and undersecretaries of the Foreign Office were constantly and ponderously in action. And the Italians and the French and the Belgians, and all the rest, functioning each in its degree, made up a machine that not only was belted and bandaged in red tape, but also produced enormous quantities of that essential commodity every twenty-four hours.

Thus we had in Paris, and still have, this aspect: A great centripetal congeries of all sorts of peacemakers, with the outer edge of it made up of messengers and servants, and each inner layer revolving in its own orbit, all drawing to the center. Outside the minor ones were fringed the messengers to messengers, the messengers; the clerks to clerks, the clerks; the army officers, each in their rank, with the lieutenants on the utmost of their particular periphery, and each inner layer of added rank; the vast collection of intelligence officers and reporters; the secretaries to secretaries, the secretaries; the assistants to specialists, the specialists, the chief specialist; the low advisers, the middle advisers, the high advisers; and, finally, the dignified Peace Commissioners themselves.

Further inside than the Peace Commissioners, almost at the center, were the Highest of the High—Lloyd George, Clemenceau, Orlando, and at the exact axis, President Wilson. And the President looked far over the heads of them, listening to them patiently, but always and forever with his eyes on the people, always with his appeal to the people, always with his strength in the people.

Thus since November this great peace machine has been revolving in Paris, prodigious in its size, complex in its performance, amazing in its ramifications, ferocious in its attempts to gain advantage for some portion thereof, sedulous in its self-seeking, insistent in its partisan demands, loud in its assertion of right and principles, political in its bearings, European in most of its attributes; but until the time this was written accomplishing nothing by itself but the increase of the intricate.

They have their little allotted parts, those of this vast assemblage of functionaries, from the man who stands outside the door of the outer room, to the man who sits at the desk of the innermost room, and they are important in them, to their degree, and reach up by regular gradations to the premiers, who are three in number and represent England and France and Italy. They are diplomatically politic and politically diplomatic. They are schooled in the older order of governmental enterprise and conduct, and they each have their ambitions, their hopes, but the reason the President is stronger than any and all of them is because they officially represent officialdom, because they are governmental in their functions and he is universal. They come from and represent governments. He not only comes from and represents a government, but he also, due to the lack of representation accorded to the peoples of these warring countries by their own delegates, represents these peoples as well as his own, stands for their ideas and their ideals.

The amazing welcome given to the President in France, in England and in Italy by the people is not because he is the President of the United States, but because he typifies and symbolizes to these peoples the war against war, because he means to them such a measure of protection for the future as will insure to their sons and the sons of their sons protection from such experiences, dreads, horrors, deaths and miseries as they themselves have endured. That is the nubbin of it.

The peoples of the world look to President Wilson to bring about a stage of humanity and civilization that will mean no more war forever. They do not know by what process he can or will do this, but they have blind faith that he is to be able to do it, and for that reason they have acclaimed him as they have.

All this vast machinery for peace must amuse the President, who has the situation in his own hands at present, and who may hold it there if he does not desert his original affiliation and continues to depend on, and hold out for, the people. His appeal is to them. His response must be from them. He will get his power to enforce his ideas from them and from no other source. If the people fail him, or he fails the people, nothing but meager results can come from our participation in this war and our efforts at composing the world to peace.

There is a great misunderstanding in the world as to the actual condition of the world, and that is not confined to those who are remote from events and dull in interpreting them, but exists among those at the actual scene of action. There is great pother of talk of this and of that, and vast evasion and laboring of the points involved. The truth of this world situation at the present time is simply this: The peoples of these countries, all of them, want no more war. They want peace. They want peace insured for generations. They feel and know that the surest way to insure peace, the practical way, is to insist on disarmament of the forces that make war. That is a solution that appeals to the meanest mind, the knowledge that if a man has no gun he cannot shoot you. And they apply it to nations as well as to individuals.

That is what the common peoples of the world want peace to mean, not political juggling, legerdemain with boundaries, or any other of the usual war results at peace tables. That is the only peace they will be satisfied with; and the thing that is most apparent in it all, the one great outstanding fact of this situation is this: If the peoples of the world do not get, in these peace determinations, such a disarmament as will insure permanent peace for them, the time will not be long until those peoples, whether in England, France, Italy, or in the United States or elsewhere, will take the governments of their countries into their own hands, to do with as they see fit, but especially to eliminate those in power who have betrayed their earnest and blood-bought desire.

That, in the raw, is what this peace feeling means that is typified in the wild acclaim of the President by the people. That is why the President, brushing aside all this complicated peace machinery, and using it merely as a convenience rather than as a prop or a necessity, has made his appeal to the people. That is why he went to England and spoke at Manchester as he did. That is why he went to Italy and spoke as he did. That is why he, as I write, stands firm with the people, and that is the way he will win, and the only way.

Mr. Wilson's Opportunity

There can be no serious dispute of the statement that, in these early January days when I write, the President of the United States is the biggest man in the world. If he continues as he has begun, and holds with the people to the end, and secures peace with disarmament guaranteed, and protection against war provided by a League of Nations that has power to function, he will still be the greatest man in the world when the peace is made. If, however, he looks away from the people and deals with the politicians, he will not only not be the greatest man, but he is likely to be the littlest, for the days of kings and dynasties are over; the rule of politicians for the sake of politics in world affairs is over; the old diplomacy where a few men handled the lives and fortunes of nations is ended. Either the men and women of the world will be guaranteed against future war, practically, by disarmament and by the protection of a League of Nations that shall be operative and operative with power, or the men and women of the world will take control of the governments under which they live and reconstruct not only those governments, but the entire social, industrial and economic fabrics of those governments according to their own desires and plans.

Either the guarantees will be made, or the men who fail to make them will go into the scrap piles, and their governments with them.

Meantime, do you fancy the peace machine knows this? Not at all. Things the people want are never in good form, nor are there any precedents or conventions established thereon. The great hope for the world is that the President may be able to hold the situation safe against the politicians of England and France and Italy and the other countries. The peoples of those countries are right and with him. Failing that, he has the recourse of being true to his own people, withdrawing from the Peace Conference, coming back with the soldiers and the plenipotentiaries to the United States and there dealing with the problem in our own American way. It is fair to assume that one of these two alternatives will be the result of his visit to the Peace Conference. It certainly is the fact that these are the only real American solutions possible.

Comment on the Week

Keep the Good Work Up

THE American Institute of Banking reports that in addition to buying Liberty Bonds after we declared war the people of the United States increased their savings deposits in banks and trust companies more than twenty-four dollars a head of the population from 1914 to 1918. That would be nearly two and a half billion dollars.

An interesting thing about this tabulation is that wartime savings increased fastest where savings accounts had been least cultivated before. In the Southern States savings deposits in 1914 were only eighteen dollars and forty-five cents per capita, against more than two hundred and forty-five dollars in New England, and a hundred and fifty-seven dollars in Eastern States. But wartime savings in the South increased forty-five per cent, against twenty in New England. In the farther Western States—between Middle-West and Pacific—savings deposits were thirty-eight dollars a head in 1914, and somewhat more than double that in 1918.

After we declared war, when the intensive thrift campaign was applied to the Southern States they responded with six dollars a head, against seven in the Eastern States and eight in New England. Which seems pretty conclusive evidence that thrift is a virtue that will yield bounteous results everywhere to intensive cultivation, and the more it is cultivated the better the results. These increased savings were a result of prosperity of course; but equally a result of better savings facilities and an aggressive thrift campaign.

Savings deposits are no conclusive measure of thrift. Dakota is more apt to save land improvements, buildings and cattle than money in the bank. All the same, money in the bank is a mighty convenient form of savings. By and large the more of it the better. The war-thrift campaign aimed especially at money in hand. It brought great results. Keep it up.

The Sure Preventive

YOU have been reading daily that the greatest present menace to the world's well-being is Bolshevism. The United States has it—not with Russian torch and bomb, but insinuating itself in well-chosen English language; not trying to murder anything except faith in American institutions; politely window-dressing anarchy as the flowery gates ajar to an earthly paradise; plausibly spoken, well-mannered, and industriously sowing seed out of Trotzky's bag; hoping for his harvest, in fact, but discreetly keeping silent about that. Fortunately it is sown in an unpromising soil. The seed will be sterile exactly in proportion as the soil is kept unpromising by liberal progress.

At a certain most disastrous stage bayonets may cure Bolshevism. At another stage they cause it. Only a French or Russian government of the old régime can make a French or Russian revolution. You can see it on the map. People fall prey to Bolshevism in proportion to their illiteracy. The more liberal progress a country has enjoyed the less likely to infection it is. The more ill, or the less good, a man has experienced from the institutions under which he lives the easier it is to persuade him that his chance lies in simply destroying the institutions out of hand rather than in trying to improve them.

Whatever is illiberal, unprogressive, wasteful of human life and opportunity, gives the amateur Trotzky some sort of foothold—enables him to keep up the argument. Stupidity to labor, especially child labor and woman labor, is fat grist to his tinkling mill; and oppression of labor is nine parts out of ten just plain stupidity. The employer who is not sincerely and actively interested in bettering the lot of labor is a blockhead. Bourbon obstruction to the orderly march of liberal progress at any point helps keep Trotzky going.

The general and natural American reaction to Bolshevism pushes toward the conservative side. But liberal progress is the great, sure preventive.

Thrift in Things

A DIVISION of the War Industries Board devoted itself to salvage—mainly, that is, to the huge junk pile which the United States, in all its grand divisions and all its localities, steadily and most wastefully accumulates. This division tried to reach every part of the country with an organized salvage campaign. The value of the waste material it reclaimed in a year is put at more than one billion dollars—scrap iron, scrap metals of other sorts, waste paper, rags, old rubber, and so on.

We have no statement of the cost of reclamation, or as to the exact degree in which very high prices for the materials made their reclamation practicable; but the bald fact of a scrap heap that assays a billion dollars is impressive. It is suggested that an annual saving of several hundred million dollars by salvage of waste materials is quite practicable; and that sounds reasonable to anybody who notices the things that are habitually thrown away, or left to rust and rot, in the United States.

Recently the Fire Marshals' Association of North America held a convention. A report put the annual fire loss in the United States at two dollars and ten cents a head of the population against forty-nine cents in France, thirty-three cents in England, twenty-eight cents in Germany, twenty-five cents in Italy, fifteen cents in Switzerland. Besides a property loss of a quarter of a billion, fires take about fifteen thousand lives yearly in the United States—in good part preventable fires.

We might go on to the extent of a page with other examples; but you know what we mean. Worth not only thinking about but doing something about, is it not?

How Not to Do It

REVIEWING the year recently closed the Railway Age says: "For the second time since the construction of railroads in the United States was undertaken, in 1831, more miles of main line have been abandoned in a year than have been built. The only other year in which this condition existed was 1917. In 1918 four hundred and forty-five miles of main line were abandoned permanently and taken up, and five hundred and twelve miles additional were abandoned permanently, but have not yet been taken up."

That makes nine hundred and fifty-seven miles, while only seven hundred and twelve miles of new line were completed—"less than in any other year since the Civil War."

For a dozen years prior to 1914, construction of main track in the United States averaged about four thousand miles a year. In 1914, it fell to something like fifteen hundred miles.

It has been below that in every subsequent year—only half that last year. War, of course, had something to do with it; but the dubious state of the railroads had still more.

We are not very sure about any of the schemes that have been laid before Congress for returning the railroads to private management. One of them, at least, is excellent—on paper. But, unless a different public attitude makes itself decisively felt, it will not answer. Railroad rates ought to fall. With denser traffic, mechanical improvements and improving organization, that ought to be the general law. It has been the general law. But for a good while before we declared war the cost of everything used by the railroads in operation—especially labor—had been rising, while the average rail rate, on the whole, was declining. Public regulation would not permit the roads to make an adequate adjustment to that condition.

There is tremendous pressure on the other side. Nearly all the state commissions and hundreds of shippers' associations and commercial bodies are constantly whittling at rates. They exert great influence—first and last. The crux of it is: Will there be a regulatory body with sufficient weight to withstand that active pressure when rail revenues are falling, and thereby automatically checking a healthy and most necessary expansion of the railroad system? Will such a regulatory body get the backing of public opinion, without which, finally, it cannot last?

We are not very confident of it.

A Bird's-Eye View

MIDDLE of January. Congress still struggling with the revenue bill, which is to levy six billions of taxes on the income of the year that ended a fortnight ago. Country waiting to close up its books. Treasury Department, with millions of blanks to prepare and scores of agents to instruct, in a great quandary whether to go ahead collecting taxes under the old law of 1917 or to wait a while longer. Sure of muddle, haste, confusion in either case. Only forty days left of the present session of Congress. Of the dozen or more big appropriation bills for carrying on the work of government in the coming year only two have passed the House. None has been disposed of in the Senate. No doubt several of these big bills will be jammed through, hit or miss, at the last minute. Forty days left, and nobody knows whether government revenue is to be four billions or six or has any definite notion what the appropriations will foot up.

How is that for reconstruction?

There is no cure for this scandalous situation except a genuine budget system. A correspondent asks: "What can a plain everyday citizen do to make his influence for a budget system felt?"

Why, talk about it, write to his congressman and senator, get other people to write, urge it upon his local newspaper, try to get people to take an interest and to express themselves collectively and persistently, hold a mass meeting, keep Congress in mind of it all the time.

The Boy Scouts

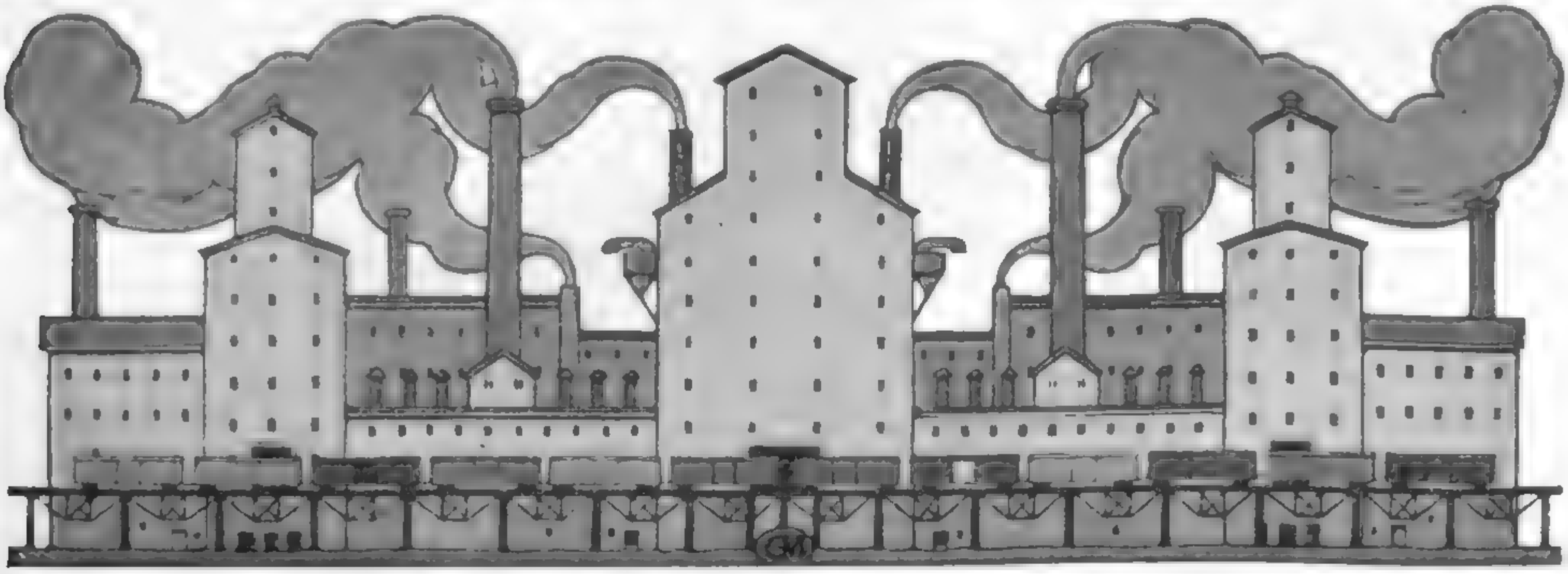
WHAT to do with a boy? Mankind has no older problem, and no other by and large that so often looks profoundly baffling to the worried individuals who try to solve it—with all due respect for young persons of the other sex, for children of a gentler sex must on the whole be more tractable.

One thing to do with a boy is to put him in the Boy Scouts.

That organization celebrated its ninth anniversary the other day. Not many young institutions have given so convincing an account of themselves. In connection with the anniversary it makes a compelling appeal to the public.

It wants particularly more volunteer men leaders—especially men who have had military experience abroad. That want should be promptly, copiously, gladly met. There could hardly again be a conjuncture so favorable for impressing upon the very tissues of boys' consciousness a vital page in American history, and in the history of democracy and of the world. In the Scouts' martial atmosphere of drill, uniform, march and camp the leadership and companionship of men of the right sort from the battlefields of Europe would fall upon the boys' minds like a seal on warm wax.

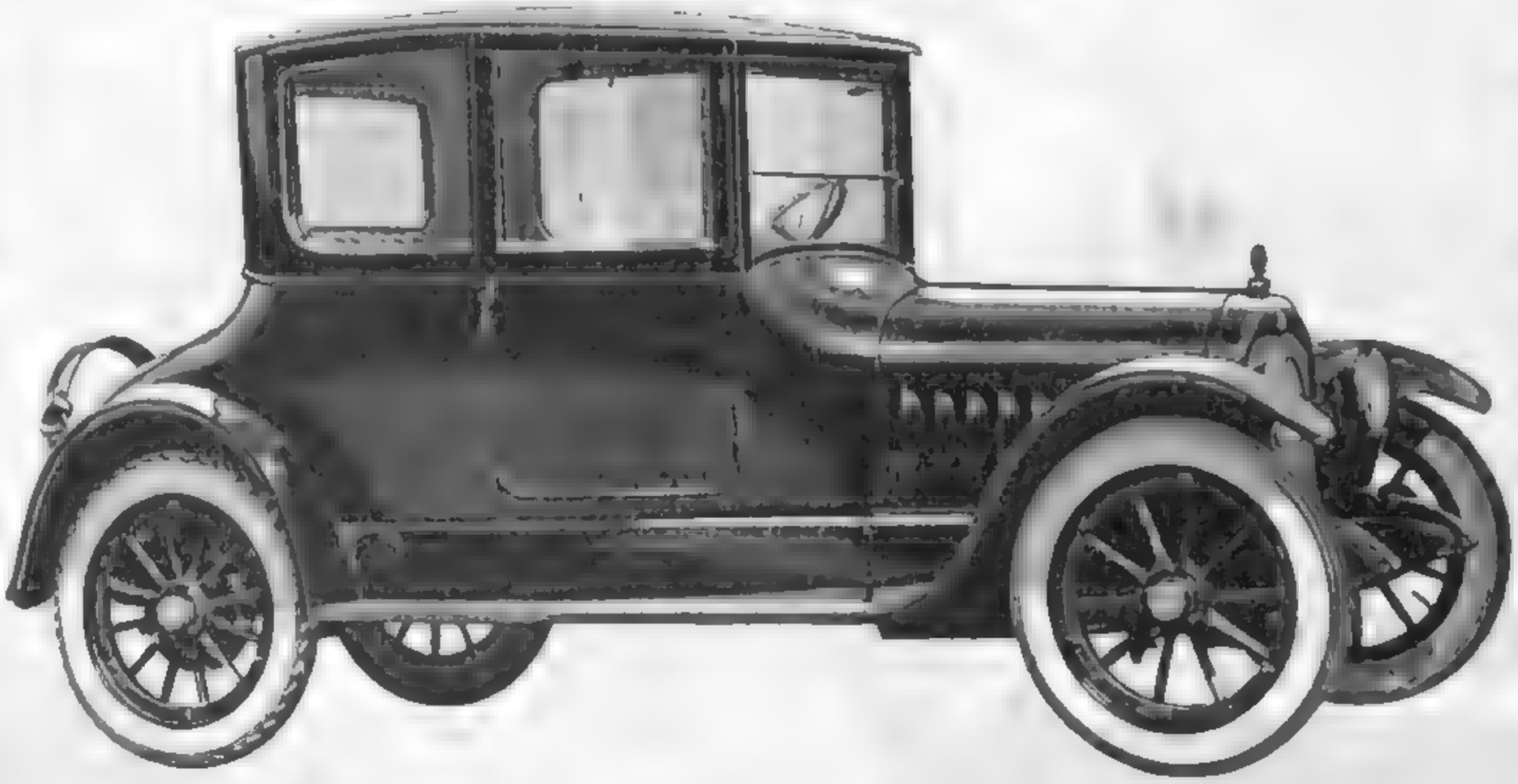
Every normal boy has a right to march, range and camp. It satisfies a deep, old instinct in him. The great business of education is to build upon the boy's instincts and the girl's. The Boy Scouts is one of the soundest educational undertakings. Democracy's great war has given it an unusual opportunity which everybody should gladly help it to realize.



PEERLESS
Two-Power-Range
EIGHT

The "Loafing" Range

The "Sporting" Range



Peerless Closed Cars and the Double-Power-Range

Closed cars that bear the name Peerless have ever been notable among the finest coaches built.

This season's models are no exception, in fact in many respects surpass previous Peerless attainment.

The coach bodies—Coupé—Sedan—and Sedan-Limousine are Peerless built by workmen who have made coach building an art—many of whom worked on the first Peerless Limousines that set the standard by which the fine Closed Cars of that day were judged.

The most distinctive advantage offered in any motor car today—two distinctly separate power ranges—gives the Peerless owner a contrasting performance that is especially desirable in Closed Cars.

In ordinary driving the thrifty "loafing" range gives a soft, smooth, easy performance that is a delight.

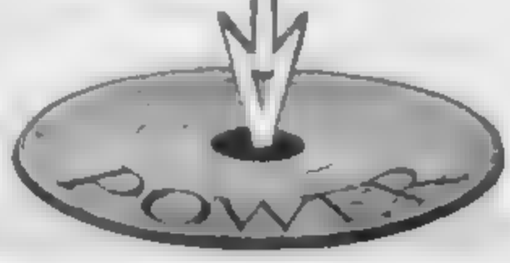
And its "sporting" range is instantly available to "pick up" these heavier bodies and lift them out of traffic jams, ahead of other cars—even those with the lighter open bodies.

And as a matter of fact, it is of importance to note that the Peerless Closed Cars are lighter than most open body models of cars of like class.

Let the Peerless dealer show you the luxurious Peerless Closed models—and demonstrate the special advantage they have in their Two-Power-Ranges.

7 passenger Touring, $2760 *4 passenger Roadster, $2760*
4 passenger Coupé, $3320 *7 passenger Sedan, $3530*
7 passenger Sedan-Limousine, $3720
f. o. b. Cleveland, subject to change without notice

The Peerless Motor Car Co., Cleveland, Ohio



A Sign with a Meaning for You

'Royal Cord' 'Nobby' 'Chain' 'Usco' 'Plain'

It is there for your convenience.

The dealer who displays it has entered into an agreement with us to serve you in certain definite ways. His reliability, his experience and his knowledge of tires fit him eminently for his job.

The United States Tire Sales and Service Depot Sign hangs over the doors of many thousands of garages. You will find it everywhere.

It is your guide to good tire service—quick courteous attention—air, if you need it—wheel alignment inspection—careful repairs and honest, straightforward advice on the question of tires. It stands for good tires—tires that will meet your individual needs, and meet them exactly.

The line of United States Tires for passenger cars includes five separate types, covering every known need.

Our nearest Sales and Service Depot Dealer will gladly point out the ones best suited to your use. In doing this, he will take into consideration *your* car and *the roads you travel.*

Ask his advice. Bank on his judgment. That's the way thousands of motorists are getting highest mileage from their tires.

United States Tubes and Tire Accessories Have All the Sterling Worth and Wear that Make United States Tires Supreme.

Also Tires for Motor Trucks, Motorcycles, Bicycles and Airplanes.

A MAN'S JOB — By Mildred Cram

Before the War Joe Garrison Had Been What is Popularly Known as a "Comer." He Wrote Well, He Knew Everyone in New York, and He Had Decidedly a Way With Him

WHEN Joe Garrison got back from France he had one moment of supreme exaltation before he stepped forever out of the war into the future.

With five thousand others he marched up Fifth Avenue between two exulting walls of people. Their cheers bridged the street like a triumphal arch of sound. Their eyes were like torches. The beating of their hearts and the thunder of the returning Army's feet shook the earth. The sky was full of drifting aëroplanes and the white flash of startled pigeons. Bells rang. Flags—scarlet and blue and white—were flung from every window, every cornice, every tower. "Welcome home!"

Joe Garrison's eyes were straight ahead. He was more impersonal than he had ever been in his twenty-eight years of life. In the Argonne Forest, where he had fought like a demon, he had been just Joe Garrison, lieutenant in a certain regiment, proud of that regiment's reputation, jealous of its honor. Now, marching beneath the arch of full-throated cheers, he was a symbol of the great sword which had been fashioned from his brave race. He lifted up his head, threw back his shoulders and trod the glorified asphalt with the gait of a superman.

When it was over he felt tired, relaxed. The job was done. Done well, but done. The martial music drifted away, the aëroplanes whirled down the sunset sky like falling leaves, the pigeons fluttered back to their towers, the crowd along the Avenue thinned, hurrying off to dinner, to the theater.

Joe Garrison wandered downtown again, alone, pausing now and then to look into a shop window. He was conscious of a deep, pervading melancholy, a sense of irreparable loss. And yet he couldn't put his finger on it exactly. It wasn't war he wanted—he hated war to the very depths of his capacity for hatred. He was afraid because the great deed was done, the great adventure had been lived, and youth lay behind him, in the Argonne.

And here, all about him, was what he had dreamed of in the training camp, in Paris, in the trenches—the warm lights, the poetry of the cathedral spires in the slate-blue twilight, the slow lava flow of shining motors, the dear old hansom cabs no one ever seems to ride in, the pretty girls muffled in furs, the shop windows, where there is likely to be a Giorgione, a diamond necklace, a Venetian chair or a pair of satin-brocade corsets on a headless body.

New York! Here he was, afraid and depressed. Life steps out from ambush like that and surprises you. Joe Garrison would have given almost anything to be back in the Argonne—cold, wet, sweating in mortal fear, fighting his way from tree stump to tree stump, from shell hole to shell hole, with the definite intention of killing or being killed. The future was infinitely more terrifying than that simple uncertainty.

He turned across Forty-second Street and went into the Manhattan to telephone the girl who had promised to marry him when he got back—and he would come back, had been his qualifying phrase—from France. He might have telephoned her the day before. Not that he had forgotten her—for she had filled his mind for a year. But he had wanted to taste the supreme impersonality out there beneath the bright banners and the smiling blue of the American sky, before he said to her: "Well, you see, I've come back!"

The Manhattan telephone exchange was feverishly busy. Joe Garrison had to wait for his call while a fat matron in a seal coat, a messenger boy and a man-about-town glanced casually at the wound stripe on his sleeve, then up at his face, then away, forgetting him. He heard Dora Whittlesey's voice faintly as he sat in a stuffy booth redolent of cheap perfume and cigarette smoke. Outside, the impatient crowd watched him, waiting its turn.

He said simply, "Here I am!"

"Not Joe? Not really? Oh, my dear, I looked for you to-day in that crowd. I want to see you—now, this minute! Where are you?"

"At the Manhattan."

"I'll come right down. Will you wait?"

"I'll wait," he said briefly, and rang off, not daring to trust his voice. He went out into the crowded lobby and found a vacant chair where he could rest while he waited for her. Funny, to be so tired just because he had marched from Washington Square to the Park! Before the war he had walked that far every day in his avid, insatiable love of Fifth Avenue. He stared with somber, steady eyes at the parade of people through the lobby—people all looking for someone, occasionally finding that someone, but more often passing on with a vaguely unsatisfied and irritable look in their eyes. Young girls in short-waisted suits and little tight hats jammed down over their noses, high-heeled slippers and spats, undulating as they sped through the narrow lobby. Big bony women, still in khaki, with sun-tanned leathery cheeks and frank eyes. Opulent women wrapped in furs. Tall, rangy traveling men from the West. Wide-shouldered, middle-aged business men with cigars in their mouths. Fresh-faced youngsters in uniform. Big-handed, solemn gobs with columnar necks and incredibly thin waists. Here and there an English officer with a look of aloof, tragic patience in his eyes. All these people meeting, talking, laughing, parting again, passing incessantly like a procession of marionettes.

Joe Garrison watched them with something like impatience. They were so unchanged! And somehow he had wanted them to be changed, touched by that subtle process of transformation which had been at work in him. Outwardly they were the same. And he supposed the world was the same.

Before the war Joe Garrison had been what is popularly known as a "comer." He was employed by a popular monthly review as a sort of editorial court jester. He was witty, clever, essentially modern, rather perverse and delightfully sophisticated. He wrote well, he knew everyone in New York, and he had decidedly a way with him. That way was leading straight to a large salary and the editorial chair of the great monthly review's baby sister. And then straight on again, to the editorial Parnassus. Joe Garrison was a member of most of the New York clubs and looked the part. He was tall and slender, wore inconspicuous clothes, spoke English with a sort of visible admiration for its best qualities, and had impeccable manners—like the editor-in-chief, who was so impeccable that he put visiting noblemen and ambassadors into a bad temper.

Joe Garrison had, besides, a well-cut lean face, a satisfying Anglo-Saxon head, and the sort of bearing that is the despair of made-to-order gentlemen. He knew how to speak at a dinner; he could wheedle intimate photographs out of the most exclusive matron in New York; he had learned the patois of Newport and Palm Beach.

And Joe Garrison loved his job. He liked the subdued, walnut-lined, velvet-carpeted offices where the great review spun its stories, gathered its news and piled up its advertising revenue. He liked the editor-in-chief's suave, gracious, ironic method of dealing with celebrities—would-be, has-been and never-were. He liked the daily encounter

with New York's human exclamation points—actresses, barefoot dancers, society women, débutantes, Greenwich Villagers, artists, soldiers, sports, distinguished foreigners; they passed through his office into the editor-in-chief's sanctum or hustled from the sanctum, very red in the face, baffled by polite irony, into Garrison's soothing and restoring arms.

It was his job to sift the wheat from the chaff, artists from art artists, fanatics from specialists, important noblemen from aspiring European adventurers. He was a dilettante in human beings. He asked the latest Folly to lunch when the editor-in-chief begged off. He dined with Red Cross potentates. He interviewed senators and sat in the scented boudoir of the newest Spanish dancer while she smoked cigarettes and spoke the pure Castilian of Tenth Avenue and Sixty-first Street. He penetrated the austere gray studios of famous sculptors and knew his way through the intricate maze of all the motion-picture palaces at Fort Lee. It was Joe Garrison's job to be tirelessly interested, tirelessly amusing, a hound on the scent of the novel, the beautiful and the astonishing. And he liked his job.

It just happened that in those colorful days before the war, when a new fashion or a new barefoot dancer set the world agog, Joe Garrison was in love with life. He liked the dim luxury of theaters, the scented brilliance of hotel lobbies. Fads had a value for him because they were a reflection of the careless, frivolous, magnificent world he lived in. He could play like a Saint Bernard puppy. He could laugh. He saw New York as a multihued prism turning in the sun—it dazzled and delighted him. He knew all the intrigues of the literary world—who was selling stories and who wasn't, who had a real play up his sleeve and who hadn't. He knew all the intrigues of the theatrical world, what manager was broke, what actor had squandered his fortune on a theater, what tragedienne had lost her looks and her public.

It was a great game for Joe Garrison, and he had not yet acquired the pungent irony of the editor-in-chief, who had learned what Maeterlinck preaches, that nothing is as it seems, yet somehow preserved the faultless outlines of an enthusiast, thereby deceiving everyone but himself. Joe Garrison was so vivacious, so full of surplus energy that he had even found the time to fall in love—with the editor-in-chief's secretary.

Her name was Dora Whittlesey and she came from one of those splendid Massachusetts families—the sort of family one always runs away from. She had an aristocratic head, a tall, strong and supple body and a sense of humor. No one else on earth could have handled the editor-in-chief. She sat at his right hand all day while he interviewed publicity hunters. She preserved her calm while he simultaneously interviewed a society woman over the telephone, dictated a letter *sotto voce*, and kept a French potentate from jumping out of the window. She passed judgment on Swedish noblewomen who aspired to Isadora Duncanism. She was clever, calm, candid and—New York, from her patent-leather slippers to the crown of her golden head dressed à la Ferguson. Now and then, to fill out the scant thirty-five dollars a week she earned as secretary, Dora Whittlesey wrote funny little things for the great review. The editor-in-chief, smiling, put them in the back of the magazine—not because they weren't good but because he did not want to lose his secretary.

When the war swept across that sophisticated, clever, perverse little world of theirs Joe Garrison was immediately blown away—one of that swirl of leaves that drifted down on Plattsburg like a khaki snowstorm. He gave up his job for a plain unalterable duty, for the Americanism of him had not been dimmed by that supposedly dangerous thing—a bowing acquaintance with the arts. He went away to Lake Champlain and to hard, distasteful labor.

Presently he appeared again, his lean face tanned, his little black mustache twisted into points, wearing a most becoming trench coat and an officer's cap. He came into the walnut-lined offices like a fresh breeze, just a little aloof and strange, as if he had passed beyond galley proof, skeleton pages, shiny prints and potential advertisers, into a land of action and high adventure. His job apparently did not matter so much, now that he felt khaki next to his skin. No one knew how he felt except the editor-in-chief, who had crawled up the long ladder of success to the dizzy pinnacle of disillusionment. He was sorry, because he knew that Joe Garrison had put aside the radiant investiture of ambition for the symbolic khaki, and that he was saying good-by with a sort of boyish wistful regret to the precious job that had crowned his youth.

Before he sailed for France he had asked Dora Whittlesey to wait for him. And he had gone with the promise.

He looked up, startled by the sound of her voice.

"Why, Joe—Joe Garrison—you didn't see me!"

He sprang to his feet, flushed to the roots of his hair and grabbed her hand. They were both shaken, a trifle shy, as if the crowded year had made visible differences.

"You've changed," she said, her voice unsteady.

"For the better?"

"I don't know yet. You're thin. Your cheeks are hollow." Suddenly her eyes filled with tears, but she kept on smiling because people were staring at them. "I'm sorry," she whispered. "I wish I might have shared it with you."

"I'm glad you couldn't."

"Why?"

"It was a man's job." He glanced down at her pretty hat, her smart little fur coat, her shining high-heeled shoes. "I'm glad you had all this," he explained, "instead. You're something to hang on to after a year of rather awful questioning. It was dirty, and dull, and ugly."

"And I haven't changed?"

"Not a bit." He looked down at her as if he intended to kiss her, and her cheeks flamed. But her eyes were the eyes he remembered cool, candid, direct. There was a quality about her that was like a boy; she had a boy's engaging frankness and impersonality. Somehow she was disconcerting. She took up life just where they had broken it off a year before, as if there were no essential difference in the texture of their souls. She was not really curious about the change in him. He was to her the identical Joe Garrison who had sailed away. Thinner—yes. But ready to cut capers in the New York market place as if there had been no war.

Joe Garrison felt again the atrocious sensation of arrested action. The job was done he had felt things, seen things, endured things this girl could never know. Never! Good God, they were as far apart as the poles! And here she was, offering him life again, expecting him to deal with it offhand. He was either too tired or too disinterested to deal with it.

She laughed up at him—pretty, vivacious, desirable.

"Well, let's have dinner. Not here; at the La Fayette, where we used to go. It will be like old times."

In the taxi he stared at her and said nothing, listening to the sound of her voice, not hearing a word she said. They found a table in the balcony of the old French restaurant on University Place, a narrow little table over which their young faces almost touched. The room was crowded, sprinkled thickly with uniforms, and a cloud of cigarette smoke hung just beneath the ceiling like a blue gauze canopy. It was noisy, hot and stifling. Joe Garrison felt himself struggling to think connected thoughts. But even speech eluded him in the abominable confusion of his mind. He wanted to be in a quiet room somewhere with this girl, to explain himself to her.

Dora Whittlesey was talking shop. The editor-in-chief had kept the great review going through the depressing period of the war by poking fun at the whole tragedy. He had built up a sort of morale. "Are we downhearted?" he had asked the public. And the public, playing up, had shouted "No!" The great review had tried to do what Punch had done in England, Le Rire in France. This is war, but let's be cheerful about it. Well, now it was over. Already things were sifting back to the old level.

"It's such fun in the office!" Dora said, sipping the cocktail she had asked for. "To-day the new Hamlet came in. You know who I mean—the young chap who has surprised everyone by outdoing all the Hamlets from Booth to Forbes-Robertson. He is quite amazing. I'm going to write about him. About his voice and his poetic face and his eyelids."

Joe Garrison was looking down into the main room of the restaurant. He had caught sight of a Canadian officer in uniform—a tall blond man with a prominent nose and an indeterminate mustache which did not hide his sensitive mouth. He reminded Joe Garrison of something he had tried very hard to forget. Out in the hideous No Man's Land of the Argonne Joe had stumbled across a man who looked like that Canadian officer—a man who had had the bad luck to die at the hands of some particularly revengeful boche. Exactly like him, by George! The blond hair, the high nose, the same sensitive, slightly ironic mouth——

"You aren't listening!" Dora cried, touching Joe's arm.

"Oh, yes, I am! Hamlet's eyelids. I——"

She shook her head and stared at him with a little smile that was both mocking and quizzical. "I stopped talking about Hamlet five minutes ago. I've been telling you about my job."

Joe Garrison pulled himself together with a perceptible effort.

"Your job?"

She laughed again, leaning across the table to look into his eyes.

"Did you think I could afford a hat like this or a fur coat or a wrist watch on thirty-five dollars a week? Or haven't you noticed?"

"You're looking awfully well. I didn't know——"

Dora Whittlesey sat back in her chair and folded her hands.

"What on earth is the matter with you, Joe Garrison? You've lost your punch! A year ago you would have been witty about my clothes; they are expensive clothes—they shriek Fifty-seventh Street to the initiated. You haven't asked me how I do it. Shall I tell you?"

He nodded.

Dora Whittlesey's smile broke into a sort of dancing mischief. There was something triumphant in her eyes.

"I've got your job," she said. "That's what I've been up to while you were away!"

"My job? Do you mean——"

"Your job! I sneaked it, Joe Garrison. I stole it away from you. The chief has given me your office. Only now there are rose-silk curtains at the window and a bowl of orchids on the desk. The chief has a new secretary and I patronize her. What is more, Captain Garrison, I am making good——"

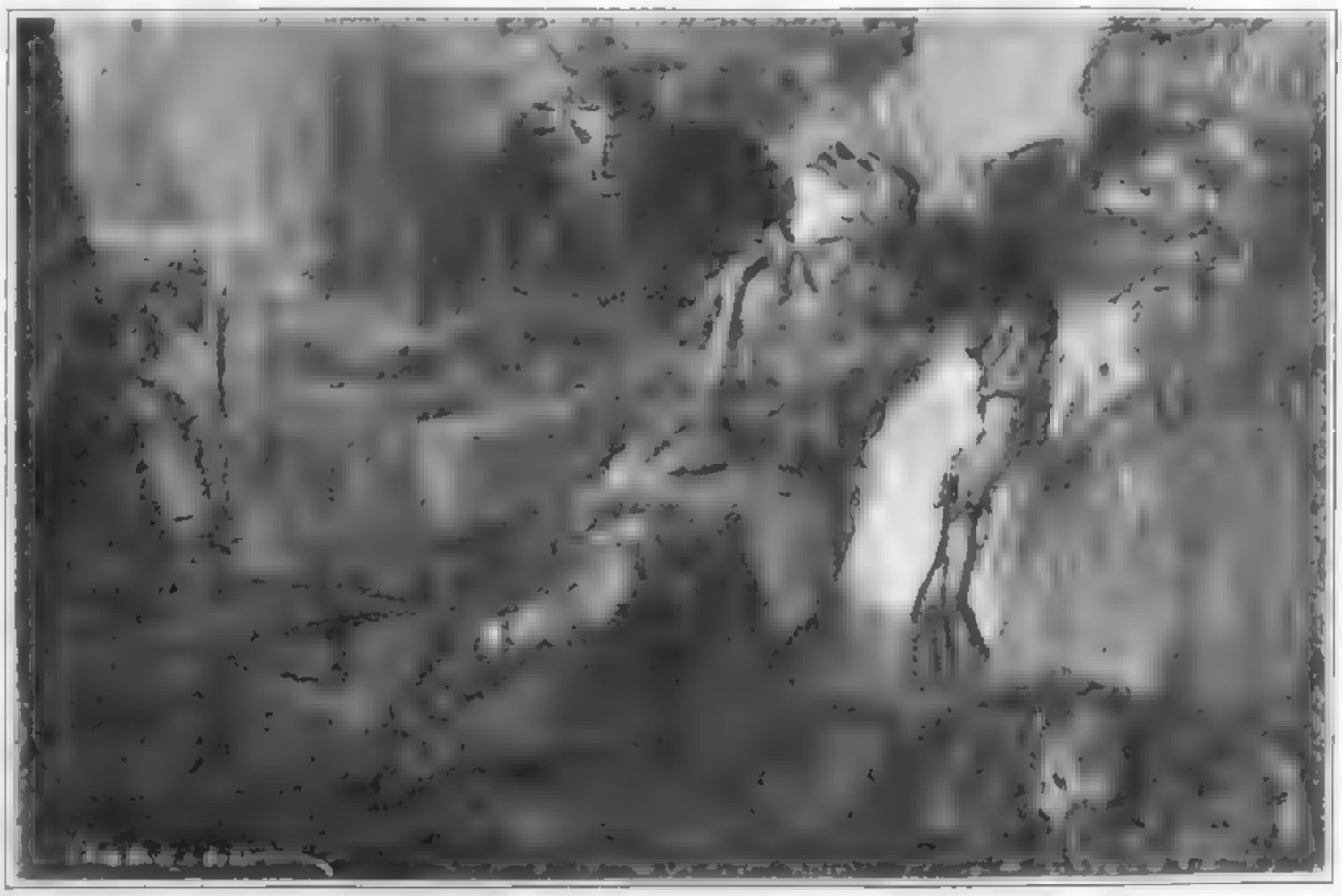
She stopped, abashed by the look in his eyes.

"Do you care?" she whispered.

Joe Garrison's heart was beating violently. He was furious—mad clean through, shaken to the depths, humiliated. He hated Dora Whittlesey—her candid assurance, her efficient trip-hammer mind, the expensive sophistication of her clothes; more than anything else, the unforgivable spark of triumph in her eyes. There was no precedent for the situation. He wanted to be glad for her sake, and couldn't be. He called on his sense of chivalry in vain.

He felt as he had felt one day in his youth when a little girl had climbed into his own particular branch of his own particular apple tree and had stayed there. Be it said to his shame that he had thrown stones at the audacious tomboy. He could not throw stones at

(Concluded on Page 45)



Out in the Hideous No Man's Land of the Argonne Joe Had Stumbled Across a Man Who Looked Like That Canadian Officer

Parched, Dry, Inactive Air Endangers Your Health and Vitality

IT is certain that the greater percentage of coughs, colds, pneumonia and lack of vitality may be traced directly to unscientific heating systems. More than one-third of every year is spent indoors with the windows tightly closed. The air is heated and re-heated without change. Unless the heating system in *your* home AUTOMATICALLY circulates, re-freshens and scientifically moistens the air, you *compromise* your most valued assets—Health, Comfort and Vitality.

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The percentage of moisture in the air, anywhere and everywhere, is measured scientifically by the Hygrometer. Such tests in Moistair heated homes show that the proper percentage of moisture is constantly maintained by the ROUND OAK Moistair Heating System, equipped with the patented Automatic Humidifier.

Balmy, healthful, ever-changing air is rapidly circulated to all parts of the home by the

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The Heating System that Automatically Humidifies and Ventilates

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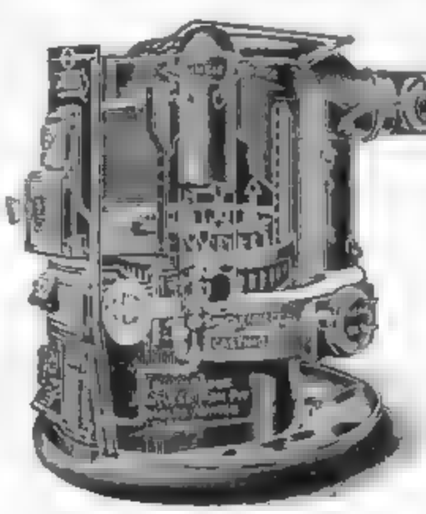
Every hour, in cold weather, the air in the home is circulated, moistened and re-vitalized.

There are more than 70,000 Moistair Heating Systems in use.

Positive Fuel Saving—With All Fuels

Not only does this system safeguard health and vitality but saves fuel in these four ways. First, absolute in control no leakage of air below the fire. Second, fire travel is longer inside the casing—it robs the heat from the chimney. Third, completeness of combustion—it cokes the coal and burns the gases. Fourth, it scientifically humidifies the air. You will be more comfortable and healthy at a temperature of 68° with this system than at 75° with usual forms of heating.

All this means a definite saving of at least one ton or more in every nine.



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Comfort Circulates balmy, warm Moistair, permanently free from dust, gas and smoke.

Economy Long, indirect fire travel forces most powerful radiation of heat, deeper fire pot, improved efficient hot blast, and overarm combustion chamber combined; guarantee most perfect combustion with maximum heat from minimum fuel

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Without obligation, send the coupon and by return mail you will receive the large illustrated, descriptive Moistair Book which answers your mental questions. It describes fully the improvements and advantages to you, of the Round Oak Moistair Heating System. Contains *space* for simple sketch of the floor plan of your home which will enable our engineers to prepare for you *Free*, a scientific heating plan, and quote cost estimate. You will also be advised the name of the nearest authorized dealer, who will gladly demonstrate this system.

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Today the modern abrasive is born in great electric furnaces, made possible by the economical and abundant power of Niagara Falls—

Grinding has become a vital part of industry.

From a limited tool the grinding wheel has developed into one of industry's greatest assets.

Hundreds of operations formerly executed by steel tools are now done better, quicker and more economically by grinding wheels.

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They are snagging castings and grinding car wheels—polishing gems in the jeweler's shop and grinding teeth in the dentist's office.

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THE CARBORUNDUM COMPANY, NIAGARA FALLS, N. Y.

(Concluded from Page 42)

Dora Whittlesey because he loved her. Yet he knew that he could never forgive her unless she surrendered his job. Something told him that she did not intend to. She was clever, independent and reliable. She liked the humming life of a successful business career. She had not been nurtured on the colorless fare of domesticity. A modern woman. An enigma. In spite of himself an ugly look came into his eyes. He clenched his hands under the table, all of his sick nerves crying out against the struggle he knew was impending.

"I don't care at all," he managed to say. "I'm proud ——"

Dora Whittlesey threw back her head. She said things she had no right to say—bitter, wounding things that penetrated the skin and speared the quivering spirit. She wasn't elated about her job; in her heart she was conscience-stricken. But she had a theory—a perfectly good theory—that women had somehow been emancipated by this war, set free to try their wings without the hampering assistance of the condescending male. She had tried her wings and found that she could fly. She liked it. And why not?

She was genuinely unhappy because she had clipped the wings of the man she loved, but his quick flare of resentment struck a primitive spark in her. Why shouldn't she take his job if she could do the work? Why shouldn't she have ambitions of her own? She had had no definite assurance that he would come back from France. Had he expected her to pass up the chance of a lifetime?

Joe Garrison laughed bitterly. "Not at all. I tell you I am proud of you."

Her eyes were hard and very bright. She broke a French roll into a dozen pieces and made an ineffectual effort to eat something; finally, breathing hard, with two bright spots of color in her cheeks, she pushed her plate away.

"I'm not going to give it up! Not for you, or for love, or for happiness. What is happiness anyway? Doing what interests you! Sacrifice? An obsolete form of self-torture! Women are standing on their own feet these days, Joe Garrison. When you men went over there we took our first chance, our first chance in all these centuries. We have done our part, and something more—we have found ourselves."

Joe Garrison looked down at the Canadian officer again. His attention wandered for a moment. Then he turned back to Dora Whittlesey with a smile she could not understand.

"Don't you want to marry me?" he asked in a gentle voice.

She met his eyes with a startled look. "Do you mean I've got to make a choice?"

His anger flared up again, something obscure and unrecognizable within him.

"I want a wife," he said distinctly; "not a business rival. Oh, my God, don't you understand?"

"No," she answered, "I don't."

They finished the meal in silence, too miserable to look at one another. In silence they left the restaurant and drove uptown to Dora's apartment, sitting side by side, stiff, aloof, shaken by despair, in a stuffy taxi that should have sheltered their first kiss.

And Joe Garrison was in love with her—with her efficient graceful hands, the proud lines of her shoulders, the fascinating irregularity of her features—well, with her. There is no telling exactly what it is a man loves in any woman. Joe Garrison loved Dora Whittlesey enough to want to kiss her; a myriad ancestors—speaking to him on the direct wires of heredity—told him that above everything else he desired her surrender and his own mastery—surrender that was victory and mastery that was defeat. But how on earth can you tell a woman that? It wasn't her job he wanted. He admitted her claim of equality. But he saw, with the clearness of his new vision, that Dora believed in the essential similitude of men and women, yet took advantage of a double code.

The cab stopped before the apartment house where she lived. Joe Garrison went to her door and waited until she had switched on the lights. Then he spoke:

"Very well. Speaking as human to human—I think you've cheated. I think you're a coward."

He turned very quickly and went downstairs again, his heavy shoes clattering from floor to floor until she could hear him no longer. She went into her cozy little room and stood quite still in the middle of the floor. Her heart was pounding. She took off her jaunty hat and tossed it through the open door into her bedroom. She unfastened the expensive fur coat and dropped it on the floor. Dry-eyed she stared at the things in the room, things she had bought with her own money—the pretty couch covered with pillows, the lamp shades, the long table heaped with books, the signed photographs of celebrities, her cluttered familiar desk, the typewriter. Hers! All hers!

She went over to the desk, ran her white fingers through her golden coif à la Ferguson, glanced at the half-written sheet of paper still inserted in the typewriter and began feverishly to work.

"The new Hamlet is a man of poetic bearing. He is tall, graceful, dignified. His eyelids ——"

Suddenly Dora's head bent down. She fumbled vainly at the keys of the typewriter, wrote something that looked like "aaree xx bd" and stopped with a crash.

"Damn his eyelids!" she said.

Joe Garrison clattered downstairs, and to all appearances and purposes out of her life. He was in love with her, but it did not appeal to him to jog-trot through life trying to keep up with his wife's ambition. He would not have cared so much if Dora had had histrionic aspirations or if she had longed to manage a dressmaking establishment. He could have borne it calmly if she had started a glove manufactory or an interior decorator's shop or a day nursery. But she had his job. He had gone to France to fight for her, and she had calmly stepped into his shoes!

He did not go back to the walnut-lined offices of the great review. Somehow his job had lost a certain luster since a woman filled it successfully. He wanted to do something bigger, harder, more serious. He wanted work that would crown his sacrifice. He told himself with a bitter little laugh that he had grown beyond Dora Whittlesey's job.

So, knowing life, he prepared for a sharp struggle with New York. New York had forgotten Joe Garrison's faultless manners and his ironic technic. The great review went on poking fun at demobilization, reconstruction, Bolshevism and the League of Nations, quite as if the favorite court jester had not disappeared in that great khaki stream which flowed into France when the need was greatest.

Nor was Joe Garrison the only disgruntled warrior. Everywhere women were filling men's shoes as if they welcomed the relief of flat heels and thick soles after centuries of high insteps and pointed toes. Waitresses at the big hotels—efficient quiet women in black, with white aprons, in place of the flat-footed anemic waiter of old. Women conductors, women ticket choppers in frowsy bonnets and seedy coats, women guards, women floorwalkers, women in the elevators, women secretaries, managers, presidents. And all of them with a hard bright look in their eyes which means "You see, I can do it!" Women, that is, with money of their own to spend. Women who could eat at cheap restaurants or dear ones, according to their earning capacity, well removed from gas stoves, kitchen utensils and dirty dishes. Women who did not have to skirmish with a reluctant male whenever they wanted a pair of gloves or a hat.

Joe Garrison liked women. He had a definite conviction that they deserved well of mankind. But he somehow failed to associate wives with bank presidents, mothers with editors, helpmates with elevator girls. The scheme of things was topsy-turvy, and Joe Garrison had been reared in the old school.

For three months he lived on his small capital and tried to find a job, discovering that there was no room in New York for a young man versed in the seven arts of polite cynicism. He started out with a flare; lived at the Brevoort in the lively expectation of a hurry call from the great review. When that hope died he took quarters in a respectably dilapidated brick house in West Sixteenth Street and began to pull wires—social wires that were affable but helpless. There was no job. That is, Dora Whittlesey had the one job Joe Garrison was qualified to grace. One of the social wires, on being discreetly pulled, poked Joe in the ribs and whispered, "*Cherchez la femme*, my boy!"

And all the while Joe Garrison was growing poorer. He left the brick house and hired a room very far south of Washington Square. He was finding it difficult to hang on to his polished irony, because he was often hungry, and a hungry man cannot be interested in the foibles of society. For Joe Garrison the world had ceased to revolve round barefoot dancers, impresarios, dog fanciers and millionaires. He had exhausted his list of dinner invitations; he had resigned from his expensive clubs; he found that the Argonne had deprived him of his wit and had left him a serious, thoughtful, inordinately proud man with a new habit of digging down into his soul to discover the reasons for a number of things.

Occasionally he caught sight of Dora Whittlesey—at the Brevoort, where he went as often as possible to linger an hour over a demi-tasse and a cheap cigarette. She was more brilliant than ever, with a new hard luster that was like a calcium glare. People stared at her. She had a way of smoking a cigarette that advertised to the world her supreme indifference to publicity. She was gay and perverse and startlingly pretty. Once Joe Garrison saw her dining with a tableful of celebrities, wearing a spring hat that was far too expensive. She looked at him from beneath its tantalizing brim with eyes that told him nothing one way or the other. He felt himself flushing—a painful red that shamed him more than a shouted confession of his misery—and turning slightly in his chair he stared beyond her. Everyone said that she was doing famously. She had written some short stories and a little volume of verse—very naughty, very modern, very experienced. Joe Garrison bought the slim book and took it to his hall bedroom. He read it with something like horror. Did she believe those glittering falsehoods? Could she believe them? He threw the book out of the window and buried his face in the dingy pillow of his hall-room bed.

And suddenly he was free of Dora Whittlesey's job. Free! He sat up, swung his feet to the floor and grabbed his hat. He had a friend who owned a magazine—a serious, meaty, white-hope sort of magazine that had tottered through the first two years of its existence, nourished by the owner's capital. It was just beginning to walk upright. Joe Garrison ran all the way to the owner's offices on lower Fifth Avenue.

His friend received him in a dingy little room heaped with proof and cluttered with stuffed waste-paper baskets. Joe Garrison sniffed the familiar atmosphere like a war horse scenting battle. He shook hands with his friend and stood before him, out of breath with enthusiasm.

"Bill," he said, "two years ago I called you a fool because you sank your little pile in this business. Two years ago I thought that ideals were a sort of mental malady. I know better. I see what you are trying to do—for yourself and for America. I ask your pardon. And I want a job as office boy. Give me a broom."

His friend stared at Joe with a serious look behind his horn-rimmed spectacles.

"Office boy? This business needs a secretary. Look here. I'm not making a cent, but I have hopes. Have you seen the April number? Look at the stuff I'm publishing! Great! Letters are pouring in from people who like it. Do you see that empty desk over there? My partner walked out because someone tempted him with a brand-new silver dollar. He is going to write soup ads! I'm alone. I was girding up my loins to face the future when you came in. That's your desk. Here's ten dollars. Shake. Go to it."

At six o'clock Joe Garrison floated back to the hall bedroom somewhere south of Washington Square—his feet did not touch the asphalt; he was unconscious of curbstones, busses and motors. He felt again the mystery of dusk, the promise of life, the intoxicating proximity of hurrying, suffering, exulting humanity. New York. Endeavor. Ideals. Something to work for and to believe in. Duty. Oh, glory be to God!

He stopped at a delicatessen store and bought some cold tongue, potato salad and a bottle of beer. Whistling, he climbed the stairs to his room. It was strangely glorified. He looked at the dent left by his tearful face in the dingy pillow and laughed at the memory of himself, beaten, a derelict on the ragged edge of a park bench, hungry sparrows, cracked shoes and despair. He lighted a candle and spread a newspaper on the two-legged table. His mind was humming with projects. He sat on the edge of the bed, speared a slice of tongue with his penknife and laughed aloud. A flash of his old wit came back to him across the waste left in his spirit by the Argonne.

"Poor-little-rich-boy stuff," he whispered.

Feeble, you say? Yes, but it meant that no one could hurt Joe Garrison.

He heard someone coming up the steep flight of wooden stairs to his room—someone who rustled. He knew, even before the knock came at the door, that it was Dora Whittlesey. And it was.

She stood on the narrow landing in the uncertain light from a flickering gas jet, looking at Joe Garrison with her soul in her eyes.

"Won't you come in?" he said, standing aside and bowing a little. He had the half-emptied beer bottle in his hand.

Dora Whittlesey came in with a perceptible shudder. She went over to the table and looked at the newspaper tablecloth, the paper of sliced tongue, the wooden boat heaped with potato salad. She looked at the dingy bed and the flattened pillow. She looked at the wall paper. And the yellow curtain. And the photograph of herself in the khaki frame on the marble-topped washstand that did duty as a bureau. Then she turned slowly and stared at Joe Garrison, Joe Garrison with the radiant eyes and the lean cheeks.

"Oh, my dear," she said suddenly, "I've come to tell you how ashamed I am! And how sorry. I've been such a beast, such a coward!" She put out her hands to him. "I don't want the job. It's yours. I don't want it."

Joe Garrison took her hands. He was elated because they trembled between his in the foolish delicious way of women's hands. And there were tears in her eyes that the audacious brim of her hat could not hide.

"I want you," she whispered. "You. You! I think of you all day and all night. You are mine. My Joe. My sweetheart. That's all that matters. Don't you understand? I am a woman. The job isn't me. The job is what I do with my mind. And I've got a good mind, Joe Garrison! I want to use it. I like success and activity and struggle. Underneath there's me, little and scared and needing you. You've got to understand. Earning money and fighting my way hasn't changed my need of you. I don't need you to think for me or to work for me. You're you and I'm I. We have need of each other—your strength for me, mine for you; your love and my love; your faith and mine; your loyalty and mine. What's a job? Not me! Not my heart."

Suddenly her head went down on his shoulder and he patted her back awkwardly—a little American caress Dora expected and adored because her mother and her mother's mother had been patted on the back in just that way. It meant comfort. Somehow it signaled "I understand."

Presently she lifted her head and made her sacrifice. And her face was very beautiful to see.

"I told the chief. You're to go back in the morning."

Joe Garrison's arms tightened round her. "Go back? I don't want to go back."

"You mean—I can go on?"

"Straight to Parnassus."

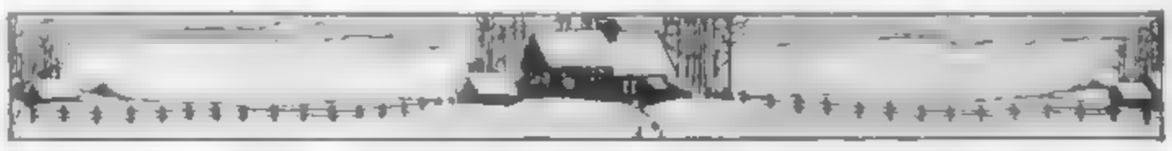
She drew away from him. She looked into his dancing eyes. "Joe Garrison, you've got a job!"

He put his face against hers. "A job—listen!" He whispered—all his plans, his hopes, his beliefs.

He told her of his opportunity. To be part of the new America, a force for good, one of the guiding hands. Not a court jester! Not a cheap cynic! But a worker. A builder. A thinker. A stone in the great edifice of the future.

He drew her into his arms and kissed her. Then he looked into her eyes. They were full of dancing mischief. With her lips against his she whispered. "Watch out, Joe Garrison! I like your new job. I'm going after it."

But Joe Garrison laughed.



POPPY PASSES—By Octavus Roy Cohen

ELLICK PINCKNEY sank twin rows of glistening teeth into a crisp juicy winesap. He relaxed luxuriously in the moth-eaten upholstery and allowed his eyes to dwell with infinite appreciation on the curvy, marvelously garbed figure of Poppy Blevins.

Poppy was extremely restful to the eyes. She was considerably shorter than the elongated Ellick, but Nature and applied science had conspired to make of her a creature desired by men.

She was a woman of culture, of poise and of fascinating élan. Her complexion was a rich chocolate, her wealth of hair a bewitching blend of inherited kink and carefully cultivated straightness. She had wide-open flashing eyes and a vampirish art in using them. Every move was harmony, to which her rich contralto voice played obbligato.

"You sho' is a woman to do any man proud, Poppy!" Ellick sighed.

"Huh! Ain't you men never think of nothin' new to tell a gal?"

"I reckon others is tol' you that befo', ain't they?" he inquired jealously.

"Reckon so." She smiled with satisfaction and placed one laced boot carefully atop its mate while she shamelessly angled for further flattery. "I ain't see whut's so 'tractive 'bout'n me."

"I does," returned Ellick wistfully; "an' I reckon I ain't the on'y one either."

"Meanin' which?" She raised her eyes swiftly.

"Acey Upshaw!" The name spewed from between his lips with a nuance of intransigent distaste.

"Mebbe so he does." Poppy Blevins shrugged.

"I ain't like that man, Poppy."

"Neither he don't like you."

"If'n you an' me was engage' ——" Ellick began hopefully.

"We ain't."

"We was built fo' one 'nother, Poppy. We likes the same things, an' ——"

"Coul'n't git 'em if'n we was married," she retorted practically. "W'en I marries, Ellick, I marries fo' love; but also I is gwine marry a man which c'n s'poht me in the way I been use' to. You know puffec'ly well ——"

"My business is goin' good." He envisaged his tiny shoe-repair shop, with its antique equipment and its perturbing cloudiness of title. "Goin' good," he echoed with less confidence.

"'Tain't your'n!" flashed the girl.

"Will be."

"You ain't never paid Acey Upshaw that last 'stallment, is you?"

"Not yit."

"When you gwine pay it?"

"Pretty soon," Ellick answered vaguely; "soon's I git the money. If'n 'twas anybody 'ceptin' Ol' Acey I woul'n't min'; but that ol' secon'han' imytation of a wore-out firecracker woul'n't give his own mother a stension on a note. He ain't good fo' nothin' 'ceptin' on'y c'lectin' dollars."

"They's worser faults than whut that is, Ellick."

"I was a bohn idjit to buy that shoe shop offen Acey—on'y I wan'ed to git a business of my own, so's you woul'n't haf to marry no man whut hel' a job. An' I'd own it, too, come him to give me a sixty-day stension. I been soht of thinkin', Poppy—soht of thinkin'—mebbe you—him—mebbe if'n you ast him ——"

The radiant butterfly shrugged with vast indifference. Poppy had as little real interest in Ellick's business affairs as she had understanding of them.

"Ise got troubles of my own, Ellick."

"Soht of which?"

"I got a hearin' from my sister to-day. She 'lows my ol' man gotten eight hund'ed dollars from the railroad, 'count'n they cut his lef' han' off; an' they's comin' out heah to make visit with me."

"All of 'em?"

"Whole crowd—mom an' pa an' Lithia. Letter said they was leavin' Sat'day, gittin' heah Sunday night; an' fo' me to 'range so's they c'n boahd whar I is at."

"What they livin' at now?"

"Cha'leston."

"South Ca'lina?"

"Uh-huh! An' they ain't gwine do nothin' 'ceptin' on'y be in the way, Ellick. I jes' ain't need 'em. Nor neither they ain't gwine like it heah, 'count'n they is from Cha'leston."

"Whut that got to do with it?"

"They is two kin's of niggers," the girl answered profoundly—"Cha'leston niggers an' niggers. Cha'leston niggers is diff'ent from other niggers, an' they never fit in nowheres else—scusin' on'y w'en they is caught young, like what I was. They ain't country, nor neither they ain't city. They ain't much of anythin'. They ain't got no style. They talks funny. I reckon they is gwine 'barrass me sumthin' terrible while they is heah, Ellick—'less'n my frien's he'p me out by takin' them offen my han's."

"You ain't shame' of yo' folks, is you, Poppy?"

She shook her head impatiently.

"I ain't shame' of them s'long's they ain't heah. But w'en they is heah I is in bad. I an' them don't move in the same soht of sassiety. How you reckon they is gwine look 'longside sassiety wimmin like Pearl Broughton an' Cha'ity Driver an' Imigene Cumbee an' Ione Segar an' Gussie Muck an' Mallissie Cheese an' Narcissy Moultrie an' Vistar Goins? How you think my folks is gwine ac' 'long with them ladies? Cha'leston niggers ain't got on'y one idea, Ellick, an' that is how long ontwell the nex' meal is. Whut they ain't got is no soul. An' they's more'n a few of these heah wimmin in this town, Ellick, which would be pow'ful glad to sneer at me 'cause my folks ain't swell, like whut theirs is. I reckon my fambly stahted back jes' 'bout'n far as theirs done."

"Even if they ain't travel so fast sencet—huh?"

"Tha's it!"

She paused and glared a challenge at Ellick. He plunged hopefully:

"Now if'n you was married to me, Poppy ——"

"I ain't; an' I ain't aimin' to be. Guess a father an' a mother an' a frowsy ol' sister is 'nuff for one gal without she takes a husban' too."

"Mebbe they ain't on'y gwine stay a few days," Ellick encouraged, sensing the depths of her misery over the impending visit.

"You ain't know my ol' man," she gloomed. "He c'n do nothin' better an' longer'n any man I knows. He is gwine remain heah ontwell that money is all gone; an' then mos' likely mom'll be doin' washin', an' Lithia'll have a job somewheres, an' he won't want to go back. An' as fo' Lithia—she's 'bout as bad. You ain't never saw no gal like what she is, Ellick. All she wears clothes for is to keep from goin' nekkid. She ain't got no mo' style'n a fried oyster. She sho' is diff'ent from whut I is."

Ellick gazed appreciatively at the exquisite Poppy—fashion plate of the colored social set. Poppy's wardrobe was as much of an eight-days wonder as its source was a mystery. No one understood quite how she did it. True, she hired out as a nursemaid and for her undeniably efficient services received four dollars each and every Saturday night. But the wages didn't tally with her wealth of crêpe-de-Chine and Georgette waists, her glorious plaid skirts, her high laced boots, her sheer silk hosiery.

The general public did not know that Poppy's shibboleth was clothes. It didn't understand that she bought her garments secondhand from the young unmarried daughter of the household wherein she worked, or that she cheerfully did much extra labor for the possession of beautiful and one-time expensive garments. Poppy's passion for pretty clothes took the form of miserliness carried to the ultimate, and their attainment was the only goal toward which she was willing to expend effort. In all other things in life she was supine—too jellyfishy even to be described as antagonistic. Of course, with her rainbow raiment was the inevitable perquisite of social recognition; and beyond that twin triumph she had no thought.

Poppy was vividly aware that she was perhaps the prettiest girl in the city's Afro-American younger set. She set an immense value on her looks. And she had deliberately planned to capitalize her beauty by a mercenary marriage.

Had Poppy been governed in the slightest degree by the dictates of what passed muster as her heart, she would long since have returned an affirmative answer to Ellick's constant and passionate avowals of love. But, at best, her affection for him was shallow; albeit it was as deep and unselfish love as she was capable of harboring. Of other suitors she had at least twoscore; but they were ambitionless men who worked as elevator boys, second assistant janitors, salaried taxi drivers, delivery men, with weekly wages ranging from four to eight dollars. They were automatically beyond the pale. Only Acey Upshaw remained with Ellick on the eligible list.

Acey was rich. Acey's dear departed father had owned a small farm adjoining one from which a few drops of oil had been squeezed some three years previous, Acey at that time being the proprietor of the Star Shoe-Repairing Parlor—"We Fix Them Good While You Wait!"—a one-man establishment, with possibilities and little else.

The process of producing a little oil from the innards of the farm adjoining the Upshaw property had been negotiated by a promoter who was a past master in the gentle art of fooling all of the public some of the time. In the enthusiastic rush that followed, Acey's father sold out for five thousand dollars. Some said the shock killed him. Certainly he became entirely defunct.

He was buried with pomp by the Over the River Burying Society, of which he was a past president. The funeral was quite the longest the quiet little country town had seen in years. Acey did his ex-parent proud by generously furnishing a full brass band and refreshments for more than two hundred joyfully earnest mourners. After the brief formalities attendant upon settling the cash estate Acey returned to the city of his choice and branched out as part owner of a flourishing taxicab business.

For a while he clung to the shoe shop, his motives being part sentimental and part practical—he had difficulty in locating a purchaser. Five months previously Ellick Pinckney had nibbled—then fallen. Ellick signed a contract that had been drawn up by a keen negro lawyer, made a small first payment, paid again at the end of a two-months' period, made still another contribution toward the purchase price when four months had elapsed, and now faced the grim necessity for final payment at the termination of the sixth month, distant some thirty days.

The original contract had been drafted in the days when Acey and Ellick were pals, before the sinister influence of rivalry had built a barrier of hatred between them. Ellick now knew that Acey desired nothing so much as the opportunity to retain both the Star Shoe-Repairing Parlor and the money paid out by the unfortunate Ellick.

From the standpoint of the frankly mercenary Poppy, marriage to Acey was a very good thing indeed. True, so far as her personal preferences were concerned, she favored wifehood to the easy-going, good-natured, society-loving Ellick. Ellick was a city product, born and bred. Acey was congenitally provincial and had resided in a metropolitan atmosphere for less than five years.

He was hopelessly enmeshed in the mesmerizing spell of Poppy's radiant personality, however, and promised to be a good thing as a husband. Certainly there was no doubting his ownership of the ducats necessary to supply her with the sensuous comfort of clothes and ease and social eminence that constituted her paramount desires.

Poppy was canny. She was sufficiently fond of Ellick to content herself with a little less affluence as his wife, and so she had cleverly kept the two men dangling while she cold-bloodedly weighed them in the balance. She knew either man was hers on the moment's asking. She reduced them both to the state of mental seethe where each imagined he was pledged to her, while understanding clearly that she was in no way committed to him. Meantime she was content with the joint and several adoration, and smugly cognizant of the fact that their voluntary servitude enhanced her social prestige.

So she had drifted on in a state of blissful lassitude, worrying little about to-day and less about to-morrow, enjoying herself hugely and content to let her destinies shape themselves. . . . And now this had come!

Poppy was exceedingly peevish over the impending visit. She was frankly and thoroughly ashamed of her family. Of her sister she knew little. Lithia had been a wild-eyed, skinny-legged street urchin when Poppy departed from the ancestral homestead in Kirkland Lane; but she knew her parents were uncouth, and destined not only to remain out of the picture of the city's negro society set but to destroy her prestige as well.

Background was essential to Poppy. She was entirely superficial herself and a single false note was certain to beget clanging discord. She affected regal airs and had boasted of her family. She was thoroughly detested for the superiority she assumed, and there were many society matrons eager for a chance to lop off her social head. She knew her bubble was about to burst, which meant, of course, that in order to save her face she would be forced into immediate matrimony with Acey Upshaw—a state she did not particularly desire, despite the obvious and manifold benefits accruing from such a match. There was in her two-bit soul a wee mite of a spark that impelled her to hesitate before relinquishing all hold on the faithful and enraptured Ellick.

As to the inevitability of the family visit, Poppy knew there was nothing to do; and she did it. When the Southern train from Atlanta wheezed under the shed of the handsome terminal station Poppy was there to meet it; and with Poppy were Ellick Pinckney and Acey Upshaw.

Poppy, grim-jawed and angry-eyed, had bedecked herself in raiment of such glory that it promised to dazzle her unwelcome family into immediate and complete subjection. Her hat was a Copenhagen-blue velvet affair, with a red turkey wing and a vermilion rosette. Her coat suit was a rich maroon serge, braided with navy. Her belt was wide and shiny, and crimson. Her waist was the flesh color of white folks. Her stockings were gray silk, embroidered in white; and her twelve-inch laced boots were mouse-colored. She carried an ornate bag made of brocaded ribbon and a jangling vanity set of silver plate.

(Continued on Page 48)

The story of two men who fought in the Civil War

FROM a certain little town in Massachusetts two men went to the Civil War. Each of them had enjoyed the same educational advantages, and so far as anyone could judge, their prospects for success were equally good.

One man accumulated a fortune. The other spent his last years almost entirely dependent upon his children for support.

He has "had hard luck," the town explained. He "never seemed to catch hold after the war."

But the other man did not "lose his grip." He seemed to experience no difficulty in "catching hold" after the war.

The difference in the two men was not a difference of capacity but a difference in decision. One man saw the after-the-war tide of expansion, trained himself for executive opportunity, and so swam with the tide. The other man merely drifted. The history of these two men will be repeated in hundreds of thousands of lives in the next few months.

After every war come the great successes—and great failures

IS your future worth half an hour's serious thought? If it is, then take down a history of the United States. You will discover this unmistakable truth:

Opportunity does not flow in a steady stream, like a river—it comes and goes in great tides.

There was a high tide after the Civil War; and then came the panic of 1873. There was a high tide after the Spanish War; and then came the panic of 1907.

There is a high tide now; and those who seize it need not fear what may happen when the tide recedes. The wisest men in this country are putting themselves now beyond the reach of fear—into the executive positions that are indispensable.

Weak men go down in critical years —strong men grow stronger

IF you are in your twenties, or your thirties, or your early forties, there probably never will be another such critical year for you as this year, 1919.

Looking back on it, ten years hence, you will say: "That was the turning point."

Thousands of the wise and thoughtful men of this country have anticipated the coming of this period and prepared for it.

They have trained themselves for the positions which business cannot do without, thru the Alexander Hamilton Institute Modern Business Course and Service.

The Institute is *the* American institution which has proved its power to lift men into the higher executive positions.

These men have already decided to go forward

AMONG the 75,000 men enrolled in the Institute's Course, 13,534 are presidents of corporations; 2,826 are vice-presidents; 5,372 are secretaries; 2,652 treasurers; 11,260 managers; 2,626 sales-managers; 2,876 accountants, according to figures compiled a year ago.

Men like these, have proved the Institute's power: E. R. Behrend, President of the Hammermill Paper Co.; N. A. Hawkins, Manager of Sales, Ford Motor Co.; William D'Arcy, President of the Associated Advertising Clubs of the World; Melville W. Mix, President of the Dodge Manufacturing Co., and scores of others.

Men, who have trained themselves to seize opportunity, will make these after-war years count tremendously.

You, too, can make them count for you.

Send for this book. There is a vision in it for you of your future

TO meet the needs of thoughtful men, the Alexander Hamilton Institute has published a 112-page book "*Forging Ahead in Business.*" It is free; the coupon will bring it to you.

Send for your copy of "*Forging Ahead in Business*" now, while your mind is on it. You could not seize the chance that came after '65 or '98. But it will be your fault if ten years from now you say: "I could have gone on to success with 75,000 others, and I did not even investigate."

Fill in the coupon and mail.

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Name_____

Business Address_____

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Nor were her cavaliers lacking in sartorial elegance. They stood nervously beside her, wary of her captious mood—Ellick, rangy and powerful; Acey, short, slender and, in the matter of complexion, the least African of the trio. The men wore pearl-gray hats, spats to match, and carried suède gloves and polished canes.

The passengers streamed through the underground passage and up the wide concrete stairway to the exit gates. Poppy watched with anxious staring eyes. Acey saw them first and discreetly fought back a chuckle. "Heah they comes!" he announced positively.

Lithia Blevins led the way, and the combination of a long and tiresome day-coach journey and poor electric lights didn't give Lithia any the best of the deal. She was about the height and general dimensions of her sister, and the contour of her face was pleasing; but she was more than a little haggard and worn, and was wrestling earnestly with two sagging battered suitcases.

Her costume was absurd enough for a stage version of the Yankees' idea of the Southern negro. Her hat was a ridiculous antebellum dun-colored affair, made utterly grotesque by what had once been a feather. Her waist and skirt formed a nondescript combination, mercifully concealed by a frayed coat.

Her hosiery was of cotton and her shoes enormous and too fondly worn.

The parents—"Huh!" diagnosed Ellick privately. "They ain't nothin' but jes' on'y niggers!"

The visiting Blevinses were properly awed by their daughter's elegance, and Lithia shied nervously from the two resplendent escorts. They passed through the colored waiting room and emerged on Twenty-sixth Street, where, at a grandiose signal from Acey, Clarence Carter whirled his taxi to the curb, and they piled in.

The distraught Poppy, terrorized by the certainty that the realization was destined to be even worse than the nightmare of anticipation, took them to her boarding house, where she had arranged to house them during their sojourn so she might have them more completely under her thumb.

Once at the house, Lithia grabbed a suitcase, excused herself, and begged permission to "wash up a li'l' bit." The Blevins parents seated themselves in dumb resignation and Ellick and Acey stood nervously by a window. Ellick winked.

"That Lithia—she ain't spoke ontwell yet, is she?"

"Nope!"

"An' the ol' folks—reckon they is dumb too."

"They ain't never rode in no autymobile befo', I'm bettin'," snapped Acey. "They ain't got no call comin' to a real city."

They turned their eyes toward the dazzled parents—Mrs. Blevins, unconscionably portly and superlatively black; Blevins père, shriveled and wizened, and topped with a nap of close kinky hair. Into the minds of both leaped the same thought: These were the persons from whom the incomparable Poppy was sprung. For the first time they were struck with the idea that Poppy might be something less than divine. They were awakened to the fact that she might have human faults, not the least of which was exaggerated ego.

Poppy slammed into the room, seized her parents' luggage and tossed it unceremoniously into their room.

"Ain't you better go tidy up, mom?"

"Huh!" Mom's heavy jowls quivered with merriment. "Reckon yo' ol' mammy don't need no tidyin' up."

"If'n you want to change yo' dress ——"

"Whuffo', chile? Reckon dis dress been good 'nuff."

"Lemme take off yo' hat. I 'clare, mom, you is still wearin' yo' winter hat!"

"Gwan, gal! I been wearin' dat hat fo' five yeahs. Ain't nothin' wrong wid dat hat. If dey was it would of done wore out befo' dis.

"Miss Farrington, whut lives on Tradd Street, gimme dat hat; an' her is quality folks. Reckon I is gwine be wearin' dat hat fo' 'nother five yeahs."

She might have rambled on indefinitely, but Poppy impatiently cut her short. She heckled her mother and she snapped at her father until finally Mom Blevins could stand it no longer.

"Lis'en heah at whut I is sayin', Poppy Blevins: Yo'd better keep a civul tongue 'tween dem lips o' your'n or dey's gwine be plen'y action roun' whar you is at; an' you sho' gwine know all 'bout'n it. I ain't 'low no nigger gal to talk to me like whut you is been doin'. An' if'n my own daughter tries it —— Huh! 'Twouldn't be de fust time I tanned you!"

Poppy flounced from the room. She wanted to think things over. Obviously she had started off on the wrong tack. Her strategy needed alterations. She sat moodily on the edge of the bed; and meantime Lithia reëntered the parlor.

The two men sat up and gasped audibly. Lithia had undergone a transformation. She was wearing a clean gray skirt and a white shirtwaist that was alluringly open at the throat. Her hosiery was cotton and her shoes brogans—but somehow the men forgot that; they were looking at the newly brushed crinkly hair and the—the —— Oh! Lithia was smiling that was the keynote of the transfiguration.

Lithia had a way of smiling; it seemed to lift her in a trice from the commonplace to the ethereal. And with the change of clothes she had acquired an ease of manner just sufficiently tinged with modest diffidence to intrigue Ellick Pinckney's interest. She was a new and interesting type to him. Also, she was sufficiently like Poppy in face and figure to pass immediately as a beautiful woman. But the beauty of her face was different. There was an unsophistication—a softness—which Poppy did not have.

She carried a pillow from the sofa and placed it behind her mother's head.

"Feel comfortumble, mom?"

Mom sighed.

"That shuah is good, Lithia. Mebbe yo' pa ——"

Pa glanced nervously about the room.

"Kin I?"

"Shuah!" laughed Lithia encouragingly. "Heah!"

She fished in his pocket and produced a reeking corncob pipe and a sack of granulated tobacco. She filled the bowl and tamped it expertly. Then she held the match and he puffed contentedly. Lithia turned toward the men.

"Pa ain't hisse'f without he ain't got his pipe," she explained.

"I—I bet you is a good cook," commented Ellick, without understanding what prompted the remark.

The girl laughed musically.

"Reckon I is—kind of! Mos' Cha'leston niggers cooks good."

"Y'ever work out?"

"Co'se! I is cook fo' some quality folks down to de Batt'ry."

"Poppy ain't much of a cook. She's mostly sassiety." Ellick sighed.

"Ain't she beautiful?"

"Kinder—like what you is. An' they say she's a good nu'se. But, cook! Huh! On'y thing to eat she ev' made fo' me was some wonder san'wiches."

"Wonder san'wiches?"

"Yeh!" He grinned. "You wonder whar the meat is at!"

Lithia threw back her head and laughed ringingly. Ellick liked to hear her laughter. He racked his brain for something else funny. He glanced round for Acey and found that gentleman deep in conversation with Old Man Blevins. As for himself, he didn't particularly miss Poppy.

"Ain't nev' been to no big city befo', is you?"

"Nope."

"Reckon I is gwine haf to show you the sights. This is a pow'ful fine town. How 'bout gwine to a movie with me to-morry night?"

Lithia glanced apprehensively toward Poppy's door. Ellick intercepted and interpreted the look.

"Tha's all right with her. Me'n Poppy's sich good frien's it's sorter up to me to show her sister a good time."

Lithia accepted the invitation with alacrity; and when Poppy returned to the room fifteen minutes later she found her sister cozily ensconced in a corner with Ellick Pinckney. She shrugged with regal indifference and attached Acey Upshaw unto herself. If her plan of campaign was to inspire Ellick with jealousy she failed miserably—at least so far as outward appearance was concerned.

Ellick and Acey departed at the same time. They walked together to the corner because their paths happened to lie in the same direction, and not because they liked each other. But when Acey would have passed on Ellick stopped him.

"Acey?"

"Yeh?"

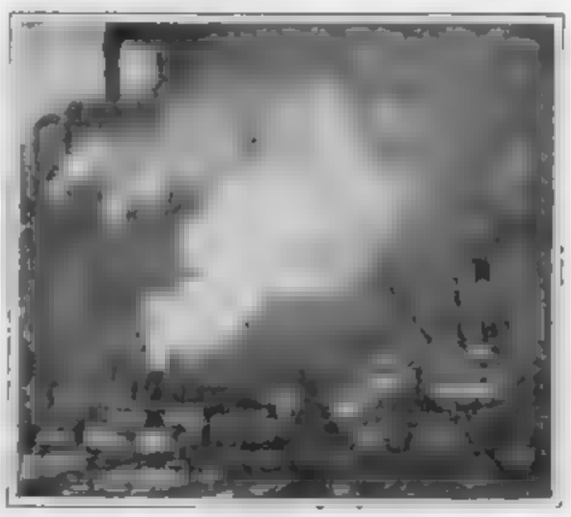
"'Bout'n that money I owes you on the shoe shop ——"

"Whut 'bout it?"

"I needs a sixty-day stension."

"Huh! Reckon stenaions ain't my business, Misto Pinckney."

"But if'n I ain't got the money ——"



"Tha's yo' lookout, Misto Pinckney. I is got plen'y good s'curity an' a contrac'."

"But you is a'ready been paid mos' all whut is due."

"Mos' all ain't all. You is got thutty days to pay the rest of the balance; an' you take my adwice an' do it. Tha's all whut I is got to say 'bout'n it. Good night, Misto Pinckney!"

Acey turned away and Ellick watched his departing figure forlornly. Ellick was decidedly up against it. It was, of course, patent to him why the needed extension was refused. Sans business, Ellick would be placed with the matrimonial also-rans and Acey left alone on the eligible list; and of the fact that Acey wanted Poppy there was no doubt. Nor did Ellick blind himself to the certainty that Poppy was the sinister motivating influence in Acey's detestation of him.

Ellick, too, coveted Poppy for better or worse; he was enthralled by her exotic radiance and had aspired to her for so long that it had become a habit. More—Acey's dislike was reciprocated with interest, and therefore the winning of the delectable Poppy would constitute a personal triumph of no mean proportions.

On the other hand, Ellick's little shoe business meant much to him. He was an expert shoe repairer and had long been ambitious to possess his own business.

The following morning he carried his troubles to the office of Lawyer Evans Chew in the Penny Prudential Bank Building, the nine-story office structure that was the pride spot of the town's civic center.

Lawyer Chew listened attentively, a portentous frown on his face, his long slender fingers toying with a writ of garnishment that lay on his desk.

"You say you is got a contrac', Brother Pinckney?"

"Uh-huh!" Ellick produced from an inside pocket a frayed and thumb-marked document. "Heah 'tis."

Lawyer Chew arranged horn-rimmed spectacles on his nose and perused the paper meticulously. At length he laid it aside and cleared his throat.

"You—er—is in a bad way, Brother Pinckney."

"Ain't it the truth?"

"I sispic' this contrac' was drawn up by Lawyer Artopee Gaillard—wa'n't it?"

"Sho' was!"

Lawyer Chew tchk'd commiseratingly.

"Too bad! Too bad!"

"Wha's too bad?"

"This heah contrac'. Ise afraid you is in a bad way, Brother Pinckney."

Ellick passed a red handkerchief across a perspiring forehead.

"Lis'en heah at me, Lawyer Chew: I ain't come to you fo' to heah I is in bad. I come to learn how I c'n git out."

"W'en a 'torney ain't got no more conscience than whut Lawyer Gaillard is got ——"

"You mean they ain't no way outen that contrac'?"

"None whatever."

"But Lawyer Gaillard said ——"

"It don't make no diff'ence what he said, Brother Pickney. In—er—a contrumversy in which a written instriment is concerned they ain't no oral testimony allowed to be intrumduced to modify or explain that which is wrote, same bein' a provision of the Statute of Frauds calc'lated to 'liminate to a minimum all chancet of persons bein' *particeps criminis* when they is a mutual and seve'al desire to break said contrac' as hereinbefo' mentioned."

Ellick shook his head dazedly and came up for air.

"W'en you c'lects a fee, Lawyer Chew, they ain't no client gwine say you ain't gave 'em 'nuff words."

"Whut I mean is," explained the counselor with dignity, "that what anyone said when this contrac' was drawn don't make no diff'ence whichsoever. Whut is wrote an' duly attested therein is all which you is interest' in; an' said contrac', which I now hol's in my hand, says that you is in a bad fix."

"But, s'posin' I don't raise that las' payment, does he git his business back an' all whut I is paid out to boot?"

"Unfortunately he does. Ordinary he woul'n't; but you is had the wrong procedure from the staht. Whut you should have done was to transfer title to yo'se'f an' give a mortgage; 'stead of which you is done contrariwise."

"Contrariwise how?"

"You signed that contrac' of yo' own free will an' unblemish' volition, Brother Pickney; an' thereby you is gwine haf to stan'. The money whut you is paid out stan's in the light of an option, said option being forfeited autimatically an' in toto cas'n all payments ain't fo'thcomin' on the day which they is due on."

"Oh, Lawdy! An' they ain't no way out?"

"No—not onless, fo' a c'nsideration properly wrote an' inserted into this heah document, Misto Acey Upshaw'd be willin' to exten' ——"

"If'n Acey Upshaw owned all the gasoline in the world, Lawyer Chew, he wouldn't give me even a smell."

"You mean you an' him ain't friendly?"

"I an' him is lovin' the same lady, Lawyer Chew. I reckon that makes you on'erstan' it somewhat better now—huh?"

(Concluded on Page 50)

A Raisin Pie!—*Ask the Men Folks*

LET the men folks think of some of the daily foods, and save yourself that bother.

Say to them now, "Would you like a raisin pie?" and see how quickly they assent.

Then buy that pie at your grocer's or bake shop, asking for California Raisin Pie.

You have never tasted a sweeter or more delicious dessert. Neither have the men.

Your suggestion will please them. And since the pie is *ready-baked for you* the *suggestion* is all you will have to *make*.

Doesn't that sound attractive for the evening meal tonight?

Made with Sun-Maid Raisins

These luscious pies are being made in the modern ovens of your finest local bakeries.

They are made with Sun-Maid Raisins, sweet, plump, juicy fruit-meats of rare flavor and high nutrition.

Raisins are 76 per cent fruit-sugar, in practically predigested form. They provide 1560 calories of energizing nutriment per pound.

Eggs supply 720 calories. Beefsteak furnishes 1090 calories. So raisins, you see, are a prime energizing food.

Digestible too, because of that fruit-sugar. Where is a better dessert to serve?

Order Now

Speak to your men folks now and suggest this pie, then telephone your dealer.

You'll be able to have it often. It will delight the whole family. And its nourishment is cheap.

California Raisin Pie

Made with SUN-MAID RAISINS

Also California Raisin Bread and Victory Penny-Buns

In ordering raisins for home use always get the Sun-Maid Brand. These raisins are made from California's finest grapes, and are packed under the most cleanly conditions in a great new Sunshine Plant. They come to you as immaculate as if you had put them up yourself

Ask your dealer for Raisin Candy. Good and good for you.

Ask bakers and grocers for California Raisin Bread also. This popular bread is made with Sun-Maid Raisins. Note how delicious it is with Sun-Maid Raisins. Let your family try this bread.

CALIFORNIA ASSOCIATED RAISIN CO.
Membership 9,000 Growers.
Fresno, California.

Three varieties Sun-Maid Seeded (raisins remaining Sun-Maid Seedless (grown without seeds); Sun-Maid

Clusters (on the stem). All first-class dealers sell them. Raisins are inexpensive. Take advantage of it.

(Concluded from Page 48)

Chew nodded sagely.

"It is clea'er; much clea'er. I see it with infumately greater cla'ity. Could you borry this money elsewhere?"

"Not hahdly—'specially like if, whut you says, the title on the shop ain't mine. Ol' Semore Mashby might lemme have it ordinary, scusin' the other day w'en I was laughin' at him on account whut 'Rias Nesbit done to him 'bout'n that di'min' ring of Elzevir's. You know, him an' Cass Driggers bought a autymobile ——"

Chew grinned broadly.

"I've heard about it. How about Flo'ian Slappey?"

"He'd mos' prob'ly loant it to me in a minnit, but he ain't heah. He's went to N'Yawleens fo' a month. Now if'n you had some extry cash ——"

"I is a lawyer, not no money lender, Brother Pinckney."

Ellick rose abruptly.

"You ain't so durn' much of either! W'en I come in heah to see you I ain't had much hope. Now I ain't got none!"

Ellick was supremely gloomy during the balance of the day. Business was returning expenses and a small profit—more than enough to provide a fairly comfortable living for himself and an economical wife; but somehow he was unable to get sufficiently ahead of the game to raise the cash required within thirty days by the adamantine Acey Upshaw.

Acey was always a hard man to deal with, but never harder than in this particular instance, where the *grands passion* had entered the game. The encumbrance against Ellick's business was a handful of trumps, which Acey was playing expertly, secure in the knowledge that nothing but cash and plenty of it could save Ellick from business disaster.

Nor was Acey particularly worried over the fact that the girl of his choice preferred the rival—other things being equal. He knew that other things were not going to be equal, and realized that with Ellick reduced to a job he should have a clear road to her hand.

And Acey desired Poppy as he had coveted few other things in his life.

He took her to the movies that night and swelled with triumph when, in the lobby, he nearly collided with Ellick Pinckney and Lithia Blevins. The contrast between the sisters was striking. Lithia looked pretty—no denying that; but she lacked the style, the poise, the urbanity of Poppy.

Ellick experienced a slight twinge of jealousy at sight of Poppy on Acey's arm, and was surprised that the jealousy was not stronger and of longer duration. Perhaps, he thought, it was because the surest road to Poppy's heart at present was by way of taking the unwelcome and hopelessly provincial sister off her hands. Perhaps —— Well—dawg-gone it!—Lithia was Poppy's sister, and the sister of such a glorious creature as Poppy couldn't help being interesting.

Across the creamy crests of ice-cream sodas the deliriously happy Lithia and the surprisingly contented Ellick chatted.

"You is sho' a pretty gal, Lithia."

"Huh! Poppy's the pretty one."

"Oh, she's swell, in co'se."

"Poppy is change' considerumble, Misto Pinckney."

"If'n she was ever like you she sho' has."

"She ain't like the Cha'leston niggers no mo'—not a-tall."

"You ain't got no call castin' 'spurchuns on Cha'leston niggers, Miss Lithia—not if'n you is like 'em."

"Dey is a' right, I reckon. Co'se dey ain't high-tone', like what Poppy an' her frien's is."

"High-tone' ain't ev'ythin', Miss Lithia. They's other things which counts bein' willin' to work, an' a good cook, an' not too stravagant an' all like that."

"Mebbe you is right, Misto Pinckney. But me an' Poppy sho' is diff'ent."

"Bless Gawd!"

"What you mean?"

"Nothin'! Nothin'! On'y if'n they wa'n't no diff'ence in folks, Miss Lithia, they wou'n't be much interestin'—tha's all what I means."

"Tha's sho' the truth, Misto Pinckney." She drained her glass and rose. "Ise got to be goin' home."

"Home! A'ready?" He arched his eyebrows.

"Yeh. Y'see, sence his accident, pa ain't much'able to do things fo' hisse'f an' mom, she's so fat, he don't like her footin' roun' him. So I sort of looks after him."

"Ain't that a heap of trouble?"

"Trouble ain't no wuss whut you thinks it is, Misto Pinckney. It's thinkin' makes it hahd."

Lithia was prominent in Ellick's dreams that night. And the following evening, when Acey Upshaw—at Poppy's suggestion—took Lithia under his wing, leaving Ellick to the more resplendent sister, Ellick discovered, to his surprise, that he was discontented. And when, on alternate nights, he escorted Lithia to movies and dances and municipal band concerts he became more than ever impressed with the striking variation in type that may exist in a single family.

In brief, Ellick discovered that he was not only liking Lithia more but Poppy less. Lithia was broad figuratively as well as literally, and she had a fine noble conception of the husband's position in the domestic realm. She realized, for instance, that the wife should work and contribute her earnings to the general fund; that, no matter how affluent the husband, the wife had no right to squander his money for worthless clothes and fancy folderols. She believed that a wife was created for the sole purpose of ministering ceaselessly to the creature comforts of her chosen man. And into Ellick's mind there seeped the idea that it was Lithia and not Poppy in whose arms he should find contentment.

He longed to go to Acey and relieve that gentleman of the alternate evenings which Poppy forced him to spend with Lithia; but he didn't do it. Ellick's evenings with Poppy became things of torture to him—first, because he had plumbed the depths of Poppy's selfish nature; and, secondly, because he writhed with consuming jealousy at every thought of Acey's bland smiling face close to that of the adored Lithia. And he was afraid that his request might result in open hostilities in case Acey exhibited a disinclination to agree.

"I ain't min' takin' Lithia out mo' evenin's," he informed Poppy one evening.

She flashed him a sharply suspicious glance.

"Reckon you don't—not by the way you ac's, anyways."

"Now, Poppy—you is the 'sinuatinest woman! They ain't nothin' atween I an' Lithia—on'y I kind of thought mebbe yo'd ruther be with Acey Upshaw."

"Huh! I ain't sayin' I would an' I ain't sayin' I woul'n't. But I'll say this much fo' Acey—he ain't fickle like whut you is. Acey would ruther be with me than with Lithia. She's ignorumt an' ——"

"I reckon you is gwine say Acey is smaht 'nuff to see that an' I ain't—huh?" Ellick said testily.

"You is at libbity to take whut I says any way you likes, Misto Pinckney. This heah is a free country. You an' Acey is diff'ent kin's of men. He ain't havin' his haid tu'ned jes' cause'n a gal looks at him sof' an' tender. Lithia is went to yo' haid, Misto Pinckney."

"I ain't kickin' at yo' goin' with Acey Upshaw, is I?"

"'Twoul'n't do you no good if'n you did."

"Reckon you'll be sayin' nex' you is gwine marry him."

"I ain't sayin' I ain't."

Ellick felt he should be broken-hearted. Instead, he was surprised by the feeling of relief that surged over him.

"You always has loved Acey more'n you has me."

"I ain't got no respec' fo' a man which is done whut you has done."

"Meanin' which?"

"Went an' forsook me fo' a country nigger like Lithia jes' cause'n she makes cow-eyes at you."

"Tha's yo' own bohn sister whut you is tradoosin', Poppy!"

"If'n I cain't talk against my own sister, who c'n I talk against? I asts you that, Misto Pinckney. Whut I was gwine say is that Acey ain't never lost his haid."

"Acey ain't got so much haid to lose," retorted Ellick angrily. "An,' furthermo' an' also, if'n you p'efers Acey to me I reckon I ain't gwine raise no howl."

"I does p'efer him!" Poppy flashed. "An' if'n yo'd ruther be with Lithia ——"

"Reckon I would." Ellick rose slowly. "Ise gwine marry Acey. So there!"

"Reckon I ain't cryin' ovah that, Poppy Blevins. Lithia's the kin' of wife I wants."

"You go an' git her, then!" raged Poppy. "Go on an' git her—you no-'count, lowdown, wuthless nigger you! Whut you think I cares 'bout'n a man like whut you is anyways, w'en I c'n git one like Acey Upshaw? You an' Lithia is two of a kin'; y'orter be raisin' cotton on a plantation 'stead of livin' in a city. They ain't enough sperrit in the two of you to run a kerosene lamp. Ise wishin' you good day, Misto Pinckney! An' w'en you sees Acey jes' tell him Ise waitin' fo' him—tha's all! Jes' tell him I wants him."

Ellick Pinckney made his exit with as great dignity as was possible under the circumstances. Once outside, he threw back his shoulders and inhaled a great breath of relief.

For the first time in three weeks Ellick Pinckney was happy. For the moment he almost forgot the imminent fall of the Damoclean sword that hung suspended over his little shoe shop.

He had admitted for many days that Lithia Blevins was the woman with whom he wished to share the joys and sorrows of the balance of his life; but thought of Poppy terrified him. Poppy, he fancied, was in love with him and would perhaps insist on marrying him whether or no. He now felt he was free.

The sensation was exquisite. He had effected a miraculous escape from a life of servitude to a shallow, selfish, vain woman.

There was also more than a little satisfaction in Poppy's genuine anger, for by it Poppy had shown plainly that she did care for him. Acey was a good-enough second choice. But he smiled sardonically as he recalled her bitter request: "W'en you sees Acey jes' tell him Ise waitin' fo' him!" Grand-stand stuff!

Suddenly Ellick Pinckney stopped short. His lower jaw slowly sagged; his eyes opened wide; his lips expanded into a grin and a chuckle issued from between his lips. And finally he slapped one broad palm resoundingly against his thigh.

"Dawg-gone!" he chortled. "Ise bettin' fo' bits 'gainst a hole in a pair of shoes that it'll work! Ding-bust it!"

The idea was inspirational and splendidly logical. Ellick strode down the street with shoulders swinging triumphantly and an interminable chuckle agitating his cheeks.

The more he thought it over, the funnier it was and the more certain of success. There wasn't a flaw in the scheme. Acey wanted Poppy, did he? And Poppy—spurned by Ellick—desired Acey? And Ellick needed Acey's good will? The circumstances dovetailed into a perfect whole.

Acey Upshaw rose hurriedly as his dark and particular aversion breezed into the office and slammed the door.

"What you want?" demanded Acey curtly.

Ellick forcibly banished from his face all semblance of happiness and in its stead summoned a visible lugubriosity, which had more or less effect on the man opposite. Then Ellick sighed. He was an artist at sighing—was Ellick.

"Acey," he opened, "me an' you ain't been lovin' one 'nother much lately—is we?"

"No"—shortly—"we ain't."

"We useter be good frien's, Acey."

"Useter ain't is."

"Frien'ship is the Lawd's noblestes' gif' to man—Rev'end Arlandas Sipsey say that in chu'ch yestiddy."

"I don't 'ten' his chu'ch."

"Now Acey —— Anyways, I been thinkin' whut a shame 'tis we is done discomtinued from bein' frien's like whut we useter be."

Acey was vaguely impressed, but suspicious.

"Whut all this mean, Ellick?"

"It means," sighed Ellick, "that I is done saw the errer of my ways, Acey; an' I is came to you with the han' of frien'ship outstretch' in forgiveness. I is came, Acey, 'cause'n we is 'lowed a woman to bust in between us ——"

"I ain't 'scussin' wimmin with you, Ellick Pinckney."

Acey stiffened.

"Lis'en heah to what I is sayin', Acey: You an' me is been lovin' the same gal, ain't we?"

"Yeh."

"An' us both jes' wants to see her real happy, don't we?"

"'Pendin' on which ——"

"'Pendin' on nothin', Acey Upshaw. I says to myse'f, I says, if'n I loves a lady I wants to see her happy; an' if'n she c'n be happier with you than whut she c'n be with me—why, I reckon I woul'n't be much of a man if'n I ain't tell you. Ain't it the truth?"

Acey gasped. He was beginning to get the drift of Ellick's conversation and was astounded by the display of magnanimity.

"You—you is been talkin' to'her?"

"Yeh"—sadly. "I lef' her no mo'n fifteen minutes ago."

"Why you is come to me?"

"Acey Upshaw—that they gal don't no mo' love me than she loves Semore Mashby. The man whut she is lovin', Acey Upshaw—is you! It's done busted my hea't to tell you this, Acey; but we useter been frien's, an'—like whut I done said—if'n it'll make her happier to be yo' wife I guess Ise man enough to let you know that she is waitin' at home fo' you to come an' ast her will she marry you."

Acey's head wabbled. He braced himself more firmly that this epochal display of altruism and self-sacrifice might not fell him.

"You—you is comin' heah to tell me she loves me—an' I is to marry her?"

"Uh-huh!"

"You is sho'—sho' 'bout that, Ellick?"

"Ain't she done tol' it to me less'n fifteen minutes ago?"

"Geemanety!" Acey's hand shot out. "Whut you is said 'bout'n frien'ship sho' is the truth, Ellick Pinckney. It's the noblestes' thing whut man is got; an' Ise proud we is frien's again."

"Bless Gawd!" intoned Ellick fervently as their hands met and clasped.

"Amen!"

"Jes' like ol' times, ain't it, Acey?"

"You is a noble frien', Ellick Pinckney! An' I is mean an' small. I is shame' of myse'f we'n I thinks of how I was gwine squeeze you outen that shoe business ——"

"Don't you worry 'bout'n that, Acey. Even if you takes my shop away from me, like whut you is got a legal right to do, I ain't gwine raise no howl. 'If'n yo' brother paste you on one cheek, give 'im a shot at 'tother.' Tha's my motter whar my frien's is concerned at, Acey."

Acey brushed one hand across his eyes and seated himself at the desk. For a minute he wrote busily and then extended a paper to his friend.

"I is learn' my lesson, Ellick. They is a stension on the business fo' ninety days, marked fo' val'able considumration. 'Tain't gwine be writ in the Heavumly Book that Acey Upshaw wa'n't man enough to meet a frien' halfway."

"You is a good man, Acey. An'" glumly—"they is yo' hat. Go an' make that gal happy, Acey. Make her happy. An' my blessin's go with you!"

Acey departed swiftly and Ellick followed him to the street with his lips parted in an unholy smile of triumph. He almost convinced himself that he had done a noble and generous act. And it had worked. Ye gods, but it had worked! He was rid of Poppy, repossessed of Acey's invaluable friendship, held a ninety-day extension on the business, and—last and most important—had cleared for himself a path to the hand of the divine Lithia, with its promise of matrimonial bliss.

Ellick walked slowly down the street toward the house where the Blevinses boarded. He was feeling very, very much at peace with himself and the world. He was positive that by this time Lithia would be at home.

He turned in at the gate, which hung limply on a broken hinge. The door opening from the tiny veranda into the living room was ajar. Ellick tiptoed across the porch and pushed the door gently. He entered the room.

Then he started back; for the room was already occupied.

It was occupied by a man and a woman, and the woman was tightly clasped in the arms of the man.

The man was Acey Upshaw! The woman was Lithia!

And Acey joyfully welcomed the unfortunately successful matchmaker, who gazed in pop-eyed horror at the illuminating tableau.

"It's fitten you should be the fust to congratumiate us, Ellick," he said, "'cause they never was no nobler deed than whut you done in sendin' me to Lithia w'en I knowed you was lovin' her yo'se'f."

"You—you mean you an' Lithia is engage'?"

"It was you done it, Ellick. If'n you hadn't of tol' me 'bout her bein' in love with me I never would of had the nerve to prepose. Ain't you gwine be happy with us, Ellick?"

Ellick nodded slowly, vainly striving to reconstruct a shattered cosmic scheme.

"Yeh; Ise happy! On'y —— My gosh, Acey, you sho' does work fast!"

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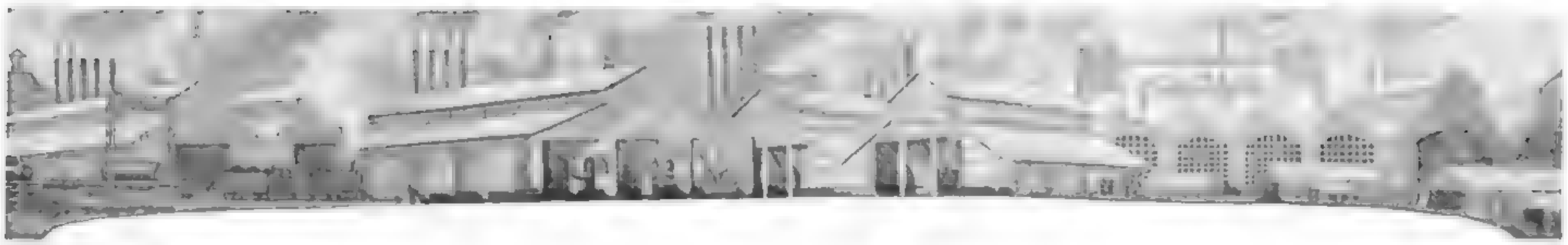

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NOTHING TO WEAR

MISS FLORA McFLIMSEY GOES SHOPPING IN PARIS

By Mary Brush Williams

IN PARIS during the past eleven months I have frequently made an observation. "If I could just get out to Chicago," I have wailed, lamented, protested, supplicated and raged, "I could get some clothes!" In the noise of air raids and between shots of the long-range cannon I have made this protest, which may seem to those in America not only irrelevant but strange. Why should one ever think of our country in connection with costuming when she is living in the capital of fashion for this planet—in the one place in the universe where beautiful clothes are supposed to grow wild?

I can only answer that I never said the words that I did not precipitate a stream of sympathetic and corroborative utterance in whatever party I chanced to be. The circumstance, therefore, may perhaps justify elaboration, analysis—and a question. With all its acknowledged excellences, is Paris perfect in its art, its salesmanship and its production of the styles? If an American woman longed for Chicago when she was trying to buy in Paris the thing in which Paris is supposed to excel the world, does it not almost indicate that Chicago—and by Chicago she meant America—might have something to contribute to the great art in which we all acknowledge that Paris is supreme? Does it not suggest once again that two heads are better than one? And, as a corollary, that two great friendly nations had better try to work together than in rivalry?

These semiprofound questions I am not shooting at random into the air. They have a basis in something important, with which even I came in contact in a small way. Several times I had the statement put to me unofficially that it was up to us Americans to buy more French fashions than ever before, in order to give the French nation the dollars for the copper and the reconstruction materials they are thinking of buying from us. Business men mentioned it less informally, at the same time showing figures which demonstrated that Germany, England, South America, and even little Switzerland, had bought more French fashions than we before the war. It did not matter then; but now—they were desolated; they were at our mercy for pig iron! And where was poor France to get the money to buy pig iron from us if the ladies of the pig-iron district did not buy fashions from France?

When I had this proposition put to me I had ever an answer at hand: "Here is one American who stands ready to put you in the way of buying a little pig iron by purchasing one costume complete. I will even help defray the national debt in a small way by not trying to side-step the ten per cent of tax. Yet I have to extract my clothes from you as if you do not wish to give them up."

I was by that time famous among a little set of Americans for my wardrobe—which I was trying to get. What in the world are you buying? demanded men and women alike. Is it a belated trousseau? Won't you show us your clothes? What did you get to-day? The wardrobe consisted of one hat, one dress, one coat; and I had to carry the dress out of the country in a box because it did not reach me until the trunks had gone.

French Dread of the Copycat

"YOU will simply have to tell them you are leaving town day after to-morrow," advised a woman who is an old customer of France. This was some six weeks before I had the slightest intention of going. "They are in terrible confusion, and you will never get your things otherwise."

So they were in terrible confusion; and I hesitate to draw deductions from any operations of theirs during that demoralized period which closed the war. Still, even then they were always talking about my buying more fashions when I could not collect what I had already ordered, and their operations were marked by manifestations that I gathered were not temporary but characteristic.

In the first place, I almost had to carry my credentials with me to get into some of the establishments. They are afraid you might copy something! Madame Saurer, of Switzerland, wife of the maker of the Saurer automobile trucks for the Allies, buys practically all her clothes at one place. It is regarded as the smartest house in Paris. She thinks nothing of ordering ten or twelve costumes at a time.

When I was frantically trying to get together a wardrobe she wished me to look there; but she cautioned me not to go until she could tell them. She had even taken me one day, but was afraid they might not remember that. So she called up her *vendeuse*, told her to tell the doorman I was coming, and to pass me. And would the *vendeuse* look out for me? I was to ask for her personally. My friend wished them to be at least decent to me. I must hasten to append that they were. But this is a place for selling things and not the mansion of the President of the Republic. Imagine having to be socially introduced into Fifth Avenue shops!

One of the Most Beautiful and Celebrated Jeunes-girls of Paris

At another Maison I managed to jimmy my way in. A friend who lives in Paris went with me for fear I did not know French well enough to manipulate so difficult an operation. I took with me another friend, who wished to see the styles. This was Miss Mary Young, an American actress. She was open to persuasion to buy something, having been at the Front for a year playing before audiences of soldiers, without even ever the suggestion of a new costume. The three of us stood in file in the dark hallway, and we figuratively stuck one foot inside the door while we explained that I was a friend of Mrs. Very Chic, at the Ritz, who was a customer of theirs.

When we got in, Miss Young's frank admiration of everything almost upset the establishment. She ran round inspecting the few articles that they kept out from under cover. The little flimsy, close-fitting jet cap—she tried it on. It would be so nice for the theater! The perfectly sleeveless white silk dress, with a white coat over it of the same material! She pulled back the coat ever so daintily to get a notion of what that queer-looking, long, lined dress was like. What in the world would one do with it? Could one wear it on the stage? Wouldn't it make a sensation in America? And that lovely embroidered tunic—wouldn't it be gorgeous in blues?

I should not think it would have been difficult to sell her something; but, as a matter of fact, they could not even sell me anything. They could scarcely keep their attention on running a flow of mannequins before me, displaying the dresses I was searching for, so engrossed were they with eying Miss Young, because they thought she was going to copy something.

It is almost an obsession of the French mind. The dressmakers used to tell me what a frightful time they had with the Germans, who stole their models. They would come into the shop in the guise of retail customers, buy a costume or two for every possible occasion, and fly with their store to Germany, where they would reproduce the wardrobe word for word by the thousands, scattering them over Canada, England, the colonies, Switzerland and Spain before the French could show their original models there. The Germans went to the Auteuil races with their cameras and photographed the hats at this fashion-festival opening. Again, before the French could show their own wares, the Germans had them on the market in neighboring and far countries. That was the story told by the French themselves.

German Competition

WHEN I reached home the other day I related this to the head of one of our smartest costuming establishments. He went me one better on my own story: The Germans had the costumes in Paris, selling them to the stores before the *couturiers*—or the big dressmakers—could take the expensive orders of their high-class trade for these very models. The French have complained that we, too, copied; and before we went into the war they said that our wholesale business was depriving them of profits they should have. It was a situation similar to the other, except that we supplied principally our own country, and nobody ever accused us of stealing anything.

If they object to this, why have they not started a *confection* or manufacturing department of their own where they could cut out a hundred sleeves at a time by machinery? Why haven't they organized it on such a scale that they could laugh at occasional copying? If they actually have not wished to do this, why do they mind if anybody else, short of a German, has? They had more business already—on my personal experience I could testify to that—than they could turn out by the piece. Why, under those prosperous circumstances, did they mind if the remainder of the world got the benefit of their wondrous art?

At any rate, why did they not get some more effective preventive measures than merely to watch the innocent Miss Mary Young and myself, making us feel uncomfortable in their shops? American girls were always asking likely persons whether they knew a *vendeuse* in such and such a shop, and if they would mind having their names used as reference, so they could get in. When I tried on anything I had a list of applicants who wanted to go with me, so they could get to look at some clothes. Perhaps I am prejudiced in favor of my countrywomen, but I was one of those who thought they ought to be well received. If the French make clothes better than anybody else, nobody shows them so superbly as our women.

But one can scarcely think how they are going to prevent foreigners from copying their models when they have never been able to prevent copying at home. The *grand couturier* is always struggling against the small *couturière* or dressmaker copyist. If the *couturiers* could unite in anything it would be to fight her.

When I got to Paris a friend took me to a small shop to have a copy made of a famous and very expensive hat. I did not altogether like the proportions in which my copy was made. Later I found an original model in a *grand couturier* or smart exclusive shop, which I thought just suited me. I bought it, and one day wore it round to the small modiste to ask her whether she could not reproduce in her model the thin line round the crown. I pointed out to her the perfectly obvious truth which the French are ignoring this season, that a woman's head should look small. Before I could get my corrected hat back my friend who had introduced me there had a copy of my original model in her possession. The small modiste had evidently been wishing all during the fall to get that creation in her hands!

But is there not some way of copyrighting original designs to prevent such pilfering? I have been told that

a scheme for something like this was once proposed, but the smart shops feared to deposit their models. To an extent they will, of course, always be the victims of copyists. All artists are. If their creation does not suggest ideas and start movements it is not big art. But if the French could only perfect some protective system, they could then laugh at the occasional vulgarizing of a sleeve.

Meantime they wished Americans to buy more. Would they, therefore, like America to coöperate with them toward the end of being able to do this? If our high tariff kept them from exporting *ad libitum* to our country, they might perhaps arrange to sell to certain firms exclusive models, with rights for duplication, at a price proportionate to the merchant's profits.

While getting my clothes I asked for the heads of two shops, with a view to putting this project to them. I was returning to America and could carry any message of theirs. Surely the business men, who seemed really worried over the condition of this basic industry of the French, would be pleased! One of the women I asked for was resting in Spain, and another was resting in St. Cloud. I should have said that it was the very height of the fashion season, and if they were American women they had better be on their jobs.

I wrote a note to the woman who heads the *syndicat*, or trade union, of the *grande couture*, and asked for a visit with her. She did not reply. When we were about to leave for America I dropped into her shop one afternoon. At the head of the stairs I was met by the reception committee. Who had sent me? What did I want there? Did I know anybody? I modestly stated my purposes and gave my husband's card. Madame was not in; she saw people only by appointment. Would I write?

Surely I would if they would give me a pen.

It would be time enough to write it at home and mail the letter, they mentioned indifferently.

Not for me would there be time enough; I left town the day after the next to catch the first outgoing boat for America.

Very well, then; I could drop in on the following afternoon. If Madame chanced to be there they would tell her.

I went. She was in; she saw people only by appointment. Would I write a letter? I would not—I was negotiating with exactly the same people I had seen yesterday. I was leaving town the next day. I wished to know whether she cared to send any message to my home regarding the possible promotion of trade relations in her industry between her country and ours.

The girl took my message and returned. Madame sent word that she saw people only by appointment made by letter. Would I write?

This transaction took place against a distant background of a gray-toned rich salon, where men in uniform and ladies lounged in antique armchairs, round softly tinted walls. They watched mannequins, with hair piled high, show short evening dresses rising above French-heeled slippers and display long lines of white skin fore and aft above the low-cut corsage. The scene was quite lovely; but I was not invited to a closer view. During the whole transaction I was left standing on the top stair. Such is my contribution, complete and accurately narrated, toward promoting international trade relations.

Bored Models and Saleswomen

ONE afternoon, after I had succeeded in ordering something from a smart house, I dropped into it in passing and sat down in their display salon. My soft-toned armchair was opposite the big door to the room. Across the hall I looked at a far different scene from the brilliant spectacle about me. There was a bunched group of veritable kitchenettes of fitting rooms, some occupied by mannequins hastily dressing for the display of costumes, and others by customers. All the doors opened on the same small hall, as did also the door of the big workroom. The one leading in from the street likewise gave on this small passageway. In the mazes of that construction the designer for the house fell over the head bookkeeper and the mannequins collided with incoming customers.

Beside me sat an American buyer for some large house. He was giving a wholesale order in the same room where I had commanded my coat at retail. The mannequins showed us a like degree of perfectly uninterested attention. One after another they entered in their high tight skirts, with their short brisk steps, and they stood before the different little groups in succession all the while looking out over our heads. They lend their presence but not their soul to the enactment of their task. The successful mannequin never features anything. She shows simple morning gowns and gorgeous things for evening in the same unemphatic manner.

It used to constitute a popular entertainment in our circle to go to the fashion shows. We patronized them instead of musical comedy. A small American commission, headed for Italy, volunteered to delay their trip if I would get them into the fashion show.

On this particular afternoon I was conscious of that American buyer, and he of me. Did he get things for the same prices I did? They seemed outrageously high for me to pay, but for him who would reproduce them *ad libitum* and *ad infinitum*—would they sell him my coat model to reproduce? He was thinking: "They charge me more than they do her; and we're both Americans; and I buy thousands of dollars' worth and she only an occasional thing." That was not what he said, however. Looking over at me, he laughed and commented: "We grab off what we can here!" These words could almost stand for the theme of this article—the keynote of our international relations: We grab off what we can!

The French, with their many gifts, have not quite our talent for organization. This truth, with its corollary—an overcare in conserving a restricted product—may keep us from buying as extensively as we should be glad to do. But these are not the only hindrances I encountered in promoting trade relations.

I did not get the impression that they were universally interested in their work. In the shop where my friend and I had been so cordially received I managed to unearth a dress that I decided I should like to order from. I might just as accidentally have discovered it in a museum so far as any particular service went in finding it.

In a day or two I went back to carry the glad word that I was going to be able to buy something from them. It was just twelve o'clock and I met my beautiful *vendeuse* on the stairs. She was with another, the head woman of the establishment. When she saw me she made a little subdued

PHOTO BY PAUL B. PIRIE

A Paris Mannequin

gesture of throwing up her hands. I told her my errand: I wanted to order one of her dresses, price considerably over a hundred dollars, and so simple that my American-French friend, who wedged me in there the first time, was afraid, if I were lunching in a hotel, I should be obliged to come home and recostume myself before appearing. I had no intention of doing any such thing, but you can figure out for yourself how elaborate was this expensive dress.

The *vendeuse* expressed herself as being pleased with my patronage; but she never turned round on the stairway. Would I come back that afternoon after three? I agreed that I would, but made the mistake of getting there at two-forty-five. "Mademoiselle Eloise!" exclaimed the reception girl in amazement. "Mademoiselle Eloise never gets back from luncheon before three!" I should hasten to mention that many of the *vendeuses* take their luncheons in the shop and are on the job for long hours daily. This was one of the most celebrated of her trade in Paris, and she typifies less the attitude of the salesgirl who is on a commission than of the heads of the shops.

Meantime I had edged my way into another house. It was more accustomed to doing business with Americans, and was therefore less difficult. Just the same, a girl I knew had taken me there in the spring, and then abandoned me because she had another engagement. They thought I was either a spy or a very unimportant person indeed. They paid no attention to me; and I went out I might have bought my spring wardrobe there, as well as the later one for autumn—but that is not the topic up for discussion now. On this fall morning, after I had got in with proper introductions, credentials and passport, I met the designer for the house.

"Who," I gasped to my *vendeuse*, "is that chic thing?"

A slender, short-skirted, dark-haired, very foreign-looking girl appeared like an apparition from a big private room and stepped nimbly toward the desk in the hall.

"Madame Renée." She went and fetched her.

"I am mad about your dress!" I said immediately.

It was of pale-gray cloth and fell loosely in a tunic from the shoulders until it suddenly ceased in even fullness above a short tight underskirt of the same gray cloth. The inevitable shoe-string belt of the material eased round her uncorseted waistline and tied very loosely in the back, with its unornamented lines falling almost to the knees.

Madame Renée lightened in appreciation and peaked her eyebrows. It was just new. There was a cape—*une cape*—that went with it. Would the *vendeuse* fetch it? The girl came back with the word that it was not finished. Well, Renée had to have it for luncheon. Would the *vendeuse* take them the word? She turned to me. There was a hat. It had a feather—darker, but of gray.

She talked to me with an assured social manner, as if we were at a reception, but with an art—it was of the hands, the shoulders, the eyebrows. I spoke of a friend of mine whom she had costumed. Oh, yes; the lady had been very difficult at the start. She wanted things fluffy and white round the neck; but evidently Madame Renée had whipped her into shape. She talked to me about the things I had ordered, objected to the blue lining, and stayed by me until I countermanded the order in favor of beige. Then she was gone.

A Dog to Match the Feather

SO YOUNG, so chic, so artful, I reflected! Could it be that she designed all the important costumes of that big establishment? It was my favorite house.

"Does she draw?" I demanded of the *vendeuse*. What had been her training?

"Oh, no; she pins the fabrics on the living models. She used to be a *vendeuse* down in the lingerie."

She was a self-made girl. In those days, of course, she was merely Mademoiselle Renée; now she had lifted herself to the dignity of being known as Madame. She must have a clever head!

"For her designs," contributed the *vendeuse*, as if reading me, "she consults the ancient documents."

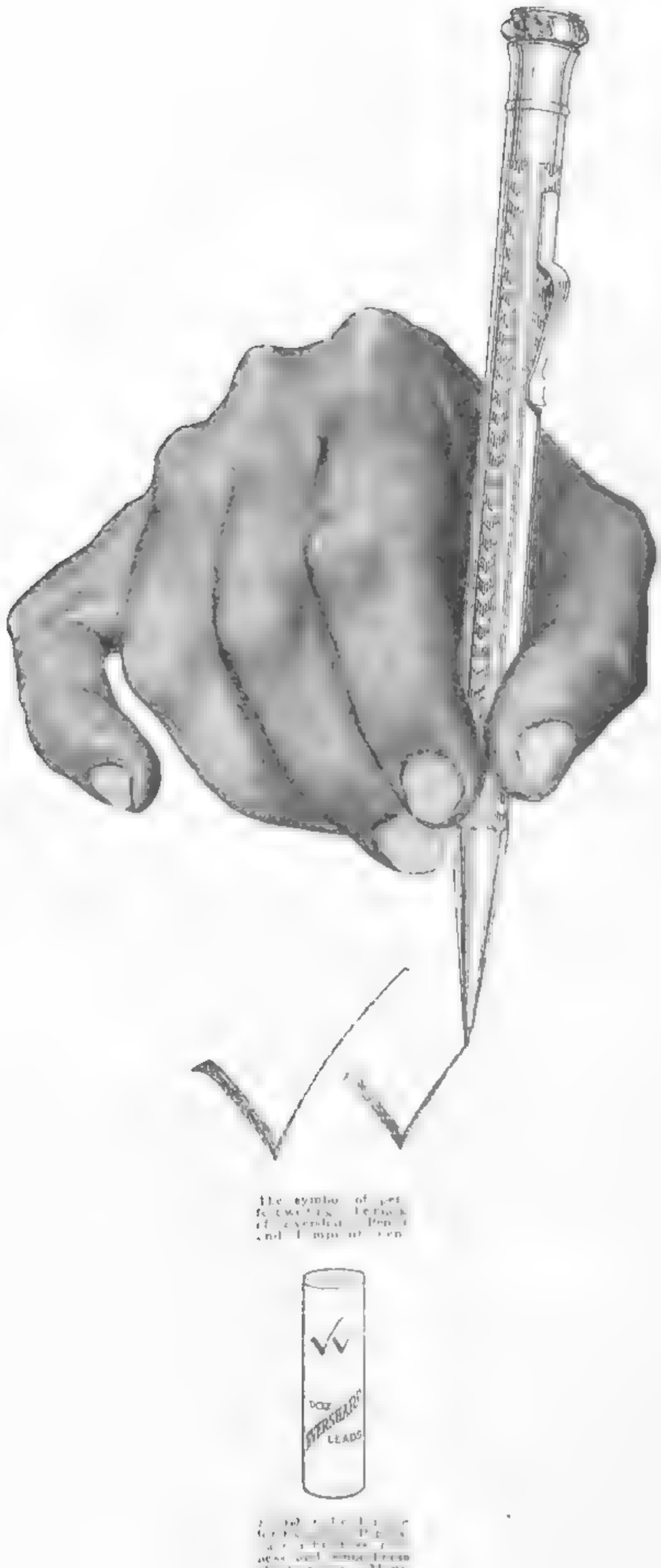
She was an artist, and therefore not a time-clock worker; quite rightfully. Still, the morning I met her was the one on which I tried to order my dress at twelve o'clock at another house, and was turned away. That afternoon, when I was turned away again at a quarter before three, I set about my own business of trying to run down some orange marmalade for our Continental breakfast.

Up the Rue St.-Honoré I walked, past the Rue Royale, and suddenly I encountered a small sensation. The little door of a small restaurant opened—the sort of restaurant you do not know about unless you have been in Paris for a long time—and from it emerged none other than Renée. Her gray cape had been finished for that luncheon, as she had commanded, and she huddled herself in it. She likewise wore the hat; and under her arm she carried a little dog that matched the feather, which was of a darker gray.

She was all art—was Renée. Every movement was studied. She ran with little, mincing, self-conscious steps to the limousine at the curb—with the rest of the world, outside of the military, walking—and she was followed up closely by her companion, a mustached French officer in blue uniform. All the cabbies along the street were exclaiming that there was Madame Renée, and I was as much obliged to her for the treat as they were. But, considering my experience with the celebrated *vendeuse*, I indulged the observation that the heads of the *couture* in Paris did not apparently observe long hours in the busy season.

The little experience brought with it a passing thought: Who constituted these big houses? Did any of them have any personality for anybody, I asked. Madame Saurer knew something about one. Three sisters had started it. Their business had enlarged until it was now encompassed in a vast rich mansion, every little room of which was decorated, complete, in a manner—in a period. Walls were quilted in silk; curtains hung in blending layers

(Continued on Page 57)



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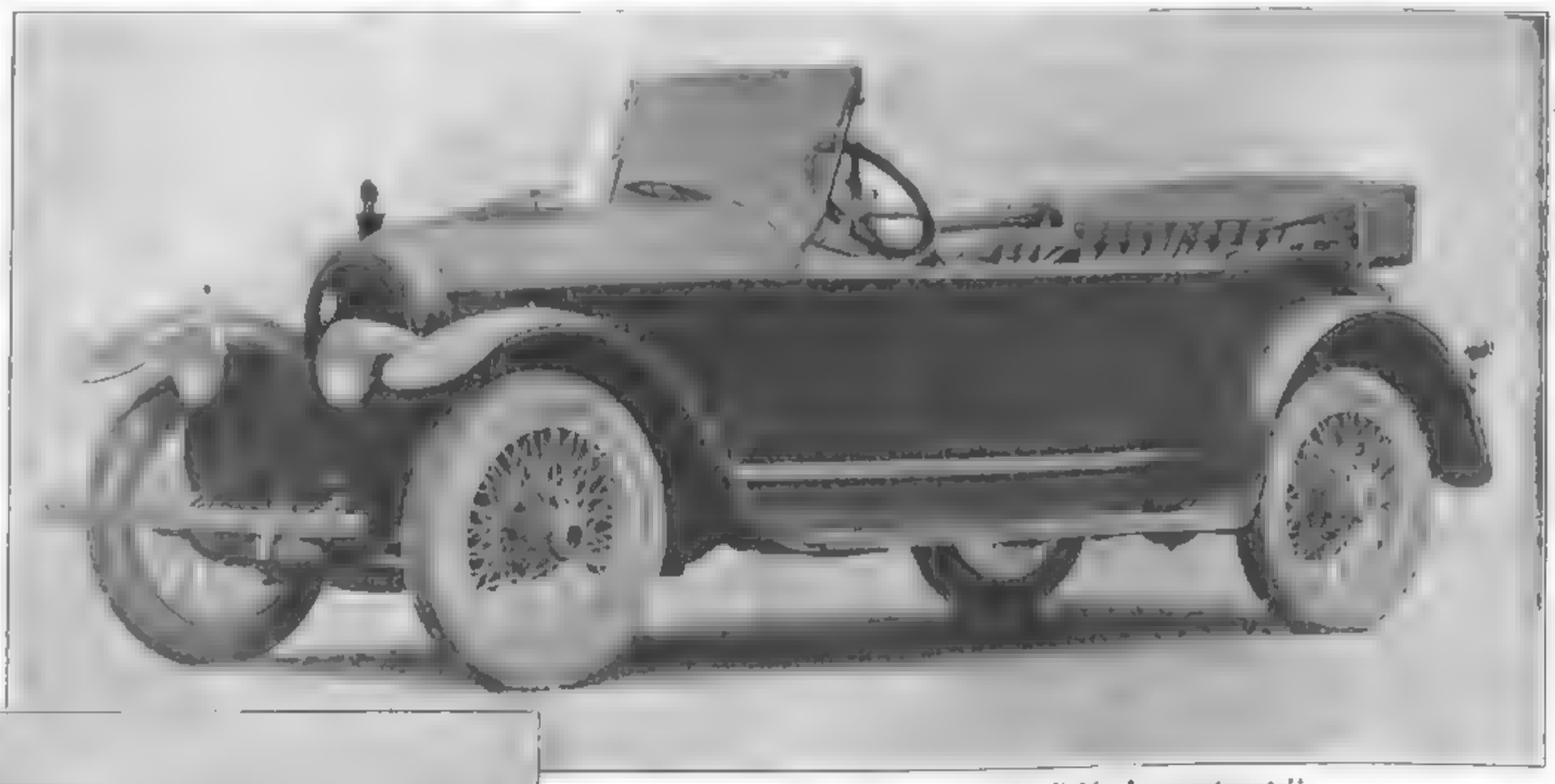
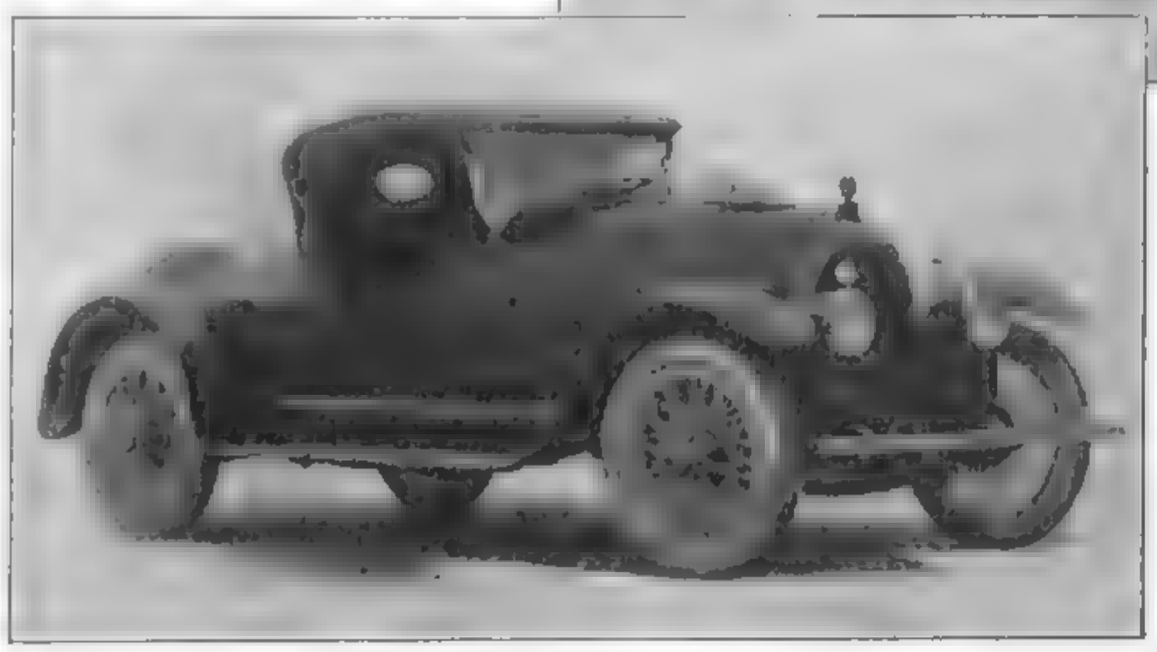
The war is now over, and our battle for Right and Justice has been won. Our faces are now turned toward the ideals of Peace-time—of serving the American people with the same loyalty that we served the American Government

It is our purpose to make good automobiles, to supply that trade calling for a better car—a car of individuality of design, detail, finish and appointment. To that end, we will concentrate on one passenger car chassis, namely, the custom-built chassis with several body styles, making such betterments as have been necessary to create it as nearly one hundred per cent perfect as possible

The prices will be moderate, yet always consistent with material and labor conditions—consistent to enable us to maintain that class of mechanical perfection, with bodies of personal refinement and appointment, necessary for a class product—consistent to enable us to use only the best materials and methods, treating such materials to insure long life—consistent to enable us to have as near one hundred per cent perfection as possible. The All-Year Car, which has made possible motoring in comfort during all twelve months in the year in the same car, will be continued on the same custom-built chassis.



"Quiet elegance and individual appointments"



"The Aristocrat of the Speedster type"

When our government called for assistance, we gladly offered our plant, organization and facilities, even to sending to the Front about two hundred and fifty men. When we were asked to produce large daily outputs of trucks on very short notice, we first thought the task insurmountable, but with the American spirit of concentration, co-operation and hard work, we were able, in a few months, to do what previously seemed impossible.

It is with the same spirit of enthusiasm and co-operation that we are now proceeding with a definite ideal ahead of us.

As You Would Build It

Since the war, there has been created a class of automobile critics who "design" their own cars, theoretically speaking They inspect the cream of Europe's designs at the Salons—they view the best efforts of leading coach-makers—they visit the Nation's exclusive automobile show rooms, looking for their ideal automobile—one possessing the best features of all the custom-made motor cars. Where in one instance exclusive body lines are desired, it may lack the quiet elegance and individual niceties of the imported models, still another model may have that exclusive atmosphere of the hand-wrought artist, but lack a chassis distinguished by the performance standard and service range of some other make. And so on—

With twelve years of advanced engineering progress, construction standards and body building innovations back of him, Kissel set about to produce a strictly custom-built car, combining in one model all the chassis and body features which the motor car connoisseur would demand if he himself were designing a car for his own use.

Three Objects Attained

Three objects had to be attained: first—wartime economy of operation and maintenance that proved such a surprise at a time when conservation was the Nation's war cry and still is today; second—peacetime efficiency to meet the increased pace which the present reconstruction period demands of everybody; third—after that point of development had been reached which practically offered no further advance in efficient and economical performance, a superior force of craftsmanship was employed to produce a really custom-built job in every particular

Masterpieces of the 1919 Shows

The result brought forth the new Kissel Custom-Built Silver Specials—the reception accorded these masterpieces at the Chicago and New York Auto Show is now a matter of automobile history—the 4-passenger Tourster in Silver Blue, hand-wrought with the same skill and technique that characterize the custom-built job—advanced chassis construction—exclusive body building—superior mechanical excellence—a composite in body design of those unique and distinctive features which mark the custom-built motor car costing thousands of dollars.

The 4-passenger Speedster, finished in Chrome Yellow—an inspiration in motor car designing—an example of custom-made work at its rarest—the aristocrat of the speedster type—4 seats, 2 over the running boards—with the new Kissel custom-built motor that develops 61 H. P at 2300 r. p. m. Dynamometer test.

In addition the Kissel Custom-Built Six will be built in a moderate priced model—a 7-passenger Standard Open Touring, with all the vital custom-built features

This new model, the result of exhaustive experiments in body designing and construction ingenuity, will strike a new note in motor car design and mechanical excellence, possessing those accoutrements found only on custom-built cars.

Among the exclusive custom-built features are bullet shaped headlights of powerful radiance—an unusually attractive radiator of the semispherical design, the most expensive in America; ventilator in the hood operated from the driver's seat to keep motor cool in summer and permit gas fumes to escape before reaching occupants; a long, racy hood with an unusually wide, graceful dash and a skylight that permits light and air; distinctive rounded windshield, silver trimmed and set at a rakish slant; straight-line body; unusually wide doors; luxurious seats, with that of the driver sliding forward and backward; attractive rounded body-rear; in fact, a car that belongs on Fifth Avenue, Michigan Boulevard and Riverside Drive—perfectly at home among the exclusive and high-priced imported thoroughbreds. The quiet elegance and individual appointments, together with exclusive mechanical features, make a double appeal to people of discernment

The new models are mounted on the Kissel custom-built chassis, the result of twelve years of brilliant engineering achievements—replete with those features that combine efficiency in performance with economy of operation

Wherever chassis strength is required, it is there in reserve. The finest grades of heat-treated steels are employed. Dimensions and weight of each and every part are made consistent with perfect safety and proper balance. Frictional surfaces are protected by the most liberal use of the finest bearings and bushings.

The Kissel-built axles are famous for exacting service and particularly adaptable to the power and speed of the new custom-built motor. Rear axles are uncommonly efficient and responsive to every emergency. The Kissel brakes are incomparable and exclusive in the new models Both brakes are external, doing away with the noise and wear and tear typical of internal brake mechanism.

The new Kissel custom-built motor is of the high speed and high efficiency type—bore 3 3/16", stroke 5 1/2".

New All-Year Models

The All-Year Car, Kissel's original idea that changed the motoring habits of a Nation—by giving in one car the utility, style and completeness of two cars—will be built in two or three new models and mounted on the new Kissel custom-built chassis

Kissel dealers in all the principal cities are showing the new Kissel Custom-Built Silver Specials to those men and women whose discrimination is the result of years of motor car ownership—whose judgment is that of the connoisseur. Literature on request.

"It makes a double appeal to people of discernment"

KISSEL MOTOR CAR CO.
HARTFORD, WIS., U. S. A.

(Continued from Page 54)

of softness. Strands of little artificial French silk flowers garlanded the ceiling. But these sisters were now quite old.

That is all I know about it—just a word that I have heard in America. But my first thought was for the big house. Would this mean a serious blow to them to lose the girl who was their former *vendeuse*, who now made designs by "pinning the materials on living models" and got her ideas by "consulting the ancient documents"? Would they have another such prodigy at hand to take her place?

The business men of France had mentioned that they were going to try to organize and extend the schools of design and needlework in order that there might be a steadier flow of available talent into the big houses and an elaboration of the industry for which the land is known. At that moment it seemed to me rather to rest in the hands of caprice. Many of the minor establishments, so far as I could gather, were the joint organization of husband and wife. In some, a pretty young girl was the head of the plant. In one apartment that I entered, a piece of French lingerie hung on a peg at the front door, just at the height where the lacy edge of it brushed your shoulder as you entered.

Backed by the Textile Trade

These small *couturières* sometimes displayed unusual talent; and then they rose to great and international prestige. I am sure there is nothing in this that is not very estimable and right. They say that many of the big houses are backed by the silk trade and other fabric manufacturers. I do not know. At any rate, I never heard that the *couturiers* were anything but perfectly reliable; and yet the whole fabric has seemed a little unorganized for stable international relations.

But I was going to mention one or two other circumstances that make buying clothes in Paris difficult. One afternoon I launched my favorite remark about Chicago as a costuming center, and the conversation that followed would indicate that others felt the same way.

"I got it at ——" The speaker mentioned one of the most expensive houses in Paris. "I've had it two months and a half, and have never worn it on the street. I put it on and take it right off again. The other day I got all dressed up in it, even to hat and gloves; and Jeanne said: 'Why, Mrs. Very Rich, you can't go out on the street looking like that!' So I took it off. They're so busy dressing Miss ——"

What house is not? It takes more establishments to costume her and she wears fewer clothes than perhaps any other living person.

"I had some more pearls put in my necklace; he charged me twenty-five thousand dollars for one! I thought it might make my dresses more becoming round the neck."

Forgive us for the type of our conversation. The American wounded had not yet begun to come into the hospitals and we were living under a good deal of strain just then in Paris. We needed relief from it, if only in our conversation; and we were even then working on Belgian baby dresses, plain and durable.

"You know, they won't let you wear white round your neck—the way American women like to. She made me have the coarse brown material right up to my throat; and she said: 'You don't want white; it's so countrified!' They don't allow us to pay the slightest attention to what's becoming."

"They skimped the material too. You can see the coat binds me round the neck."

I had precipitated quite a conversation. It had spread all over the room. From a far corner I overheard:

"And I told Jeannine she would have to call them up and tell them I should simply have to have the model it was made from. I simply could not wear the dress. It was stuffy. You know the figure this year is a low, chunky, thick-set silhouette; and I—a tall American woman—simply decline to look like that, no matter what they are wearing in Paris. The model was a little big for me; so it made me look fairly slender and long. But, in spite of my cries and protests, they made me short and fat!"

The beautiful actress pronounced her verdict. My friend, Miss Mary Young, spoke up:

"Well, I have been here for eleven months, playing for the soldiers, and I have no intention of buying a rag until I get home. America is the only country that can costume me."

She was the creator in Boston of the leading rôle in Common Clay, and was co-star with John Barrymore in Believe Me, Xanthippe, as well as being the leading woman in the principal Boston stock company for eight years; and she never costumed a rôle in Paris. "French clothes made for Americans—and perhaps by them—are the loveliest clothes in the world."

The conversation will bear a very brief analysis. We in America go on the assumption that the customer must be pleased. The French *couturiers* apparently figure out that they are right and the customer must be dealt with summarily. They will not let us have white round the neck, though all the other peoples, regardless of their differences of opinion on law, economics, the League of Nations, and what ought to be done with the Kaiser, agree that white is the most becoming thing a woman can wear round the neck.

Somebody complained that they made her look short and thick. The French make the figure conform to the style and not the style to the figure; and without very great difficulty you cannot get them to change their ways.

"They skimped the materials," protested someone. The French are used to counting the francs, and their bank is their stocking. Now that they are depositing certificates instead of sous, they look out for the small coins, even when it means ultimate sacrifice in large sums.

"French styles adapted are lovely for Americans!" Miss Young hit the keynote; but the French are not very adaptable.

We, indeed, are the great adapters. Why not let us cooperate? But I, for one, was sure they did. All of us at that assemblage represented small retail purchasers, and we complained that they were busy dressing opera singers.

But, after all, a singer was not such an intensive buyer as one of our American houses. I missed their point of view, and I was going home.

On my arrival I went to one of the smartest places on Fifth Avenue. It was vaguely suggestive of the establishments in Paris, except that it had no mellowing background of age. The large, richly furnished display parlors occupied a floor. An elevator shot one up to them. I smiled in memory of the little rheumatic lift in Paris that slowly creaked one to the *entresol*—that is, when one had time to wait for it instead of running up the stairs; and the elevator boy, who was likewise the doorman, told you how badly his grandson had the grippe.

In this elegant place on Fifth Avenue the background obtruded a little more into the foreground than in Paris; the thick carpets were less worn, the soft hangings slightly more flaunting of their lovely blends. There were the same soft shirred cart wheels of pillows, with a button in the middle. The mannequins were nice girls, but they did not look as if their job came so easy to them as did the little, weird, wriggly ones of Paris. Our girls were larger, and they seemed more enmeshed in their work. They took seriously the business of walking across the floor.

Someone sent for one of the heads of the house, and he came to greet me. I told him I was just back from Paris.

"I think I saw your man over there buying. Would he buy wholesale in the same room with me, who only got two things?"

Wholesale and Retail Prices

"Oh, yes," he laughed; "the only difference between their wholesale and retail, I think, is that they charge a little more for the wholesale. When those costumes arrive I'll show them to you and tell you what I paid for them. You may remember what they charged you."

He thought he was getting something put over on him. I was sure that something had been put over on me. They let me buy in his market at his prices. They charged him only what they charged me, and he was buying because he was going to make money on his investment.

I remembered an anecdote I heard in France about a Spaniard who bought a certain kind of machine in New York, instead of getting it from the agent in Spain, because it was cheaper in this country. When he came to set up the machine in Madrid he found a certain small part missing from it; and he wrote to the factory in Detroit. When the export manager got that letter he communicated with the agent in New York. What he said was that the agent should not have the commission on that machine, because it must go to the man handling it in Spain; and he reminded the New Yorker to stick to his own territory.

If the French house sold me the models it gave to its big New York customer, why did it not demand of me the price he would be obliged to charge with the duty on it? But, above all, why did it sell that model to me at all? At least they were careful, I reflected, how they repeated models to houses.

"When you buy models, does no other house in your country get them, no matter how many they sell to the houses of South America, Holland or Italy?"

"Not at all. Sometimes five big houses, within a few blocks of each other on and near Fifth Avenue, will come home with exactly the same things. We all have paid traveling expenses to get them; we all have paid high prices for the models; we all have paid duty—and we have exactly the same thing."

I recalled that, years ago in Chicago, we had all witnessed the spectacle of a Chicago lady and Mrs. Reginald Vanderbilt turning up at the horse show in exactly the same French costume. When interviewed on the subject, one said she had bought it on Fifth Avenue and the other on a cross street.

"You do something of a wholesale business here. Are any of these people sitting round me buying for the Seattle trade?"

"Oh, no. We have what the French call a confection; but it is on the other floors."

I had seen the name of the house designated on the neat new glass windows, rising tier on tier above the retail display floor. It looked like the very concrete exemplification of organization, and reminded me, by contrast, of the scene I had witnessed where the mannequins collided with the customers and the designer got in the bookkeeper's way. I recalled that place to the head of the American house.

"They do not do any confection business at all. The biggest wholesale business they do is with buyers like ourselves, from South America and the other countries."

"But why don't they?"

I remembered the complaint of the French people that they were not realizing enough money on their great industry.

"They are artists," he defended them, "and individualists. It would be very difficult for them to work together."

I complained of the vast indifference I had encountered. I mentioned that I had gone in once from Neuilly and found they were not ready for me. He said, without complaint, that sometimes he had gone from America, having written them of his proposed visit, and yet they had not got models together to show him.

"It must be very unsatisfactory?" I tried to provoke him into further observation.

"Oh, the Americans got a great deal out of it. The dresses they bought often fell to pieces immediately. They were not always sewed round the hem. But the buyers browsed round the shops, just as I did, and felt that they picked up a great deal more than they could ever pay for."

"And they do not buy very much?" I hinted.

"As much as they can," he replied promptly.

They would buy more, if possible. Indeed—he handed out a gem of information—he himself was going over almost immediately to open an office in Paris and try to help them organize so Americans could buy more!

"Did your house ever think of opening a confection in Paris?"

Well, they might—possibly. But the French would object to it. He had thought he might, if they would permit it, assist them to organize one of their own. His great desire, and that of the rest of the *couture*[1] in America, was to organize them for trade with ourselves, so American retailers could get what they wished with the minimum of waste, expense and trouble.

A Dubious Venture

A magnificent demonstration, this, in points of view. They say that in art no production has equaled Browning's The Ring and the Book; but in life I had never met any exhibition of it more perfect than this. Some of the business men of France were reproaching me because my country did not buy more from them; and my country was going to try to put them in the way of selling more to us.

"I should like to know how it turns out!" I exclaimed with a certain thrill.

"Come and see me later; but I can tell you just as well to-day—it will fail! You cannot get them to organize."

He made me think of something the business men of France had told me: They, too, lamented the absence of organization in this basic industry of theirs. Before I left they were discussing plans for a central export selling association for all the *couture* of France. The project, so far as outlined, was that there should be a *Comptoir Central*, or central selling place, where each *couturier* could deposit his models, with a price on them to be determined by the house. If buyers came from outside countries to the individual establishment it could show its models, but should say, when approached as to price and purchase: "You must go to the *Comptoir Central*. The number of this model is such a one."

As for the retail trade, it would have to be arranged not to conflict with the larger business.

Either the house would have to decline to sell these models to the individual, or would have to dispose of them at a price to protect the importer in his country.

But these business men of France did not seem altogether sanguine of their project. Doubtless they knew, as did this merchant of another country, the racial characteristics that would make it impracticable.

I had an illuminating talk with a New York fashion expert, and I felt that I recognized the immortal truth when I heard it spoken. Nevertheless, on his own recommendation, I saw others in the same business as himself. All of them corroborated his words; and all of them made another pronouncement with which I was not quite so entirely in sympathy.

They said that America would henceforth be independent of France in the matter of fashions; that these four years of self-reliance had demonstrated to us that we could create our own styles.

I looked round the magnificent shops and was not quite in accord with the statement. The materials in the dresses were so lovely and the workmanship so perfect, you knew the hem would not rip and trip you the first time you wore the costume. But there was a certain absence of that evanescent, elusive, beguiling quality we call chic.

No! I, for one, was prepared to admit that we were not independent of France for our fashions. I was convinced that, just as London is the financial center of the world, and all the wars of history have not disturbed her ascendancy, so Paris is the world's capital for styles; and death, desolation and rapine cannot take her priority from her.

On the recommendation of the head of a big house I went to see one of the partners in a large confection for women's dresses. The junior partner was the man I was recommended to see.

He is the type of busy American who finishes wriggling into his coat as he advances to you in the reception room and demands facetiously: "What can I do you for?" The last words of his interview he calls to you as he vanishes through his private door to answer the telephone.

"I understand that New York has become a style center during the last four years," I began jocosely. "We are going to be independent of Paris ——"

"Yes—we are not!" he protested hotly. "If So-and-So, and So-and-So, and So-and-So on the Avenue have been telling you that, why don't they go ahead and create something? They have had a chance for four years and they haven't put out a thing I'd copy. Besides, now that the war is over, every last one of them is headed for Paris!"

When Oracles are Silent

He pointed to his library. It consisted of three tiers of long wide slim books.

"Over there," he elucidated, "they look through historical records and adapt the ideas they get. Well, I bought these volumes. They cost me thousands of dollars. But the things I adapted from them are a sight!"

This man had been "consulting the ancient documents," like Madame Renée; but to no such advantage. I have not an idea that she ever spent a penny on a volume. She hugged herself into her gray cape, tucked her little gray dog of a darker shade under her arm, and took a seagoing cab—or an officer's limousine—for the Sorbonne. And the American designer—disgusted with his adaptation of history—took a boat for Europe to consult the results of Renée's consultations.

He thought the French *couturiers* were lovely to get along with. Sometimes they disappointed him by not keeping engagements and having nothing ready for him to look at; but in that case he called again. You could not hold them to rules; they were artists. Did he get guaranties, exclusive rights—or any rights at all? No—none; absolutely none. Why should they concede him anything? They didn't have to.

It developed in the conversation that this designer has continued to go over at least once a year throughout the war. I fancied that I could detect signs of this in his establishment. Nobody else had *vendeuses*—salesgirls—who were so chic. Nobody else had costumes that were quite so *comme il faut*. But this house sold only to the wholesale trade. I forget how many million dollars' worth of stock he keeps on hand always, or how many varieties of dress fabrics, or how many costumes he cuts out at a time. However, he had me shown over the establishment, and I could see in each of his models little reminiscent touches of the Paris styles.

Paris the Place for Ideas

Nobody in the world can so adapt the styles as the Americans. My host acknowledged his indebtedness to the French.

"It's an awful lot of trouble to get things from them," I reflected.

"What if it is?" he protested. "We get more from them than we can pay for. Off their very boulevards we pick up ideas."

"Are we going to buy more from them, or less?"

"More—if we can get it."

Then his secretary came for him to answer the telephone. I called after him:

"But all the other houses say we have more business than ever before. South America—they used to go to France; now most of them come to us."

He paused a moment, leaning against the door.

"Oh, we've been getting lots more trade; and we'll keep it. They're crazy about us!"

"But, if Paris has more style, what is it they're crazy about in us?"

"Oh, our materials and our organization our methods. They like our workmanship A-number-one!" He was gone.

Those last words of his about our materials recalled to me an anecdote as I left the building.

It has an important bearing upon our international relations. As you perhaps know, the French are not particularly expert at making dyes. They suffer from a shortage of coal tar, which is the most important basic material.

At the close of the war an enterprising American was on the ground to try to sell them some of our dyes. He took a big order from a large silk house in Lyons and they admitted that the French factories could not supply them.

When the American came to fill the commission he was forbidden to import dyes because he was not a member of the French dyestuffs consortium.

In a spirit of investigation he went to Paris to discover just how adequate the supply of French dyes was to French needs. At one of the big stores he asked for some material in black for mourning; and when shown the samples he placed an order for a large amount of one.

"We have only a very little," came the reply to his proposal; "and we are forbidden to take orders because we cannot guarantee the dyes."

"Very well; show me purple. That also is suitable for mourning," the man answered.

"The same thing holds good for our purple," the manager replied. "We are in need of those colors."

In need of colors, and yet unable to import American dyes!

I entertained Madame Saurer one day at luncheon.

She put on a beautiful new costume from her very smart *couturier* and we walked from the Hotel Meurice, where she was stopping, to the Ritz. This was a distance of two short blocks. When we reached there her neck was darkened from her fur collar—which, of course, had been dyed.

If this same situation continues and extends to more industries it will doubtless gain publicity from other hands than mine.

Meantime never once have I heard an American complain about the fashion industry as it is conducted in France. Merchants and private buyers have compared their experiences and laughed. I remember so significantly the gracious words of the Fifth Avenue importer:

"We get more from them than we can pay for—off the boulevards—and browsing round the shops."

I remember the lovely lines of a certain American hat of mine that was adapted from a French style and the admiration with which it was received by other nationalities. I think with pleasure on the ease with which I can put on my American clothes in the comfortable assurance that the most important button will not fall off at a critical moment. I recall and corroborate the words of Miss Mary Young, the pretty actress, a part of whose business it is to display the styles: "There are no clothes like American clothes adapted from French models."

We have always had possibilities as fashion producers. In the past four years we have gained experience. The attention of the world has been called to our art and our possibilities.

We have increased our trade, and I have no anxiety about the future success of our industry in styles.

But this war has reminded us that no trade or industry or art is independent of other trades and industries and arts. No people can work independently of other people. Pittsburgh may not be a style center, but it is an important headquarters for something else. If the pig-iron export to France falls off they may have a pretty good clew as to what the hitch is in our international relations.

We are not patronizing the basic industry of the French on a scale that will take to them enough American dollars to permit them to patronize the basic industries of Pittsburgh. And I cannot think that the cause for this can be found in Pittsburgh—or America. Even so, in such a situation we should doubtless go to greater lengths than ever to buy the French styles.

Not at Liberty

A GROUP of aliens desirous of taking out their first naturalization papers appeared not long ago before the court at White Plains, New York.

One of the applicants was a bright-looking young Italian. The justice, questioning him, found that the little fellow had a fairly clear knowledge of what his duties as a citizen would be, and of the general plan of the Government of the United States.

"Who's the President?" inquired His Honor.

"Mista Willse."

"Who's the Vice President?"

"Mista Marsh."

"Well, now, Tony, could you, as a foreign-born person, become President of the United States?"

"Judga," said Tony with a regretful amile, "you haf excoosa me, please—I gotta good job already at a sawmill!"

S.S.WHITE

—This name on a tube of Tooth Paste means that you are getting

The Dentifrice that was made for Dentists

THE choice of your dentifrice is one of the most important things you have to decide. It must be free from dangerous drugs which may injure the delicate tissues of your mouth. It must be so safe, so pure, so free from grit and all harsh substances that it cannot scratch the enamel. It must do the *only* thing a dentifrice can do or can honestly claim to do—keep your teeth so thoroughly *clean* that decay has little chance to attack them.

A noted scientist and lecturer of New York, Meyer L. Rhein, M.D., D.D.S., recently said, "I cannot refrain from advising you against the indiscriminate use of dentifrices. It is useless to expect any *curative* value from the ingredients of *any* dentifrice and all those which advertise powerful antiseptics or drugs should be carefully avoided."

S.S.WHITE TOOTH PASTE

is the choice of thousands of men and women who realize the importance of strict watchfulness over their teeth and the necessity of selecting the *right* dentifrice.

Since the earliest days of dentistry and until today when dentistry is a highly specialized profession—The S. S. White Dental Manufacturing Company has led the world in making the appliances that dentists use.

S. S. White's was originally made in 1862 at the request of members of the dental profession who asked The House of White to prepare a dentifrice that they could safely recommend to their patients.

It has always been our purpose to study the problems of dentistry and to apply our knowledge constantly to the improvement of S. S. White Tooth Paste.

You may use S. S. White's with absolute confidence that you are doing the best thing possible for your teeth.

No matter what dentifrice you are using now—try S. S. WHITE Tooth Paste. Use it faithfully for a week. Know the difference between the Dentifrice made for Dentists and all other dentifrices in the world. Test S. S. WHITE'S yourself. You will like its delicate flavor, its velvety smoothness and the quick way it bubbles up and rinses out of your mouth. Pure white in color—pure White in quality. Start today to have *absolutely clean* teeth.

THE S. S. WHITE DENTAL MANUFACTURING CO.

"Standard since 1844" PHILADELPHIA, PA.

CLEAR SPRING

By SOPHIE KERR

ILLUSTRATED BY A. D. FULLER

THE circle of uncles and aunts bent unanimously speculative eyes on the girl who came and went in the big farm living room on small household errands which the watchers knew might well have been neglected. But none of them remonstrated—at first. They did not want to stir up Esther at this time.

Uncle Cassius Pardee, the oldest of them, a venerable and commanding man, finally said what they all were thinking.

"Can't you come and set down with us a while, child?" he asked kindly. "We ought to have a little talk before we have to start for home."

"In a minute, Uncle Cass," answered Esther in her full-throated soft voice. "I got to put away these glasses." And she brought a tray of tumblers and began to set them along the shelves of the old painted corner cupboard, without the slightest sign of haste.

Aunt Gracia and Aunt Mollie Govan exchanged significant glances. The lips of the former silently shaped the word "Hard-headed," and the other nodded. Presently, the tumblers being in place, the cupboard doors closed and the tray retired to the kitchen, Esther came in and took a place in the circle nearest to Cassius Pardee.

"Now, what did you-all want to say?" she asked at once.

"We just want to ask about your plans," said the old man, "and to see what we can do to help you. We're all your own folks, Esther; and our hearts and our homes is open to you."

Esther looked affectionately at him. "You're awful good, Uncle Cass," she said, "but I'm not figurin' on needin' any help. I'm goin' to stay right here and carry on the farm. That's what pa wanted me to do."

Aunt Gracia pursed up her lips. "That's a bad plan," she said. "All of a piece with his bringin' you up to plow and hoe and ride the reaper. I'm bound to say so, even if he was my own brother and is dead and gone. Stephen always did have queer idees."

"Now, Aunt Gracia," said Esther firmly, "there's no use saying things like that about pa. You did what your father wanted you to do, I reckon, when you were a girl, and no matter what anybody thinks I'm going to do what pa wanted."

Uncle Joseph Govan had not spoken so far, but now he wagged his head in approval. "That's a right daughterly speech," he said, "and nobody ever said you wasn't a good daughter. But—you're pretty young to be carrying on a farm, and it ain't rightly woman's work, seems to me."

"Will Sam Merriam stay on?" asked Uncle Cassius.

"Yes; old Sam and Katy'll live in the tenant house, same's always—Sam promised pa they would."

"It's not safe for a young woman to live all sole alone," spoke up Aunt Mollie; "let alone it's not fitten. People'll talk."

Esther got up from her chair and stood like a colorful wild flower amid their age and black garments.

"I know you all mean kindly," she said, "and I didn't suppose you'd favor it. But here I am and here I'm going to stay. Pa said"—her voice did not falter, but dropped a tone lower, and her eyes looked out of the open door into the late April sunshine—"pa said that he liked to think that after he was gone I'd be here, and the grapevine would be climbing on the porch, and the oriole would be nestin' up in the maple tree, and Clear Spring would be bubblin' away, so cool and bright—he loved the spring most of all." She stopped abruptly and swallowed.

Aunt Gracia was moved but not convinced. "Oh, well," she advanced, for her own consolation, "I guess you'll be getting married before so very long anyway. And Hardy Johnson's certainly not going to leave the mill. Girls' notions have got to end on their wedding day."

She was stopped by the ominous flash of Esther's brown eyes.

"Best not to count too much on my getting married, Aunt Gracia," said her niece. "We've always had lots of old maids in the Govan family, you know."

"You're Sweet, Esther; I'd Do Anything for You, And We'll Get Married—Soon?"

Aunt Gracia became rigid with animosity, and the whole funeral party trembled with ill-suppressed emotions. Uncle Cassius ended the uncomfortable moment by getting up and taking his stand beside Esther.

"You've always been a good girl and a smart girl," he said; "and sence you're of age there's no reason why you shouldn't do your own will. I don't doubt but what you'll get along. But if you need help or counsel from me, all you need to do is to ask and I'll do my best by you, for I've always loved you dearly, child, as I did your mother—and she was my favorite sister. And now sence I've got a long ways to go before night I'm going to harness up and git started along. Good-by, and good luck."

The others rose, too, and began to gather up wraps, carriage robes and the like. Aunt Mollie went out to the kitchen to see if there was any chance to get a little snack to take with them, and Esther followed her and deftly cut sandwiches and cake, filled a bottle with cold coffee and packed the whole together. The older woman watched her disapprovingly.

"You oughtn't 've spoke that way to your Aunt Gracia," she said austerely.

"Then let her—and everybody else—mind their own business!" returned Esther sharply. "There's your lunch," she added, tying the string with a jerk, offering the parcel and looking Aunt Mollie straight in the eye. Hard-headed indeed—and with a tang to her tongue, meditated Aunt Mollie. Cassius Pardee ought to have given her a good talking-to instead of upholding her in her unwomanly course.

Presently all the buggies and daytons were brought round and their various owners climbed into them and drove out the narrow lane with its rough green ribbons of osage hedge grown wild on each side. Esther came out on the little porch and watched the bobbing black tops of the vehicles until they were out of sight. This did not take long, for it was hard to see far beyond the tangle of trees and shrubs that filled the Govan yard. Lilacs, syringas, rosy glow of the Judas tree, Rose of Sharon bushes mingled their fresh and springlike leaves with the dark plumage of spruce and arbor vitæ, and grew close to the very trunks of the half dozen shading maples. Honeysuckle, half budded, ran wild through all. Stephen Govan had liked it so and had laughed at his neighbors and friends who accused him of slovenliness. He made up for the unkempt surroundings of his house by keeping his farm superlatively cultivated, with every field trim and thrifty and clean about the edges.

Esther looking out on it all and remembering how her father had so reveled in the magic of the early months of the year and rejoiced in the renewed greenery of his thicket felt her heart swell with sudden passionate resentment of his going just when the world was as he loved it most. She stepped down from the porch and took a path, worn deep in the grass, and followed it as it ran off to the side and down the slope of the yard, where it turned unexpectedly away from the road into a quiet little pleasance for a solitary spirit. The hill was slight, and at the bottom there were three wide stone steps, and there like a bowl of crystal lay Clear Spring, with a mat of green moss and silver lichen above it, and spreading alder branches with transparent young leaves leaning to it as alders always yearn to lovely waters. Esther dropped down on the stone steps and gazed thoughtfully at the spring as it lay there, round and jewel-like.

The water seemed perfectly still, but by leaning over a little she could see the constant quiet tumult of the white sand at its bottom. It was always brimming full but some underground channel carried away its overflow, so that it was always at one level.

This was the thing her father had loved most of all in all his small domain. Long Sunday afternoons she had sat there with him, talking of the farm, the crops, the stock, but always his eyes were fixed on the water, and once in a while he would say with a sigh of contentment: "It's as pretty as a di'mond." A plain and uneducated man, he had no words to tell its beauty or his delight in it. He was accounted a good farmer, a practical man, a man of force and standing in the community, and it would have scandalized his relatives and sent him far down in public esteem had his poet's soul been so much as suspected. His queer ideas were accounted to be no more than that individualism which flourishes in the real country, and is accepted there without question.

And Esther—who had not cried during his long illness, nor when she had closed his eyes for his last sleep, nor afterward during all the dull misery of the funeral preparations and the burying—now, beside Clear Spring, dropped her head into her hands and cried as though her heart would break.

After a little she dried her eyes and raised her head to look at the pool at her feet. In its calm clarity it was kind to her sorrow. The tender new leaves of the alder, with the red wine of spring showing faintly in their delicate veins, seemed hands stretched to her in friendship and understanding, and the twilight creeping early down there in the hollow took her grief into its gentle shadow and withdrew it a little from her heart. She sat stilled and in a measure comforted.

At last she rose to go, and as she did so she heard the rush of galloping on the hill beyond—colts taking their evening frolic in a neighbor's field that began at the top of the hill beyond the spring. The woods were so thick that she could not even see the rail fence that marked the land's division, though in reality it was not forty feet away from her. But the sound of the running colts reminded her of Hardy Johnson—whose name Aunt Gracia had made so free with and who would surely come galloping

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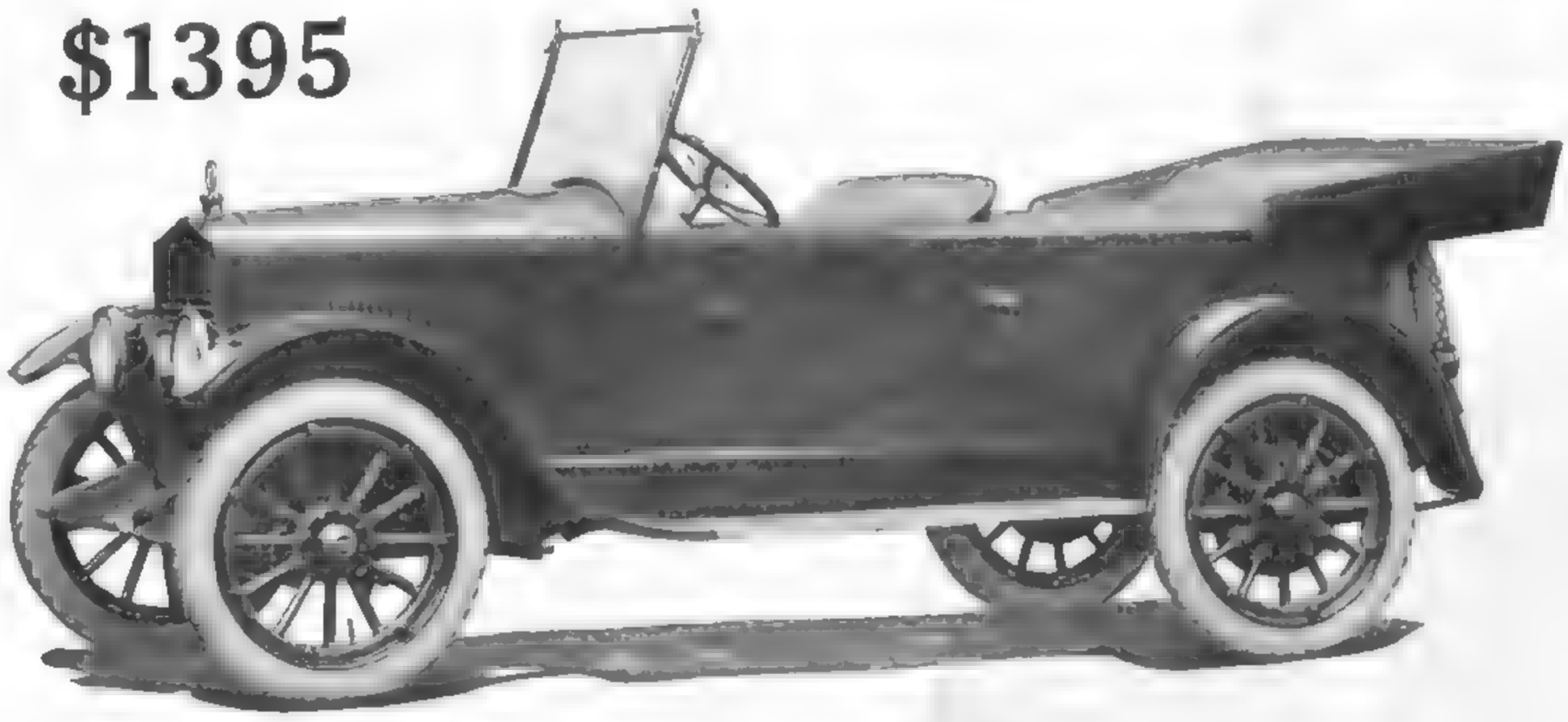

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The Essex speaks for itself. The praise you hear of its performance and fine quality, is that expressed by those who have ridden in it. We have made no claims that have not been multiplied by thousands of motorists.

A ride is all that is needed to win men to the Essex. Its lightness and performance are resistless. You do not need to be an expert to appreciate its economy in first cost and operation.

The Essex was not developed by assembling units such as are used in other cars. It is an original design conceived because of the need for a light weight car having performance, riding qualities and endurance equal to the high priced heavy cars.

It has the high priced car's richness in appointment. The seats are large and roomy. They are deep and comfortable. The backs are high and support the shoulders. The driver has ample room for full and comfortable action. The passenger sits in, not on top of, the car. The sides are high enough to conceal the knees.

Details You See and Admire

But when you have ridden in the Essex you will be enthusiastic over its performance.

If you are a user of a small car, it will give you a new sensation of power and stability. If you are more familiar with large and costly cars, you will be surprised at its steadiness and ease of riding. One man expressed it by saying: "The Essex is the smoothest riding fifty-mile-an-hour car I have ever ridden in."

The Essex is free from violent vibration at all speeds. It gets under way smoothly and quietly because it is powerful and flexible. It rides smoothly over rough pavements without weaving and creaking, because its frame is as rigid as a bridge girder.

Won't You Also Ride In the Essex?

Here we have told you more of the Essex than the hundreds of dealers who are to sell it knew until they had ridden in it.

They have done business with us for years and have known of the coming of the Essex for more than two years. But they had no idea that it would be so beautiful and efficient. Their enthusiasm, when they had ridden in it, was greater than we had ever known them to manifest for a new car. You will be just as enthusiastic as they were. We know you will, for a quarter of a million motorists just like yourself have already shown what they think of it.

A thousand Essex dealers now have their demonstrating cars. You can find an Essex in almost every locality. Until you have ridden in the Essex you will not know what strides have been made in motor car design during the past two years.

ESSEX MOTORS
DETROIT
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51

I'm in your town
- if you see me in
the window, that's
the place to buy good
lamps

Three times as much light as old-fashioned carbon lamps. Or the same light for one-third the current. That's the economy in using EDISON MAZDA LAMPS.

Five to a carton—handy when you need them

EDISON MAZDA

GENERAL ELECTRIC COMPANY

(Continued from Page 60)

over from the mill three miles away after supper. He had helped her as much as he could through her father's illness, but afterward when the relatives gathered he had absented himself, as was customary. Now that they had gone he would come back.

It is a strange and lonely thing to take up the unaccustomed threads of life in a house from which the chief inmate has just gone forever. A persistent sense of the strangeness and the loneliness of it held Esther as she went into the house and took off her best dress, putting on her workaday calico. She went to the barn and milked the two cows quickly and efficiently. Sam Merriam had stabled them and fed them for her. Then she went back to the house, lit a lamp in the kitchen, strained and put away the milk, replenished the fire, washed the milk buckets and strainer, and set them on a high outside shelf to sweeten in the evening dew; then prepared her own supper.

There was much food in the house, but she ate little. There were three cakes in the pantry, each cut into but hardly half eaten, and after she had poured her last cup of tea she took the lamp and went in and looked at those cakes. One was a fruit cake, one a pound cake and one a magnificent layer cake, dripping chocolate and nuts. She ignored the two others but cut a little slice of this one. Hardy Johnson's mother had sent it to her for the funeral dinner. Esther tasted it critically, head on one side.

"I can make better myself," she decided. "It's just the frosting that makes it seem so grand. It ought to've been beaten longer—it would've been finer grained."

She had carried the lamp into the living room and was sitting there, thoughtfully idle, when she heard Hardy Johnson's step on the porch. He came in without knocking, but there was no discourtesy in the act.

"They've all gone?" he asked, taking off his hat. "I expect you're pretty tired too. It's been a hard, sad time for you."

He dropped down into the chair opposite her own, and the lamplight emphasized his thin, powerful body, his strongly marked features—the chin obstinate but cleft with a girlish dimple he hated, the eyes dark as Esther's own but seeming darker from being deep set under heavy brows, his hair and skin alike ruddy brown.

"Yes, I'm tired—and it's so lonesome without pa," she said. "They all went 'long about the middle of the afternoon. I was glad to see the last of 'em. I don't know why people should think just because they happen to be born in the same family connection that they've got a right to run your affairs. Uncle Cass was the only one that cared—really, I mean."

"What'd they say?" asked Hardy, his brows darkening at the thought of Esther badgered by her kin.

"Oh, they had a conclave and called me in to ask what I was going to do. I said I was going to stay right here. And Aunt Gracia said pa had queer notions, and Aunt Mollie said it wasn't fitten or safe."

The words were a challenge—but he did not take it up. Instead he hesitated before answering, and spoke with calmness:

"Didn't you tell 'em anything—about us?"

"No—I didn't. Time f'r that when everything's settled."

"Why, Essie, what's there to settle? You've been promised to me f'r over a year, and we'd 've been married long ago if your pa hadn't been so ailin' and you wouldn't leave 'im. My Lord, you don't think I'm goin' to let you strive and toil and moil here all by yourself, do you? And me with that great big comfortable house—and the mill doing so well and all!"

"I'd a good deal rather be workin' out-a-doors than in the best house in the world," she replied evasively.

He leaned forward, tenderness softening his voice: "But we'd be together, Essie; and there's the garden; that'll give you all the out-a-doors work you c'n do. You could get a good tenant in here ——"

She glanced at him piteously. "But, Hard," she said, "I couldn't let anybody else come in here. Pa thought so much of this place—the trees and Clear Spring and all. I thought we'd just ——" The words stopped in a sob.

"We don't have to settle it to-night—and all you been through to-day," he comforted her. "Mother sent her love and said she'd drive over to-morrow and help you clear up."

This Was the Thing Her Father Had Loved Most of All in All His Small Domain

Esther stiffened. "Tell her I'm much obliged—but everything's done. I've got to mend the west field fence first thing in the morning, and then I'm going to disk."

They talked a little longer and presently Hardy rose to go. He came over to Esther's side and put his hand awkwardly on her shoulder, leaning down to kiss her. At the touch of her and the warmth of her hair his restraint gave way and he caught her up to him in a hard embrace.

"You're sweet, Esther," he said hoarsely. "I'd—I'd do anything for you."

She clung to him for a moment. "I—I care an awful lot about you, too, Hard," she whispered.

"And we'll get married—soon?" he demanded, still holding her.

In the circle of his arm there was not room for any thoughts of her father's wishes, of Clear Spring left in alien hands, of his mother's cold eyes; there was no room save for her love of him.

"Yes, I reckon so," she promised.

And with that word he went away content.

But in the light of a new day things looked different. She was rested, the sun shone, and as she went out in the sharp cool of the morning with a hammer in her hand and a rough pouch of nails slung over her shoulders her grief lightened unaccountably, and she felt her father's presence consolingly near. How he had loved the early morning! It was he who had taught her to use tools and implements cleverly, to know the crops, to handle cattle. It had started long ago when she was a little girl and wanted always to be tagging after him. She had been imitative and quick to learn, and he had made the most of her abilities, proud of her strong hands and her deftness.

Never before had the place seemed so dear to her. Every corner of it held pictures of memory. She had helped her father shingle that stable, and they had run races at it. This field was the one they had limed last year after many consultations and much argument, for she had held that the soil was sour, and her father had not agreed with her. Yonder was the orchard they had planted when she was only ten—she had held the trees upright while her father had packed the dirt in round them. He had asked about the winter wheat only the day before he died, she remembered as she was passing by its emerald billows. He had smiled when she told him that it was the best in the county.

Now she was steward of all this—it was hers, this fertile land, and she knew that he had thought she would cherish it as he did. He had hoped that she would marry and live there, and bring into the world children to whom the land might in turn be bequeathed, to be cared for as he had cared for it, to give to it their labor and to take from it their harvests, honestly won. He had said little about it to her, but she knew his mind.

She knew, too, that he had not favored Hardy Johnson, because Hardy was a miller, not a farmer; partly, too, perhaps, because of Hardy's front yard, prim with flower beds in geometrical shapes, edged with pointed bricks, the few shade trees permitted therein trimmed up into stiff shapes, their very trunks whitewashed. Stephen Govan had once said ironically that the place looked to him as though Mrs. Johnson and Hardy sort of mistrusted the Lord's way of growing things. Yet he did not openly discourage his suit to Esther—partly because opposition might have fanned the flames and partly because Hardy himself was a man's man, likable and honest. Esther wondered if her father had guessed what Hardy meant to her. She thought not, for Hardy had not been her only beau.

She sighed and felt in the pouch for another nail. She must get the fence done and plunge hard into the spring work—it had been neglected while the master of the farm was sick. Old Sam Merriam was steady and trusty, and a good farmer as far as his lights went, but that was not so very far. And his best friend would not have called him anything but slow. The spring plowing was not yet quite done, and the disking was hardly begun. Esther turned her mind resolutely to the needs of the season—this field for corn, that for potatoes, with patches of buckwheat and sweet corn and melons tucked in the odd angles. But through the determination of her practical plans there ran a teasing thread of Hardy that drew her into day-dreams against her will.

(Continued on Page 65)

All's well—
"Yale" is on guard

THOSE near and dear—are they protected in your absence? Can they snap out the lights, certain of their security? Easy in mind, with no thought of the *creaks and whispers* of a house asleep? Will they have the *confidence* that results from the use of Yale Builders' Locks and Hardware?

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Look for the dealer who has this sign in his window when you want Yale Builders' Hardware.

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St. Catharines, Ont.

(Continued from Page 63)

He would come again, and very soon, and always he would be importunate. She knew that. All of her youth and her affection cried out to him, wanted him, wanted to yield to his wishes, wanted to give herself to him and his service. And yet to leave the fields, to sell her horses and cows—that alone was monstrous, for she and her father had named them and petted them, made them humble members of the family. To abandon this dear home, set in its bush and bramble, for the ordered, ugly neatness of Hardy Johnson's house; to exchange Clear Spring's brimming waters for a little, thin sparkling stream brought laboriously from a comical green-painted pump—all this was impossible. It would be like cutting off her hand. It would be like putting out her eyes.

She was glad when she learned that she was to have a respite before she needs must make her decision. Some part of the mill machinery had broken and Hardy had gone himself in haste to the nearest city to bring back a duplicate of the broken piece. Mrs. Johnson came over to tell her this at Hardy's behest, driving her basket carriage with a parasol top, a stylish vehicle which was the pride of the worthy woman's heart.

Esther was not in the house, and so Mrs Johnson drove on down the farm road, and came finally alongside the field where Esther was starting Sam Merriam at the corn planting. From the vantage point of the carriage Mrs. Johnson looked down at the girl as a rotund black-silk Juno might have gazed at Ceres bending to her earthy tasks.

"How you do stand this rough field work, I don't see," she said after greetings were over and her message delivered. "It'd just about kill me."

"Yes, I expect so," said Esther, her eyes on Mrs. Hardy's massive rounding flesh. It tickled her fancy to imagine her guest tramping a cornfield and wrestling with a refractory seeder. But she was hospitable. "Drive back up to the house," she suggested, "and I'll follow along and make you a cup of tea."

"Well," hesitated Mrs. Johnson, "I don't care 'f I do. Get in alongside me, won't you?"

"No, thanks," said Esther demurely. "I might dirty up your rig."

She walked beside the carriage, and when they got to the house it was she who hitched the horse. The visitor got out heavily, and presently was seated in the farm living room with a cup of tea and a plate of sand tarts before her. She bit critically into one of the latter, and Esther waited in no trepidation for her verdict.

"You've got a good hand for cooking," said Mrs. Johnson, but for all that she could not but look at Esther disapprovingly. That old calico dress, and the way her hair was fairly stuck down to her forehead with sweat! Oh, there was nothing ladylike about her! And this bare, plain room! Mrs. Johnson's taste ran to tidies and small ornaments and pictures and cushions. Yes, there was no blinking it—Esther Govan was queer. What ever did Hardy see in her? Hardy's mother sighed and ate more sand tarts, on the principle that it is well to get all the good possible out of a bad situation. She could not know, poor creature, that Esther's blue dress was the color that Della Robbia adored and that her damp dark hair outlined a head of classic loveliness. But she saw the earth on Esther's rough shoes, and the deep sunburn of her hands and wrists.

"I s'pose you're going to clear up your yard a little this summer," she said. "It's getting terrible overgrown. If you had a lot of that brush cut out, and some nice flower beds laid out there—I'll send you some coleus cuttings if you'd like 'em."

"I don't believe I'll have the time to make any flower beds, thank you," said Esther. "The farm work's back a good bit, and it keeps me moving."

Mrs. Johnson gave a mental shrug—but she was not yet through. "I'd like to see that there spring your father set so much store by," she said. "Hardy was speaking about it right after the funeral. Kinda got my curiosity up."

In silence Esther led the way outside, down the worn path to the steps and the brimming crystal of Clear Spring. Mrs. Johnson gazed at it and tried to be gracious.

"It's real pretty," she vouchsafed; "but my lands, what a job it must be to carry up every drop of water you want to use all that ways! It'd break my back. I'm at Hardy all the time to lay a pipe right up into the kitchen, and he promised me he'd look up prices whilst he was in the city."

Esther was glad when the basket carriage disappeared and she could go back to the soothing taciturnity of old Sam and the monotonous shuffle and lift of corn-planting. "Anyway," she said to herself, "she couldn't but admit the sand tarts was good. She ate six! An' wouldn't pa have had a good laugh if he'd 've heard her offering them coleus cuttings!" She smiled, too, remembering; but she vaguely realized that Hardy's mother had bound her yet more closely to her own place and dropped a bar between her and the man she loved.

It was easier, when Hardy returned, to make excuses for not seeing him, to send him home early, to make herself unresponsive to his tenderness, than it was to tell him why she did these things. The increasing warmth of summer woke in her a pagan delight in her fruitful fields, and she went the round of her daily tasks with a dignity that made them into a ritual of service to the land and the lush growing things that sprang from it and promised fruitfulness. She became more silent, as are many people who live in the midst of the eternal homely pageantry of tillage, where each day's work is an offering to the small deities of husbandry—jealous, exacting little gods and goddesses, who must have their meed and dole on pain of penalty of ruined harvests.

Now and then one of her kinsfolk came to see her and told each other afterward with significant head-waggings that Esther had changed quite a bit since her father's death—sort of quieted down and wasn't half so glib to speak her mind.

Sam Merriam, the old man who worked in the fields with her, was a truer observer. He said to his wife that it seemed "like the land sorta bewitched her." And he added: "She's getting to look more like Mr. Steve every day."

But it was Hardy who found her strange to his understanding, wrapped in a remoteness that hurt and baffled him. He was not of a temper to be put off or evaded too long. For a while he had not pressed the question of their marriage, laying her strange abstraction, as her relatives had done, to grief for her father. But when May had come and gone and June was in flood tide his patience snapped. He rode over one Sunday afternoon, determined to have it out with her. He was genuinely sure that so much grieving—as he thought it—was bad for her, and that the sooner she was shaken out of it the better. He meant to do that shaking—very kindly, but none the less definitely.

He knew that she would be sitting on the stone steps by Clear Spring, and he did not so much as bother to look in the house but turned at once to the path. He walked firmly, and took no account of the golden cinquefoil and wild strawberries, though the perfume of the sun-warmed berries was as heady as liquor.

"You're just like a little brown lizard sunning yourself

"You've Got a Good Hand for Cooking."
Said Mrs. Johnson, But for All That She Could Not But Look at Esther Disapprovingly

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here on the slope," he said half playfully, half complainingly, as he sat down beside her. And though she smiled at him he did not fail to see that it was an absent, tolerant smile. It stung him to take the part of the commanding male.

"You do too much brooding down in this old tangle," he went on, "and I don't like it. We've got to come to an understanding, honey. I can't have you grubbing away here all by yourself, with nobody to look out for you but old Sam. You'll break yourself down. What I want to know is: When are you going to marry me? You've kept me dangling a good while now, and it's not fair."

To this for a moment or two Esther made no answer. She was staring down into the depths of the white pool before her. But at last she wrenched her eyes from it and gave her attention to him.

"Hard," she asked, "if we got married you'd expect me to go and live at the mill, in the house with your mother, wouldn't you?"

"Yes, of course I would. But ma wouldn't be there all the time—she's always said when I got married she was going to make her home with Aunt Lottie over at Parchester. I'd like her to keep a room with us, though, and feel free to come and stay as long as she wanted. But ma wouldn't be any trouble—she thinks a heap of you."

"It's not just your mother ——" hesitated Esther.

"It isn't just ma! Now what do you mean by that? I can't understand you nohow these days, Esther. It's preyin' on your mind to live here alone so much—that's what it is."

Esther looked down into the pool. "Oh, Hard," she said, "I might's well tell you. I hate that fancy house of yours all painted yellow, with all the little sawed-out curlicues stuck all over it. I hate that awful front yard where every plant's got just one place to grow, and everything's laid out like a child's picture blocks. I hate being squinched up so close to town, with people coming and going all the time, dressed and full of talk about little silly church suppers and lectures and things. Ever since pa died and I've been here by myself I've come to see what delight he took in it, and how—how clean and orderly and—and—open it all is. I've always been out-a-doors a lot, but I never really knew how I felt about it till this summer; and—and I'd choke—I'd die cooped up in a hideous ugly house all full of gimcracks, and nothing but a little garden no bigger than a pocket handkercher to work round in. And as for Clear Spring here—why, when I look into it I feel's if—I feel's if I can see heaven all shining down and gathered up in it, like in a looking-glass."

Hardy looked at her with troubled brows. "You talk right wild," he said. "I don't know where you'd find a better kept-up or more comfortable house than mine; or more convenient. And everybody admires our front yard. How can you compare it alongside this old rattletrap you live in, gray for want of paint and all covered with moss and stuff and set down in this mess of underbrush! And it's no way to talk, saying you can see heaven in a little old spring. It's not religious, seems to me."

"I didn't mean to make you mad," said Esther contritely. "I suppose there's lots of people who'd like your house and your yard and everything. But I thought I'd best speak out frankly; and I—can't stand it."

Color was rising on Hardy's brown cheeks. "You've not spared frankness," he said. "It's a pity you didn't use some of it before."

Esther's spirit too was kindling. "What d'you mean by that!" she asked with the old-time tang in her voice.

They had risen to their feet and as they gazed at each other their hard young eyes struck fire at the impact, like dueling swords. As only two people who love each other can know, they knew how to strike and wound each other.

"I mean," said Hardy, "that it's a pity you never let me know what you thought about my house and my mother a good while ago. I didn't have any idea you were so particular."

"You can find plenty of girls not so particular, I reckon."

"Yes; I reckon I can. I wouldn't 've burdened you with so much of my company if I'd known how little it was to your taste."

The wrangle went on. It was as if they were laying murderous hands on their affection, killing it with all the haste of which they were capable. But at the end Esther, finer-fibered than the man, made one more effort to save themselves this crime.

"Oh, Hard," she cried, "oh, Hard, can't I make you understand? I didn't go to say mean things about your house or about your mother. I was just tryin' to tell you how I'm held to this place; and wrapped up in it—like father was. And he seems so close to me here; and when I come down here and set and look at the spring it's like some kind, good friend, all still and pretty, waiting for me. I can't leave it—I can't!"

This was too fanciful for Hardy, though he tried to meet it with a forced show of superior reasonableness. "Don't talk any more foolishness," he commanded. "You sound like you might be touched. Here I've made all my plans to pipe water right into the house where you can get it by just turning a faucet on and off, easy as nothing—and you talk about this old spring and say you can't leave it. It's ridic'lous!"

Esther walked up the stone steps, and from the eminence of the little hill she turned and spoke with hot scorn. "I wouldn't give a snap of my finger for all your pipes and your faucets!" she cried. "You like to do everything by machinery, and you can't see any way's got anything to it but your own way. You're Hard by name and hard by nature, and I'm glad I know it now!"

She turned and went on her way into the house. He stormed after her, but did not follow her to the door, and in a few minutes she heard his horse's galloping. The beat of the hoofs drummed a furious refrain: "I'm going forever—I'm going forever—I'll never come back—I'll never come back," until distance silenced it.

Esther could hear the words as plainly as though Hardy had said them. She turned her face toward the sound in anger and pride. "I hope you never will come back!" she cried aloud, as though he could hear her.

But as the days went on she was conscious that Hardy's going had taken more than the companionship of his mere bodily presence, more than his occasional half shy, wholly sweet caress, more even than the prospect of a long future spent by his side. These she had lost and had not yet dared to count the cost of losing, but Hardy's going had taken more than these.

It had taken—and day by day she knew it more clearly—the glamour of the peaceful farmhouse, the charm of its wild shrubbery and untrained vines, even the immense significance which she had read into the growing things of the fields. And—it had also taken the magic of Clear Spring! Here they had quarreled, beside its lucid waters, and in them their ugly passion-twisted faces had been reflected. Try as she would to forget it, Esther could not go back there without seeing that hateful reflection in its depths. And there was the incredible memory of Hardy standing below her on the stone steps, looking up at her, while she had lashed at him in her resentment. Where before she had gone to Clear Spring confident of a moment of tranquillity and rest, now she took her bucket, dipped out what water was needed and hurried back to the house with it, away from these tormenting recollections.

Nor could she hark back to memories of her father and feel that he would have justified what she had done. For all his keen delight in his productive lands, and his rustic groping for beauty, he had a sound pragmatical sense that prevented him from trying to force his tastes on others.

"I'll go halfway with anybody," was one of his proverbs; and it was the expression of a fair tolerance which he truly felt.

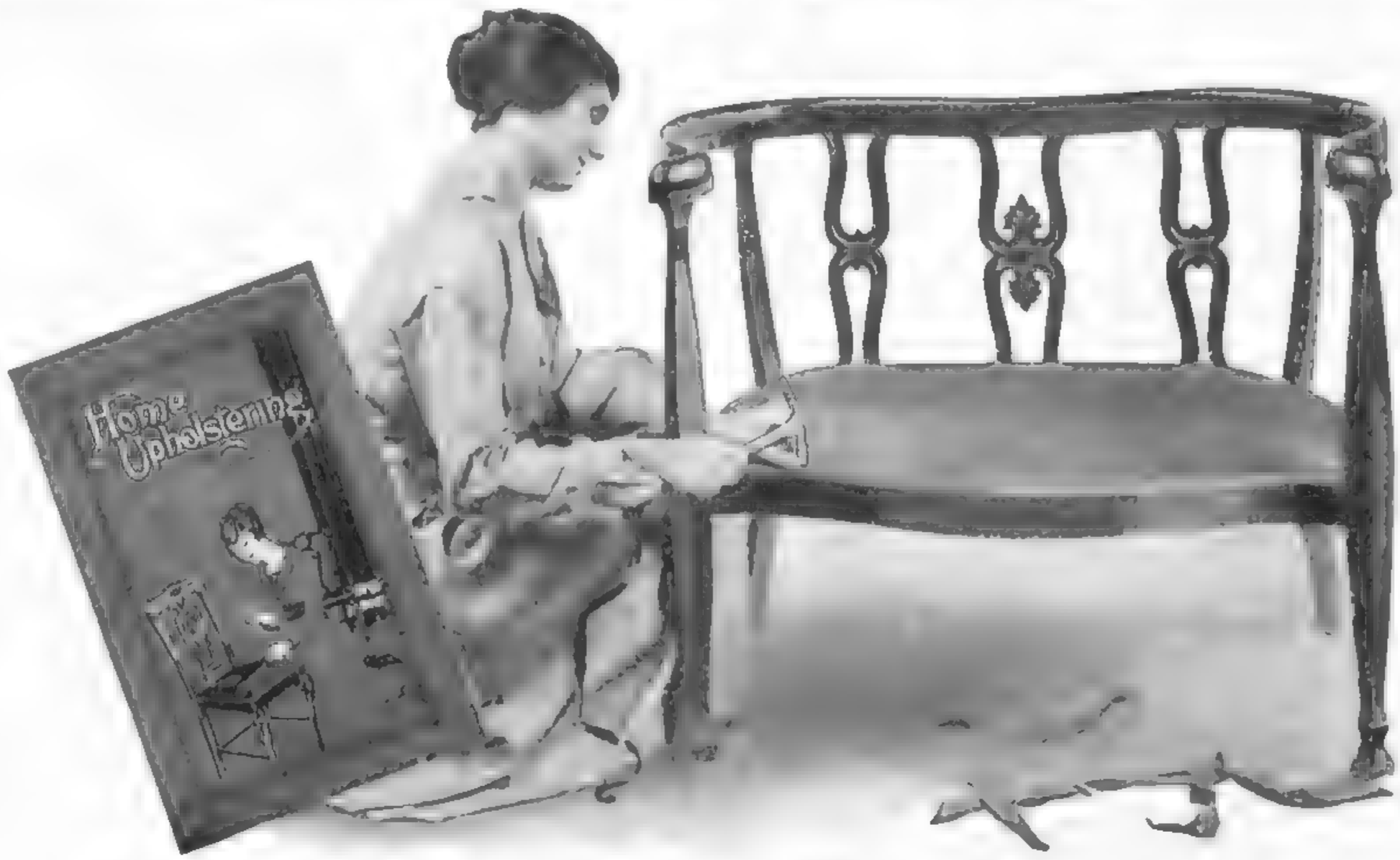
But Esther knew that she had not gone halfway with Hardy. She had not been tolerant. She was paying for it by the loss of the very things she had told him she would not give up for him. The farm work became no more than a round of drudgery, and she even looked with critical eyes on her wild shrubbery and planned a revolution with the pruning shears and mattock before another season. She would not make so grave a step alone, however, and on one of his rare visits she consulted Uncle Cassius Pardee.

"D'you think it would be disrespectful to pa," she asked, "if I was to clear out some of the suckers and grub out a lot of that honeysuckle? Seems like it makes a place look sort of forlorn to be all choked up this way."

"It'd be all right to do it," counseled Uncle Cassius. "Your pa had it the way he

(Concluded on Page 69)

DU PONT AMERICAN INDUSTRIES



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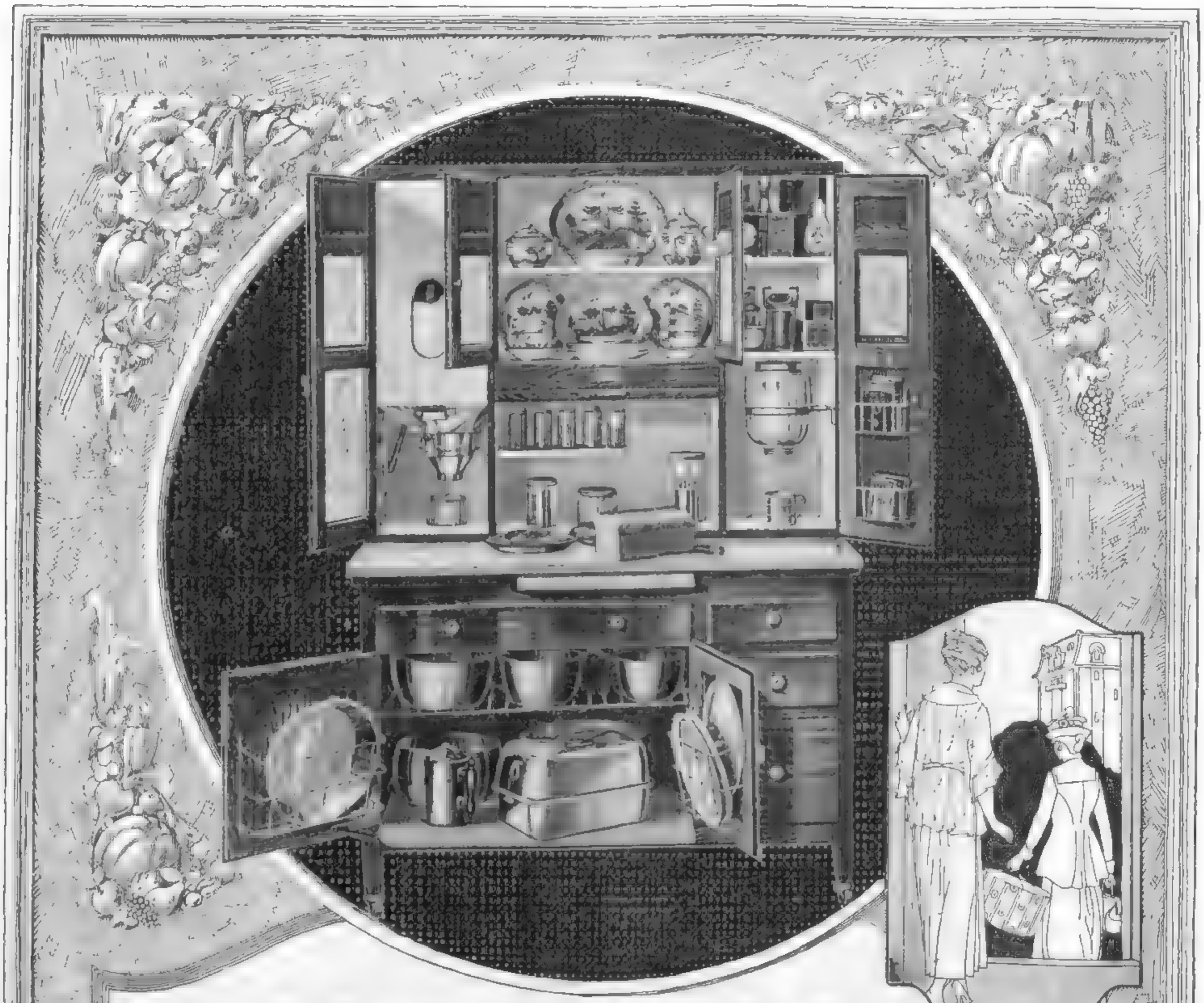

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Here you find the pinnacle—the ultimate—the cabinet which women have *always* wanted. *It is a veritable servant in the kitchen* It is the first design that offers *complete* kitchen service—utmost convenience—greatest saving of time and labor and food.

This big, beautiful Mastercraft model is a thing of supreme beauty. Yet its most important features are convenience and wonderful capacity. Holds 300 to 400 articles. And little wonder. For here are labor- and space-saving features—long needed improvements—comforts—never before combined in any other kind of kitchen cabinet.

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This book, written by Constance E. Miller, A. D. E., is now used in thousands of homes. Tells how to prepare a week of appetizing, nourishing and economical meals. Also fully describes and pictures the complete line of Sellers Cabinets We will mail you a copy *free* of charge if you write.

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F. C. Burroughes Furniture Co., Ltd., Toronto, Canada ***(District Representative)***

SELLERS Kitchen Cabinets

"The Best Servant In Your House"

(Concluded from Page 66)

wanted it whilst he was alive: and now it's your turn. He was the last one to hinder anybody from having things as they wanted. He was real broad-minded, Stephen was. He didn't hold with forcing his notions on anybody else."

Yes, that was so. Esther had realized that. But she was cautious.

"I don't want to do much," she explained; "but if it goes on many more years it'll be worse than an African jungle."

Uncle Cassius surveyed her calmly. The stress of the last few weeks had left their mark on her. She was thinner and her eyes were listless. "I didn't know, fr'm what your Aunt Gracia Govan said," he ventured, "that you intended living here so many years more, child. I thought you'd be getting married."

"I reckon I'm liable to stay here right along," said Esther, half to herself; then rousing: "I want you should walk down the lane and look at the corn, Uncle Cass. I'm right proud of it."

But after the old man had gone she was seized with a sudden fit of restlessness and despair. She had put it into words, and there was a finality about so doing that cleared away the last of her illusions. What had been treasured by her father must not necessarily be treasured by her. She understood plainly now that while he was alive he had swayed her to see as he saw, to feel as he felt, and his influence had persisted powerfully—but it could not last. Dear as he had been there was someone dearer. She had, she told herself in plain terms, been a fool. What did it matter where she lived if she but lived with Hardy? Brick-edged flower beds and whitewashed trees and a house staring with yellow paint—what did they matter? Even the faucet that turned on and off as easy as nothing—she sighed impatiently. The faucet had brought her back to Clear Spring. She lifted a bucket from the kitchen shelf and went reluctantly down the path.

She stooped to dip the bucket into the water, and then stopped, staring—struck. It was unbelievable—unheard of—unimaginable! The alder bushes dipped and shook their leaves, now dull with midsummer heat, in vain.

Clear Spring was dry!

The sands below showed white and bare. Oozing uncertainly and slowly small trickling streams of water sank at once into the sand again.

The deep bowl-like basin lay empty—a giant's eye socket, from which the seeing ball had been snatched. The green moss of the edges dripped into it disconsolately.

To Esther Govan's mind, schooled in Old Testament severities, the meaning of the phenomenon was plain. She leaped to one conclusion. "It's a judgment on my pride," she told herself. Then practicality wrestled with mysticism. "And yet—I can't help but think it's strange for the Lord to have taken notice of anything like that. I hurt myself as much as I hurt Hardy. I wasn't going unpunished."

The longer she stayed beside the empty pool and meditated on it the more strange did it appear to her. She studied it logically.

"Clear Spring's never been dry before—to anybody's recollection. Father said the Indians used to call it Ever-flowing. We haven't even had a drought. Nobody's been blasting near—that might have disturbed it. It's queer—that's what it is. It is more like a judgment from heaven than anything else. Well, I'll have to use the well down at the barn after this, I suppose. I hope it hasn't gone dry too."

She lifted her empty bucket, and movement unloosed her emotion. "Oh," she cried bitterly, "I don't care about the old spring! I don't care about anything! I wouldn't care if the house burnt up and the whole place fell to rack and ruin. I only wisht it would—and take me too—and take me too! I'd sooner be dead than drag out year after year living like this, with my heart like lead, and everything turned to dust and ashes that I'd hoped for." Tears ran down her cheeks and blinded her, and she groped her way uncertainly up the hill. "I'm just a fool," she sobbed incoherently. "I'm just a plain fool."

She did not see, because of her tears and the gathering dusk, that someone was half hidden in a thicket of shrubbery at the top of the hill, and she would have passed him by had he not called her name.

"Esther!" And again: "Esther!"

She dashed her hand across her eyes and turned, startled. "What you doing here?" she demanded. "I thought you wasn't never coming back. I s'pose," she went on, a great sob lifting her breast, "I s'pose you want to gloat over me because I'm so miser'ble. The last thing's gone I cared about, and pa cared about. Clear Spring ——" She choked over the words.

Hardy came out from the thicket and stood beside her. He was as white as she, and his face was sharp set, as if the flesh had been burnt away from it by the fires of brooding sorrow.

"Oh, Esther," he said, "if you only knew how miser'ble I've been too! I'm too mean to live on this earth. I was here, watching what you'd do when you found Clear Spring was dry. Yes, I was as mean and low-lived as that. But when I saw you crying—O God, forgive me! Here—dry your eyes. I'll go right down there and take the pipe out, and then I'll go and leave you in peace forevermore."

She stared at him. "What on earth are you getting at?" she asked. "The pipe ——"

"You taunted me about doing everything by machinery," he said. "D'you remember that? And so every night I've been coming here—and I used the pipe I bought to bring water into the kitchen at home—and I fixed it up so it run up the hill to the other side and sort of siphoned the whole thing out—I thought I'd pay you up. Oh, I'm ashamed to my soul!"

He plunged away from her with great steps and ran down the hill and up on the other side. She followed more slowly, and stopped beside the empty spring.

As she watched, the bubbling sands took on a swifter motion as more water played through them. Presently they were covered and the crystal fluid rose rejoicingly, inch by inch, as though glad to fill its accustomed place. After a while Hardy came back down the hill and stopped near Esther.

"I turned off the pipe above there," he said. "I'll take it out to-morrow. You won't never be troubled by me any more, Esther."

He would have passed her and been gone, for he did not raise his eyes to look at her. But she put out her hand and touched him on the arm.

"Don't go, Hard," she said. "I'm not going to let you go twicet."

He gripped her arms with his two hands and turned his deep suffering eyes to hers. "If you only knew how miser'ble I've been!" he cried. "I reckon I was crazy. I couldn't think of anything but you and how you'd thrown me over. And it seemed as if—if I could only ruin something you cared about —— Oh, I ain't a man, Esther—I'm a mean dog!"

"I'm just as mean," she said. "And I've been just as miser'ble as you have. It wasn't till after you'd gone that I realized that I didn't care nothing for the spring—that I didn't care nothing for anything or anybody—but you. And it doesn't matter where nor how we live—I'll do anything you want. Oh, Hard"—her voice rose gloriously—"I thought there was lots of things—things to own, and to see, and to do—that mattered to me; but I've learned it now—there's nothing matters but loving you."

They were holding to each other now with a tragic tenderness that atoned for the cruelty that had gone before and the dreary days since that dark moment.

Their talk ran into a broken confession—the litany of lovers' quarrels, age old, yet always the same: "I was so cruel" . . . "I'm so sorry—sorry." . . . "If you can only forgive me." . . . "I don't see how I could've been so mean."

At last Esther drew a little away from him, laughing softly. "Oh, it's so fine to have everything all right again, Hard; and I have to laugh at myself standing here like a ninny and thinking the spring's going dry was a judgment on me for being so hateful to you. And all the time you'd been tinkering and fixing that pipe. . . . Don't let's stand round here in the dusk and dew. You come on up to the house and we'll have supper. You don't look as if you'd eat a good meal's victuals for a month of Sundays."

They went up the hill hand in hand, like happy children. And behind them Clear Spring, filled to the brim, restored to beauty and to use, smiled wisely at the sky.

Now I understand

Being modest, and knowing very little about advertising, I have never quite understood how a few ads of mine could induce over a million men to use Mennen's Shaving Cream.

A conversation I overheard in a Pullman the other day cleared up the mystery. It seems it wasn't my ads that did it at all.

They were talking about advertising—appeared to know all about it.

"It isn't always advertising that sells goods," said one. "Take Mennen's Shaving Cream for example. Its advertising is written by a mere amateur who talks about himself more than about the Cream. Yet I understand that in a very short time this Cream has won leading rank in sales. That is simply because it's a great shaving preparation—the finest I ever used."

"That so?" inquired the other man, "I never tried it."

"Then you don't know what a perfect shave feels like. Why honestly, Mennen's actually makes you *enjoy* shaving. You don't have to rub it in. It works perfectly with cold water. The lather holds three times as much moisture as anything I ever used—never dries on the face. And say! You can hoe the stubble off like scraping cream off a pan of milk."

Well, sir, that man raved about Mennen's for ten minutes and actually made the other chap promise to buy a tube that night.

Get the point? Every man who uses Mennen's goes around the country boosting for it—sort of an endless chain of personal recommendation.

I know it couldn't have been my ads—even though I never heard of a man who had tried one of my 12 cent demonstrator tubes without loosening up for a full-sized tube after two or three Mennen shaves.

There's probably one of those coupon things below if you want a demonstrator tube.

Jim Henry
(Mennen Salesman)

Send 12c for the Demonstrator Tube

JIM HENRY
House of Mennen
42 Orange St., Newark, N. J.

Dear Jim:
Most of my friends use Mennen's and talk about it. Guess I'll have to come through. Here's 12 cents for a Demonstrator Tube.

Name

Address

AFRAID?—By William Hamilton Osborne

LIEUTENANT GAY OLIVER, of the homecoming Ninety-first, drew breath sharply.

"By gorry—land!" he cried softly to himself.

He might, it is true, have been a little more technical about it. He could have yelled "Land—ho!" for instance; or "Land—off the stabbard bow!" But he didn't belong to that branch of the service and he held a very proper and acute contempt for the indecent language of the sea. The sea was not for him—not for him! He wasn't keen about being rocked in the cradle of the deep. He had tried it twice—once on the way over; once on the return trip. Each memorable occasion had laid him flat on his back for a week, downstairs in the basement.

When at last he had found himself able to climb through the skylight out on to the roof, he had fetched with him a powerful binocular and kept both eyes and half a dozen lenses glued to the horizon. He wanted to go home. With all the persuasive power of his strong young will, he had endeavored to lure the elusive Western Hemisphere out of the obscure haze in which she had swathed her naked shores. Fifteen times in the last three days he had discovered land. He had been very properly jeered at for his pains. Thereafter he had kept his frequent discoveries severely to himself. But this time it looked—it really looked ——

"By gorry—land!" he repeated to himself.

A heavy hand was laid upon his shoulder. A fat fellow officer was standing over him.

"Hello, old-timer!" quoth the fat fellow officer. "What you thinking about?"

Gay gave three-quarters of his chair. They occupied it very thoroughly by clutching each other about the shoulders.

"What you thinking about, old-timer?" persisted his fat friend.

Gay lowered his binocular and stared wistfully into the distances.

"Women," he returned.

"Women!" echoed his companion. "How many of 'em, now?"

"All of 'em," said Gay; "all of 'em—rolled down into one."

"Funny note!" said the fat man. "I've been thinking about women myself. I most generally manage to think about 'em sometime during the day. I s'pose when we get back we can have our pick, old-timer."

"I've got mine," said Gay.

"Don't fret, old-timer," said the other. "I've got mine too." He drew from his pocket a little case that opened with a spring. "Just cast your orbs on that!"

Gay looked; he smiled a patronizing smile.

"She must be some swell girl—by candlelight," he conceded generously. Then he whipped out a picture of his own. "My girl!" he explained.

His companion glanced at the picture indulgently.

"Oh," he said; "she'll pass—in a crowd."

"I'm not saying a word against your girl, you know," went on Gay politely; "she's all right—for you. Only, I prefer my own."

He tucked the picture out of sight. Then he went to pieces; he grew mushy.

"Women"—crooned Gay Oliver, the recollection of a long-forgotten fragment of poetic lore returning suddenly to mind—"white arms—for the white arms of the women that hold us—we thank Thee ——"

His companion thought it over in silence.

"White arms!" he echoed finally. "Gosh!"

After that, silence—and cigarettes.

A man who's just finished his summer vacation never knows how much good it has done him and how much healthier he looks until he gets back home and takes a surreptitious glance at his fat jowls in the stationary mirror in the bathroom. Until Gay Oliver alighted from the afternoon train at River City and found himself once more upon the familiar station platform, he didn't realize what war had done to him. But in that instant he knew he was different. He didn't stop to moralize about it. He merely swooped down upon a little group, caught the best-looking girl in the bunch in his arms and kissed her and held her tight.

"Oh, G-a-a-a-y!" shrieked Kitty Pearce in muffled tones. "Everybody's looking! Don't!"

Gay released her when he got ready. Then he shook hands all round and apologized all round.

"See you later, folks," he said. "I've got a date uptown with my girl."

He dragged Kitty Pearce gently but firmly from the group, hustled her across the platform, and lifted her into her limousine, which stood there waiting for them. Her chauffeur tilted his head for orders. Gay issued them.

"Stop at the Dime Savings Bank on the way up," he said. Then he climbed in after Kitty and drew down the shades.

"Gay!" cried the girl.

"Look here," said Gay; "it was a bit raw—my grabbing you that way on the platform in all that crowd."

"Raw?" echoed Kitty Pearce. "It was the most romantic moment in my whole life."

"You didn't mind it, then?"

"I wouldn't have missed it for worlds," sighed the girl. She held him off and looked him over. "Gay," she went on, "you're so different, somehow."

"I feel different, now I'm back," said Gay. "What is it—better or worse?"

"Oh, better!" she cried. "You're so—so masterful, Gay. You're glorious! You just sweep me off my feet."

"Masterful?" mused Gay. "That's just a habit I had to get into over there. It'll wear off in time."

"Oh, I hope it never does!" cried Kitty Pearce.

"Gosh," said Gay, "but I'm glad you're not any different! You know what I think of you, don't you?"

"No," challenged the girl.

So Gay had to show her all over again. While he was showing her the car stopped. They came to with a start.

"Dime Savings Bank," said Gay; "here's our first stop."

"What for?" queried the girl.

"Thinking about you over on the other side," said Gay, "saved up for me over a thousand dollars. I want to bank it while it's hot. Come on!"

Kitty drew back.

"Do I look all right?" she demanded.

"There's only one way I can show you how all right you look," said Gay. "Do you want to be shown some more?"

"I don't care," flushed Kitty Pearce.

"Come on," said Gay; "we'll bank this money first."

He banked it, opening a new account. He showed the book to Kitty.

"My first offense," he said.

"What do you mean?" queried the girl.

"First money I ever tried to save," said Gay; "gives me one of those queer feelings you read about. Now," he said to the chauffeur, "you stop at Jamouneau, the jeweler's, up the street."

Kitty climbed into the car.

"Gay," she cried, "I don't want you to buy me anything at Jamouneau's. I really don't."

"I'm not going to buy you anything," said Gay; "don't fret."

"What do you want to stop there for?"

"You'll see." The car stopped at Jamouneau's. Gay alighted and stalked into the store with Kitty at his side.

"You stick to me," he whispered to her; "I want you with me when I talk to Jamouneau."

They found Jamouneau in his little office at the rear of the store.

"Mr. Jamouneau," said Gay, "about eighteen months ago I bought an engagement ring of you—price, four hundred dollars."

"Five hundred," interposed Kitty Pearce.

"Five hundred is what I told you," said Gay; "but it cost four hundred."

"Is there anything the matter with the stone?" queried Jamouneau.

"Oh, no," said Gay; "but I've been owing you two hundred dollars on it for eighteen months. I thought I'd come in and settle up."

Jamouneau stared at him as he took the money.

"And what is your name?" he queried. Gay told him. "Oh, yes," said Jamouneau. "I remember that account. I remember it very well; in fact, we had charged it up to profit and loss upon our books. Sir, you are a very honest man."

"I am now," said Gay.

Kitty Pearce was almost crying when they reached the limousine.

"Gay," she exclaimed, "why did you take me in there with you? Why need I have known?"

"I wanted you to know," said Gay. "You said a while back that I was different somehow. I am. I want you to see how very different I am now from what I used to be."

"But you almost told him that you used to be dishonest."

"I don't know what you call it," said Gay. "I told you I paid five hundred for a four-hundred-dollar ring; and I left town owing two hundred dollars on it."

"You went to war."

"Yes," said Gay; "and I could just as well have bought you a two-hundred-dollar ring and paid for it, and let it go at that. Things have changed, Kitty. I've had a chance to catch up with myself."

"But you didn't have to tell me."

"Think it over, please," said Gay. "Don't you get it? I've started clean. You think it over, Kitty."

That night when they were alone she put her arms about his neck and put her lips close to his ear. "Gay," she whispered, "I've thought it over—and I think it's wonderful. I—I didn't realize the strength it took to take me into that store and tell."

"Rats!" said Gay. "I couldn't face old Jamouneau alone."

"Gay," whispered Kitty, pressing her face against him, "I want to tell you something nice. Will you listen—and not laugh?"

"Go on!" cried Gay.

And she went on in a quavering voice, saying to him what Ruth said to Naomi:

"'Whither thou goest, I will go; and where thou lodgest, I will lodge: thy people shall be my people, and thy God my God.'"

"You didn't have to say it," whispered Gay, blinking. "Don't you know I know how you feel?"

"I wanted to say it," said Kitty.

"I'm glad you said it," returned Gay; "it simplifies everything."

"How?"

"Why," said Gay, "I came home to—to get married; don't you see? And the way you've put it makes things easy for me. I've had my mind on one objective; now it's right in sight."

"I'm going to be just as honest with you, Gay, as you are with me."

"You don't have to, you know," said Gay.

"I want to be."

"Fine!" said Gay.

"So," went on the girl, "I had the nerve to talk it over with mamma just this afternoon."

"Does it take nerve?"

"Well, wasn't it rather indelicate when you hadn't said anything about it?"

"When didn't I say anything about it?" queried Gay. "I thought we were engaged to be married. I haven't said anything about not getting married, have I?"

(Continued on Page 75)

"America's First Car"

HAYNES

The Car Which Time Has Tested Longest

THE Haynes was the *first* car ever built in the United States. And for 26 years (think what that means!) Haynes engineers have been adding to that pioneer model each new quality of strength, smoothness and grace which brains can devise.

It is logical that the nation's *first* car should continue to lead in betterment, and in satisfaction to owners. The Haynes today exhibits not only the advantages gained through more than a quarter-century of progress, but the intensified engineering superiorities developed during the war period.

Haynes owners are *proud* of their cars. Their approval will help you in your decision.

Order your Haynes immediately. Our factory is already crowded with orders. To delay writing may mean delay in getting your new Haynes. Order at once.

The Haynes "Light Six" or "Light Twelve" as you prefer in the Town Car, and in the Open Car (7-pass.), Fourdore Roadster, All-Season Sedan or Coupé. Write for catalog and address of nearest dealer today.

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Velvet Joe to the Shipbuilder

Don't think yo're less a fighter for workin' here, my son—
Yo' made the ships that made the trips that helped
to lick the Hun;

Yo're guns are rapid-firers an' the rivets that they drive
Kept poundin' home the lesson that beastliness can't
thrive.

So fire away! That history will say, now we have
won:
"He made the ships that made the trips that helped
to lick the Hun."

Velvet Joe

Made from the best Kentucky Burley Tobacco, aged in NATURE'S Way— The *Right* Way—

15c

Write to Velvet Joe, 4241 Folsom Avenue, St. Louis, Mo., for his 1919 Almanac. He will send it FREE.

(Continued from Page 70)

"Well, anyway, I took it up with mamma. And she's just delighted, Gay, that you're so anxious. She wants us to be married in the fall."

"In the what?" queried Gay.

"The fall."

"The fall," said Gay, "is four months off. Where is your mother? Get her. Bring her down."

Kitty's mother was glad to be summoned to this conference.

"What's this about the fall?" asked Gay.

"We can put it off till winter if necessary, Gay," graciously responded the lady.

"Put it off! What do you call four months but putting it off?" cried Gay.

"I don't know that we can get ready in four months," said Kitty's mother.

"You don't mind my calling you mother, do you?" smiled Gay.

"It's perfectly fine of you, Gay," she returned.

"Now, mother," said Gay, "what is there to get ready?"

"Why—everything," said mother, as though rendering a detailed explanation of the matter.

"Won't you please specify?" persisted the lieutenant.

"In the first place, this whole house has to be renovated and redecorated. And you know how hard it is to get painters and decorators to do any work. And dressmakers—you can't get the attention of a modiste for love or money. And underclothes ——"

"You needn't go any further," said Gay. "I see clearly what you're up against, mother. Let me think it over for a day or two. Then I'll let you know."

"But what is there for you to think over, Gay?"

"Lots," said Gay; "first thing is, I've got to get a job."

"How about your old one, Gay?" queried the girl.

"It's filled, and I can't have it if I want it; and I don't want it if I can have it. I'm out of the rut—and out for good."

"Father can get you a job," said Kitty.

"That reminds me," said Kitty's mother, "that Mr. Pearce asked me to say ——"

"Father," corrected Gay; and Kitty's mother was so affected that she had to wipe her eyes.

"He wants to see you at his office in the morning."

"May Kitty go with me?"

"Oh, you'd better see Mr. Pearce alone," said mother.

"I'm going to take Kitty with me," persisted Gay. "I want to see all of Kitty I can. I can't let her out of sight."

"Isn't that romantic, mother?" cried Kitty.

"Just like Paul and Virginia!" sighed her mother. She tapped the lieutenant on the shoulder. "Gay, I haven't been so proud and happy—not in years!"

The next morning Gay—with Kitty at his side—bearded the beardless and inoffensive Mr. Pearce in his den.

"Gay's come down to get a job," said Kitty.

Mr. Pearce was distinctly troubled.

"Gay," he said, "I don't suppose you know how a house of our kind has been hit by the war. We don't deal in war essentials; hence we've slumped. We had to cut off all the help we could spare. But I can do this for you: We've got three of our old men coming back to good jobs. I can turn one of those men down ——"

"Soldiers?" queried Gay. Mr. Pearce nodded. "Nix on that!" said Gay.

"Or," went on Kitty's father, "I can make a place for you at a small salary—and you can work up."

"Copying figures out of one book into another, I suppose," said Gay.

"Just about that," said Mr. Pearce.

"It's not for me," said Gay. "I've got to see people or I'll die."

"I'll see what else I can land for you somewhere else," said Pearce.

"Thanks," said Gay; "and I'll look round myself. Kitty and I'll look round to-day. So much for that. We've been talking to Mother Pearce about a wedding ——"

Pearce's eye clouded. He nodded.

"You want to get married, don't you?" he said to Gay.

"That's what I came back intending to do," said Gay.

"Kitty," said her father, "I'd like to talk to Gay alone—if you don't mind."

Kitty glided toward the door.

"Here!" cried Gay, running after her. "You come back here." He drew her back to her chair. "You may as well say it to us both, father," went on Gay; "she'll get it at secondhand anyway. So, shoot!"

"What did your mother say about it, Kitty?" queried Pearce.

"She said next fall," said Gay.

"It's all my fault," went on Pearce. "I shouldn't have put her in that false position. I suppose she gave you a reason?"

"Painters and decorators—but not a word about the minister," laughed Gay.

"Gay," said Pearce, looking the lieutenant in the eye, "I've got a position to maintain in this town, and a wedding is the worst thing that could happen to me now. I suppose you know what a wedding's going to cost?"

"I've seen 'em anywhere from a dollar and a half up," said Gay.

"A wedding will cost me four thousand dollars," said Pearce.

"Why?" queried Gay.

"Ask me something easy," returned Pearce. "Search me! I don't know. I only state the fact."

"And that's why we've got to wait?"

"Exactly."

Gay looked at Kitty. Her face was burning and her eyes were smarting. She was ashamed.

"And," mused Gay, "you want us to wait four months until you can raise four thousand dollars?"

"You've said it."

"Well, father," returned Gay, "who am I to kick against the goad? What I've got to do is to go out and get a job. Come on, little one."

They walked in silence to the car. Then Gay burst into somewhat hilarious laughter.

"Gay!" cried the girl, wondering.

"Oh, I was just thinking," explained Gay, "what a complicated thing life used to be. Come on!"

"Where do we go from here?" queried the girl.

"Do you want to come with me?" asked Gay.

"Do I?"

"All right; we'll go hunting for a job—the two of us. We'll make a day of it together."

"You want to buy some newspapers," said Kitty.

"Been all through 'em," said Gay. "Nothing doing. I'm going through this town with a fine-tooth comb."

At four o'clock the patient limousine came to a full stop for the twentieth time.

"What place is this?" asked Kitty. She wasn't tired; she was only anxious about Gay's future possibilities.

"This," said Gay, "is Smith's Shirt Emporium."

"But," said Kitty, glancing at the overalls and the drivers' gloves dangling all over the store front, "you don't want to buy anything here."

"Of course not," said Gay. "I'm going in to see whether I can land a job."

"Here?" cried Kitty.

"A job is a job," said Gay. "Come on!"

So, side by side, they stepped into Smith's Shirt Emporium. Now Smith's Shirt Emporium was no new thing in River City. It was as old as the hills. And it had a distinctive trade—it sold to farmers, teamsters, day laborers. Its windows were replete with heavy woolen socks and bulky underwear, largely red in hue, and heavy winter caps and mittens. It was a store for the proletariat. Gay and Kitty Pearce found several of that class inside. In the front of the store, with his feet cocked up against the doorframe, there sat a big man with a ruddy face. He bowed to Gay as a matter of course. "The boss?" queried Gay.

The big man shook his head.

"The boss is back there, running round like a chicken with his head off. He's short of help. I'm an old customer of his. So I have to wait—ding it! Here; won't the lady have a chair?"

The lady declined, but Gay proceeded with the conversation. "I'm looking for a job," he said.

"What doing?"

"Anything."

The big man looked him over.

"I'm a caiker over at the shipyards," he explained. "Why don't you go over there? That's man's work, there."

Gay shook his head.

"First," he said, "they haven't got any jobs I want. Second, I decline to risk my life. I've been through the mill once; why twice? I've got a special reason."

The big man looked at Kitty Pearce and smiled.

"I see you have, captain," he returned, "and I don't blame you a bit. Look here!" he exclaimed suddenly. "You—you didn't come in here looking for a job, did you?"

"I'm looking for a job wherever a job can be found," said Gay.

"That's a funny note," mused the big man. "I was talking to Old Man Smith the other day about a man like you."

"What do you mean—a soldier?"

"No. Here's the point: Smith's Shirt Store has been selling cheap to cheap people all its life. Now Smith is up against it. His store's still cheap, but the cheap people are getting to be dear people. Look at me! When I first came in here I was earning a dollar and a half a day. Now I sometimes earn as much as a hundred a week."

"That's five thousand a year!" cried Kitty.

"If I keep sober, miss," said the big man, "I can turn the scale at about thirty-eight hundred a year. But, of course, it took me years to get to that. That ain't the point. A hundred-dollar-a-week man can't keep on buying the same stuff a twenty-dollar-a-week man does. You look at this suit—I had it made to order."

Gay looked at it.

"It's made right," he said.

"Stood me in eighty dollars," said the caiker; "and then, like a blamed fool, I step out of my high-priced tailor's and come in here to Smith's to get what he hasn't got. Maybe you can help me. I came in to get a tie—a good one. And, by gosh, I've pawed over his whole stock—and there ain't one I want!"

Gay regarded the tie the man was wearing; it was a light salmon pink.

"Of course," said the man, "the one I've got on is all right. The missus picked it at a department store. It's a good one; but I want another just as good. I'll show you, now ——" He escorted Gay behind the counter. "Look over that junk," he said, drawing out several cases. "You see, he hasn't got the stock."

Gay looked the ties over. Then he picked up one with red and black stripes running diagonally—a very striking combination.

"Now," said he, "this is the only possibility in the whole case. But that's the tie for your new suit, sir. Try it on."

The caiker jerked off his collar and cast it, with the discarded tie, on the counter. Gay looked at the collar.

(Continued on Page 79)

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The same principle of layer-upon-layer construction solves the inflation problem for both

GOODYEAR

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Both Are Goodyear Tubes

GOODYEAR'S ability to build tubes that last long and hold air unfailingly is dramatically related to the fact that Goodyear is also a successful manufacturer of balloons and dirigibles.

Now, as a matter of fact, there is sound basis for such assertion.

Both tubes and gas bags present problems of inflation.

For nine years, Goodyear has pioneered the furthering of aeronautics in this country, as applied to the lighter-than-air craft.

In constructing these giant gas bags the problem of inflation is exceedingly more complex than the problem as presented in making tubes for tires.

For the gas of the balloon is more elusive than air; harder to hold within rubber.

But it has been conclusively established that stout, light fabric, impregnated with rubber and built up *layer-upon-layer* forms the most practical container for this elusive gas.

Is it not quite logical, therefore, that this same built-up principle of construction should be successfully applied to tubes whose sole function it is to hold air?

Goodyear Heavy Tourist Tubes are built on this principle and their valve-patch is *vulcanized-in*. Built up as they are with several plies of pure gum, they are the best air containers we know of.

There are literally thousands of passenger-car owners throughout America who use Heavy Tourist Tubes exclusively, gladly paying the slightly added cost in the firm belief that they thus protect and get more mileage from their tires.

A section of a Goodyear Heavy Tourist Tube with plies separated to show layer-upon-layer construction.

More Goodyear Tubes are used than any other kind.

The Goodyear Tire & Rubber Co.
Akron, Ohio

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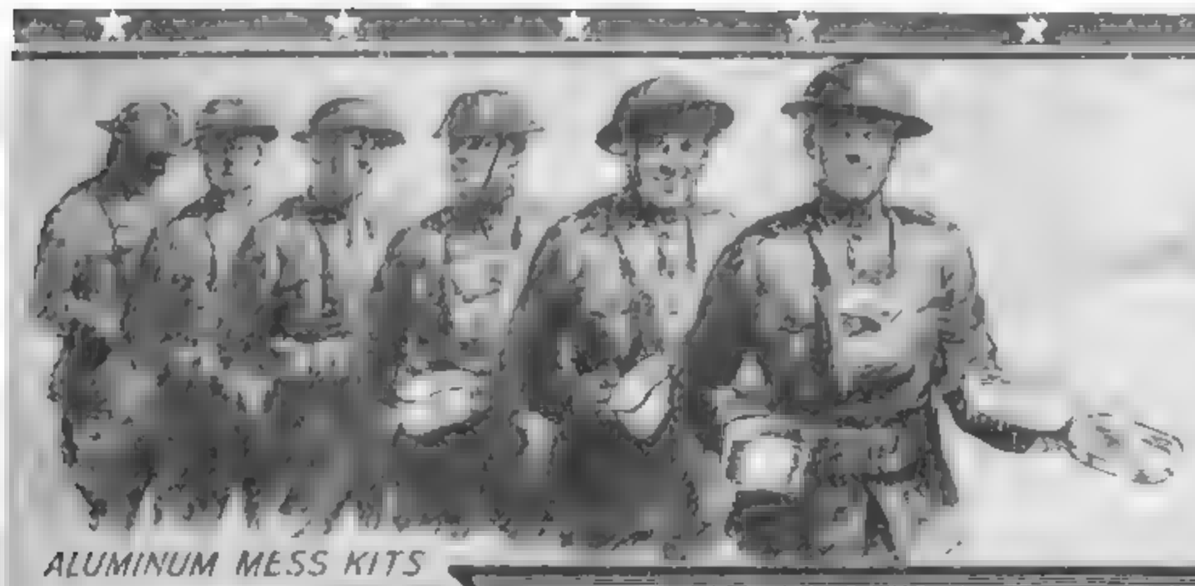

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With our heroes on land and sea—in the countries of Europe—aboard the ships of the great fighting and transport fleets—in the cantonments and training camps—in the hospitals and comfort-canteens—everywhere!—**"Wear-Ever"** utensils are serving.

That is why the supplies of **"Wear-Ever"** possessed by stores throughout the United States have been limited.

That is why patriotic women have not insisted upon getting the exact styles or sizes of

"Wear-Ever"
Aluminum Cooking Utensils

they preferred—but gladly accepted the nearest approach to what they wanted that their **"Wear-Ever"** dealers could furnish.

We wish to announce, however, that now it is possible to resume manufacturing the complete line of **"Wear-Ever,"** including those styles and sizes of utensils unobtainable during the war.

Because **"Wear-Ever"** has contributed to the comfort and well-being of their boys, the hundreds of thousands of women whose kitchens are equipped with **"Wear-Ever"** are even prouder than ever of their beautiful, shining, wonderfully durable utensils.

"Wear-Ever" utensils are made in one piece—without joint or seam—from thick, hard sheet aluminum. They have no coating to chip or peel; no place for food to lodge—cannot rust—are pure and safe.

Replace utensils that wear out with utensils that "Wear-Ever"

The Aluminum Cooking Utensil Co.
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ALUMINUM TABLE WARE

ALUMINUM STEAM-JACKETED KETTLE AND COFFEE URN

(Continued from Page 75)

"Come here," said Gay, "if you don't mind my butting in. Here's the collar you want."

Smith's old customer hustled the new collar out of the case and put it on and tied his tie.

"Glory be!" he said, looking at himself in one of Smith's mirrors. "That certainly looks like folks. Go on, captain. What else is wrong with me?"

Gay smiled.

"If you were a bookmaker that fawn-colored derby hat with its black band would be fine as silk."

"My hat, you mean?" gasped the customer, taking it off and looking at it. "What's the matter with it?"

"It's all right for a bookmaker; but for a gentleman calker —— Here; try this rough gray cloth hat. There! Look at yourself now."

The customer took another look.

"Well, glory be!" he cried. "Captain, you sure have pulled some trick! Is this your regular line?"

"I haven't any regular line," said Gay

"Would you mind doing me a favor? I'll pay you for it, you know."

"Name it," said Gay.

"Can you come up to my place sometime and look over what I've got and put me wise?"

"As to how?"

"Togs."

"Oh, sure!" said Gay

"Gay!" cried the girl.

"Oh, he's going to pay me for it," said Gay, as though that settled it.

"When can you come?" queried the calker.

Gay looked at Kitty and thought about it.

"When do you leave home?" he asked.

"Seven-thirty in the morning," said the other man.

"I'll be at your house to-morrow morning at six-thirty. I'll spend one hour with you. And I'll charge you ten dollars for the job."

"Done!" said the other.

"Where do you live?" queried Gay.

"Trevonian Apartments—just up that hill. That's settled, captain. Now you wait a bit. I'm going to get you a job right here. He's been paying a dub twenty-five a week. You ask him forty. You tell him what he needs and what's the trouble with his store. He's looking for a man like you."

"I'll tell him what you told me," said Gay.

"Smith!" yelled the calker. Smith dropped a customer for a moment and responded to the summons. "Captain Oliver—friend of mine," said the calker, winking at Kitty. "He's just the man you want."

Gay talked for ten minutes. Smith listened. Finally he nodded.

"The pay," he said, "is thirty a week."

"I want fifty," said Gay.

They compromised at forty-five.

"It's an experiment," said Smith. "I'll take you on at forty-five for three months. When can you begin?"

"Three weeks from to-day," said Gay.

"Oh, my Lord!" said Smith. "I want a man right now."

"What's the rush?"

"Easter trade," said Smith

"Big demand for spring overalls," added the calker

"To-morrow morning at eight o'clock," said Gay, "but I want a two weeks' vacation, without pay, when the rush is over."

"You get it"

"Done!" said Gay. He slipped his arm through Kitty's and led her to the car.

"Gay," she exclaimed as they rolled homeward, "whatever did you do it for?"

"Do it for?" echoed Gay. "Gorry, little one, I've got a job!"

"Kitty," whispered Gay after the somewhat ubiquitous Pearce household had left them to themselves that evening, "I think it's quite reasonable and proper, on the old man's on Father Pearce's—account, to postpone that wedding till the fall."

"Oh!" cried the girl. "I'm glad you approve. Mother will be pleased."

"What I should prefer myself," mused Gay, "is a military wedding, with crossed swords and everything." He was quite conscious that he was talking like a schoolgirl, but he went on his way blithely. "With crossed swords," he repeated, inhaling a deep breath.

"Oh, of course," said Kitty; "we must have that, Gay."

"Yes," said Gay dubiously. "And when does the old lady when does mother figure out we'll have this wedding?"

"In October," said Kitty.

"Fall begins in September," Gay reminded her.

"I know; but mother likes October."

"That," said Gay, "puts the kibosh on a military wedding."

"Why?" queried the girl.

"I've been mustered out," said Gay; "at the end of four months off comes my uniform."

"Oh, Gay!" cried the girl. "Then we've got to have it inside of the four months. Mother will want a military wedding."

Gay shook his head.

"I think, you know," he said, "that your father's got the right idea. Don't get married till you're ready. Your mother'll be ready in about five months. Your father may be ready then. You're ready almost any time, aren't you?"

"Ye-e-es," said Kitty, snuggling a little bit closer.

"That leaves only me to be considered," said Gay. "I suppose they wouldn't want it postponed a little longer?"

"I hate winter weddings," said the girl.

"I'm strong for weddings any time," returned Gay; "but we needn't have a winter wedding. I was figuring on October of next year."

"Gay—that's a year and a half from now!"

"Of course!" said the lieutenant.

"But we can't wait that long."

"Maybe we'll have to," said Gay, pulling out a piece of paper and a pencil. "Getting married is a purely mathematical proposition, isn't it?"

"I don't see how," said the girl.

"I do," said Gay. "First place, I've got about a thousand dollars in the savings bank. It'll cost me five hundred of that to get stocked up with a decent outfit for the wedding, and the teas, and what all—won't it?"

"Y-e-e-s," said Kitty.

"And I've got to slip the Right Reverend Devens, of Saint Mark's, a fifty-dollar bill"

"Yes"

"And a bachelor dinner—and cuff buttons and pins for the boys, and gloves, and flowers. There goes the other five hundred. That leaves me strapped. We want a wedding trip, don't we?"

"Why, Gay, of course!" cried the girl, her eyes shining.

"Fifteen dollars a day apiece for three weeks," said Gay. "I'll need another thousand before I even think of getting married. It'll take a whole year to save that up. Then, house furnishing—and wedding presents"

"You won't have to buy those," said Kitty.

"Won't I?" returned Gay. "Our whole future is going to be mortgaged by paying back wedding presents. As sure as we need fifty dollars for the baby ——"

"Gay!"

"Just so surely somebody'll be getting married and want that fifty. We've got to think about that, haven't we?"

"I hadn't, so far," murmured Kitty. "It's awfully discouraging, Gay."

"Not at all," said Gay. "I've got a job. In the course of a year or two I can save up fifteen hundred—maybe more."

"But," said Kitty, "you'll get a better job—one like you had before."

Gay laughed raucously.

"Do you know what I was making when I half bought that ring for you at Jamouneau's? Thirty-five a week—eighteen hundred a year. Now if Old Smith of the shirt store finds my references all right I'll be getting five hundred more a year. Kitty, I've got some job!"

"But—then you couldn't have married me with that other job."

"At that time I figured out I couldn't—true."

"But why did you ——"

"Just because I had to grab you before anybody else got you, Kitty. It was nerve. I wanted you that bad."

Silence—a rather twittering silence.

"And you have always wanted me?" pleaded Kitty as soon as she could reclaim her lips for speech.

"You don't have to ask me," said Gay. "How about you, Kitty?"

"Oh, Gay—you've always been so wonderful!"

"Really?"

"There never was anybody else; there never could be, Gay."

"Listen," said Gay; "I'm going to tell you something—something that I know is true. You remember when I asked you—you remember when you let me kiss you the first time?"

"Gay!"

"Now at that time," went on Gay, "there was only one vital thing in the whole world—you and me, and what we meant to each other. Am I right?"

"You know it, Gay."

"And when I went to France you thought just about the one person in the world?"

"You know it."

"Nothing in the whole world counted but me—not your father or your mother, not anybody—just me?"

"You know it, Gay."

"And you've prayed every night that I might get back safe and sound?"

"You don't know ——"

"Yes; I do," said Gay. "I'm telling you. And if I had come back crippled—shot to pieces—you'd have married me just to take care of me the rest of my life—if I'd have let you. Right?"

"I would have married you even against your will, Gay."

"Now," went on Gay, "all you've thought about me all that time I've thought of you. The one big thing I did in life before I went was to go after my objective—that was you. You've always been my objective. I'm after you yet. So we're agreed on that. Nothing in the whole world matters but we, us and company—does it, Kitty?"

"I should say not."

"Well, what's the use of getting married at all?" queried Gay.

"Why—we've got to get married, Gay. We—we love each other."

"So we do, by gorry!" said Gay. "And we've got to get married. Nothing else counts now, does it? Just getting married! Please tell me whether I'm right."

"Gay, you know you're right."

"Mother doesn't count; father ——"

"Well ——" faltered the girl.

"Wait a bit," said Gay; "let's go back. When I was in France you didn't pray that mother and father should be kept safe, did you?—I mean, not hard."

"No."

"Just wanted me to come back?"

"Yes."

"So we could get married and live happily ever afterward?"

"Yes."

"All right! Now do you know what marriage is?"

"Why, yes, Gay," said the girl shyly, wondering where all this was tending—or else not wondering and following his lead blindly.

"I mean, do you know what getting married is? There was a sergeant in my company—a lawyer—always talking law to us in the dugouts and behind the lines. He told us what a marriage really is. Do you know?"

"Tell me."

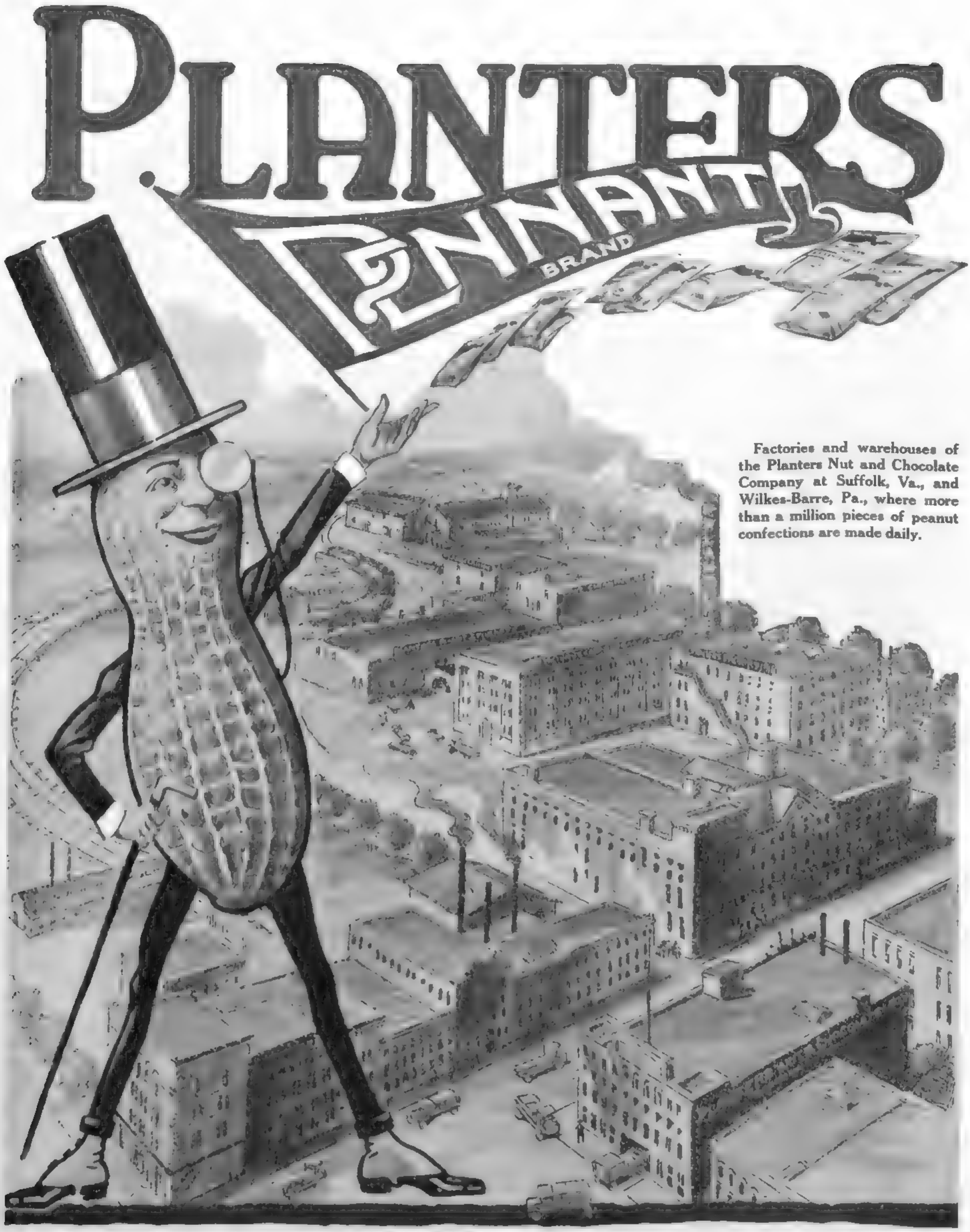
"I committed it to memory," said Gay. "I know it word for word: 'Marriage is a present agreement between competent parties to become husband and wife.'"

"I suppose that's what the minister says, in effect."

"The minister don't figure in what I'm talking about. He simply solemnizes marriage; he simply tells people what the parties have agreed to. That's what my sergeant said; and I know he's right. A present agreement between competent parties, Kitty. We take it that we're competent parties. Now for the present agreement: Do you take me for your husband, Kitty?"

"Why, yes, Gay."

(Concluded on Page 82)



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(Concluded from Page 79)

"Well, I take you for my wife, then. We're married!"

"Not really?"

"Really," said Gay; "all the rest of the stuff is just for evidence. We're married now."

"Gay!" cried the girl, a bit alarmed.

"Oh, we're not going to set up housekeeping—not just yet," said Gay; "but I've got part of my objective. So have you. We can fix up the evidence later. Now," he went on, "tell me why you want a big church wedding?"

"Why, every girl wants it, Gay."

"So does every man, perhaps. But he doesn't want it if it's going to stand in the way of his everlasting happiness. Listen: Do you think the finest thing in the world to me would be walking back down the aisle with you on my arm and a lot of uniformed O. D.'s behind us, with all the world staring us in the face? Think of it! A triumph, Kitty. But it's a mathematical proposition. I want five thousand to my credit before I try it—try that wedding and all the obligations it entails. It's something I can't get—not if I'm to have you. There's only one vital thing in life to me. That's you! And I've got you—and you've got me. Nothing else matters now."

"But, Gay ——"

"Yes," said Gay; "I'll listen if you want me to."

"But, Gay," persisted the girl, "mother and father—and all my relatives and friends ——"

"What about 'em?" said Gay.

"It isn't what I want, Gay ——" faltered the girl.

"What do you want?" queried Gay, forgetting his promise to listen. "Tell me the truth now."

"I want you."

"Sure?"

"You know it."

"More than anything else in the world?"

"Yes."

"Positive about it?"

"Positive!"

"All right. Go on."

"It isn't what I want," went on Kitty—"honestly! It's what they'll all expect. Everybody will expect me to have a big wedding, Gay."

"And you're afraid to disappoint them?"

"Yes."

"You're afraid of disappointing your father and your mother and your relatives and all your friends. Aren't you afraid of disappointing yourself—and me?"

"But we understand each other, Gay. The rest of the people wouldn't understand. I'm afraid ——" Gay held her close.

"Kitty, dear," he said, "listen: How many times do you think I felt afraid over in France? A thousand times! Roll those thousand times all into one, Kitty, and you won't begin to express how afraid I was to take you in and face Jamouneau about that ring—you and Jamouneau together. That was the hardest thing I ever did. I'll never be afraid again of anything in life ——"

"Oh, Gay!" cried the girl, the trouble suddenly disappearing from her eyes. "Gay, I see it; I see it all. I really do. I want you, Gay. I don't care for anything else in the whole world. I want just you. Look at me, Gay. I understand. And I'll never be afraid."

She really thought she wouldn't.

"Settled?" said Gay. "Then we'll have a military wedding, Kitty."

"But you said ——" protested the girl.

"Oh, we're married," returned Gay; "but we'll solemnize it with crossed swords at St. Mark's."

"A church wedding?"

"A chancel wedding, with half a dozen uniforms and a maid of honor, and mighty little else."

"I want Alice Kirk for maid of honor," said Kitty quite promptly; "and I've got to have something made to wear."

"You've got two weeks to do it in," said Gay. "Go to it. And I'll see the Right Reverend Devens and arrange for twenty dollars' worth of wedding right away."

He saw the Right Reverend Devens. Then he caught Peter Fairbanks on the fly during the noon hour next day.

"Peter," said Gay, "I'm going to get married."

"Wish I was," said Peter.

"Your fiancée's going to be maid of honor at our wedding," said Gay.

"What are you marrying on, Gay?" queried Peter Fairbanks. He was a very immaculate young man of commanding presence and physique, who had been rejected for active service five times because his upper teeth closed down inside his lower set instead of vice versa. "What are you marrying on, Gay?" he repeated.

Gay blinked his eyes.

"I've got a job in Smith's Shirt Store," he said.

"Good Lord!"

"It's the good Lord that put the nerve into me to do it," went on Gay.

"What are you getting?" queried Peter.

Gay told him.

"I'm getting eighty a week," went on Peter, "and I can't get married—not to Alice Kirk."

"Why don't you get married anyway? If not to Alice Kirk, then to somebody else."

"Never thought of it!" said Peter.

"Think it over while you're standing up with me at my wedding, then," said Gay.

He let it go at that. Then he routed out half a dozen army officers he knew.

"Going to have a military wedding," he told them; "want you in on it."

"What's a military wedding?" they asked him.

"Crossed swords," said Gay.

"Swords! Where can we get swords?"

"I'll hire 'em for you at a costumer's," said Gay; "this thing has got to be done right."

Early the next evening Gay swung round to the big Pearce house.

"Do you mind coming with me, Kitty?" he queried. "I've got some preparations to make. I want to show you something something nice."

"Do we need the car?"

"No."

Fifteen minutes later he stood before a door in the corridor of an apartment house fumbling with a key.

"Gay," cried the girl in alarm, "what place is this?"

"This," said Gay, "is the Trevonian Apartments." He unlocked the door and switched on the lights. "Walk in," he said.

Kitty walked in. She walked into three rooms, a bath, and a kitchenette. She sniffed the air. "Sulphur," said Gay; "I've been fumigating."

"What for?"

"General principles."

"What a dirty, dirty place!" cried Kitty.

"It is now," said Gay; "but it won't be soon."

"I don't like it," said Kitty.

"You don't now," said Gay.

"Where is the Trevonian Apartments?" queried Kitty.

"Three-quarters of a mile from my job," said Gay.

"But—are we going to live here, Gay?"

"We're going to try."

"But—why didn't you consult me about it?"

"I thought you liked my masterful decisive way," he reminded her.

"I do; but ——"

"I thought it all out," said Gay, "and I decided that you'd prefer me to shoulder the responsibility. It would have to come to this anyway."

"Mother and I could have found some nicer place."

"Not," said Gay, "for thirty dollars a month and within walking distance of my job. Excuse me a minute," he went on, shutting himself into the kitchenette; "I've got to make a quick change." He made it, reappearing almost instantly in overalls.

"What are you going to do, Gay?"

"I'm going to scrub the whole darned business. I'm going to clean her up."

"I'll help you."

"You'll sit on that stepladder and watch," said Gay.

"You could hire it done," she protested.

"Don't believe it," said Gay; "this job has got to be personally conducted, little one.

"Now," he said, at the end of two hours' hard work, during which the girl watched him in wonderment, "when I get this trim done in white enamel and have the walls done in gray—why, there you are! We own enough furniture between us to fill 'em. When we get it in here —— Presto! Change!"

"But the people ——" cried Kitty aghast.

"Don't worry about 'em," said Gay; "they won't bother themselves about us. They want to hobnob with spenders."

"Who are they?"

"One of 'em's a calker from the shipyards. I held a consultation with him this morning over his wardrobe. He's a spender—that lad. While I talked he ate. He put away a whole tenderloin steak and three fried eggs and half a dozen crisp slices of bacon. No use of our trying to keep our end up with a crowd like that! I took this apartment on his say-so. He claims it's the best-run place in town for the money; and plenty warm in winter, which is going to count with us. We may need a lot of heat next winter. You can't tell."

Kitty didn't discuss that phase of the situation. She just stared helplessly at Gay. He came over to her and took her in his arms.

"You can lay it all on me, little one—on me and my masterful decisive way, which you like so much—or don't. But—believe me!—there's no other way we can marry. I've thought it all out. We can't start any other way unless we want to be afraid of people all the rest of our lives. Please—please don't be afraid!"

"Oh, Gay," cried the girl contritely, "I'm asleep at the post! I'm a renegade! I'm a traitor! I'm anything you want to call me. But I promise you—I mean it this time—I'll never, never be afraid again."

Two weeks later—after the Easter rush at the shirt store had subsided—Gay took a week off and got married. They got very thoroughly married, under a wide variety of crossed swords.

Two nights after they got back Alice Kirk drove over with Peter Fairbanks. Truth to tell, Alice Kirk came to scoff. But she didn't scoff. She glanced about the gray-and-white suite in amazement.

"Why, it's absolutely scrumptious, Pete!" she said to Fairbanks.

"What does it stand you in a month?" said Pete.

Gay told him. Peter blinked his eyes.

"Thirty dollars a month?" he queried. "What does it cost you to live?"

Gay told him that. Pete blinked his eyes some more.

"Get that, Alice?" he exclaimed. "They're doing this on less money than I earn!"

"They can't be!" cried Miss Kirk.

"You—you wouldn't be interested in an apartment in this house, would you?" queried Gay. "There's to be one vacant on the first of the month."

Peter Fairbanks, his heart in his mouth, looked at Alice hard.

"Jumping Jerusalem!" he cried. "Get thee behind me, Satan!"

Gay got behind him and reached for the telephone. He held the receiver in the air.

"Central's waiting, Pete," he warned.

"Alice," pleaded Kitty, "think! We can have a bridge table evenings right here in the Trevonian. Please let Gay show you how?"

Alice stood helplessly staring at Peter Fairbanks. Then her face softened into a wonderful smile.

"Let's!" she cried, creeping to Peter and suddenly burying her face in his shoulder.

Gay winked at Kitty. Then he gave the number he wanted and got the Right Reverend Mr. Devens on the wire.

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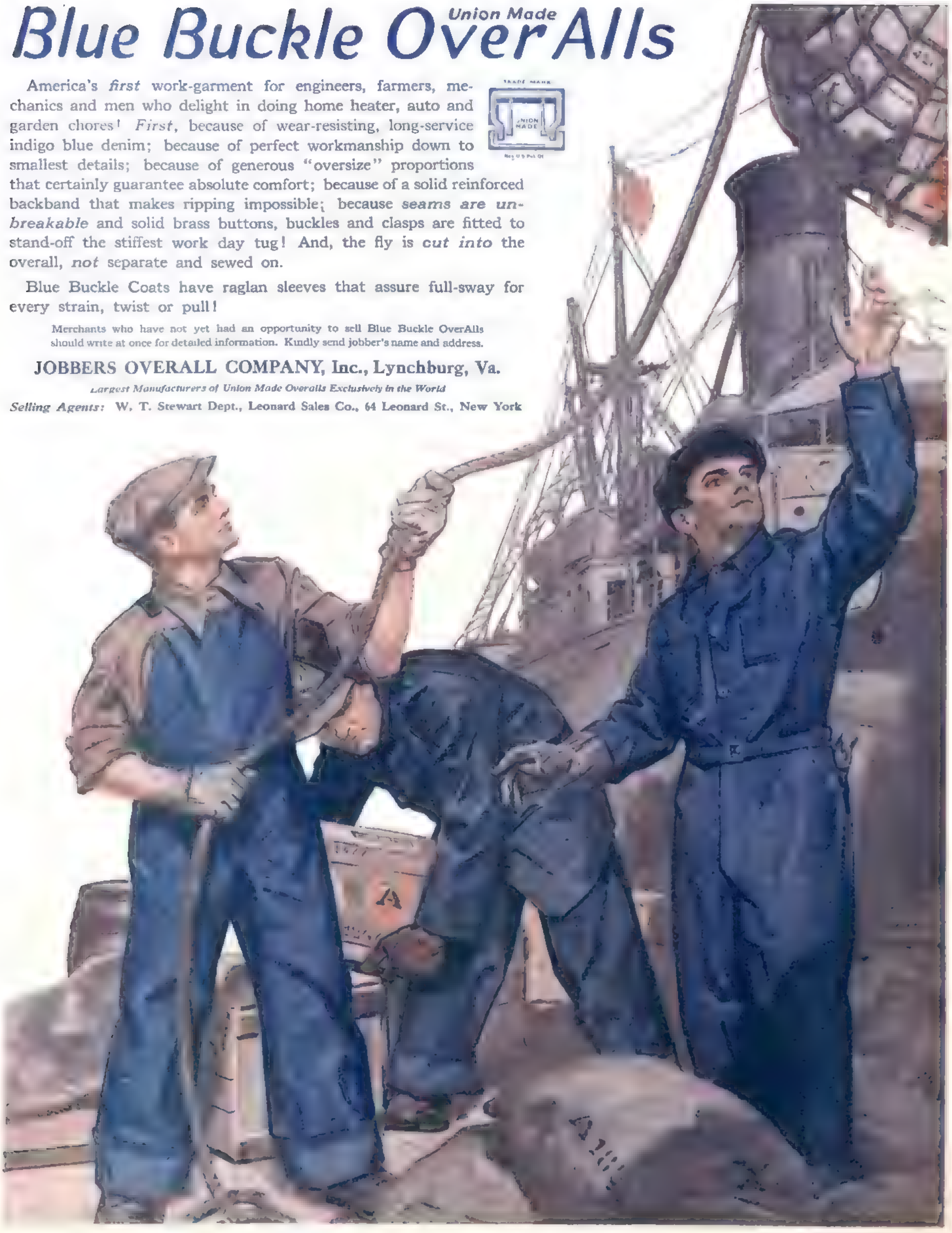

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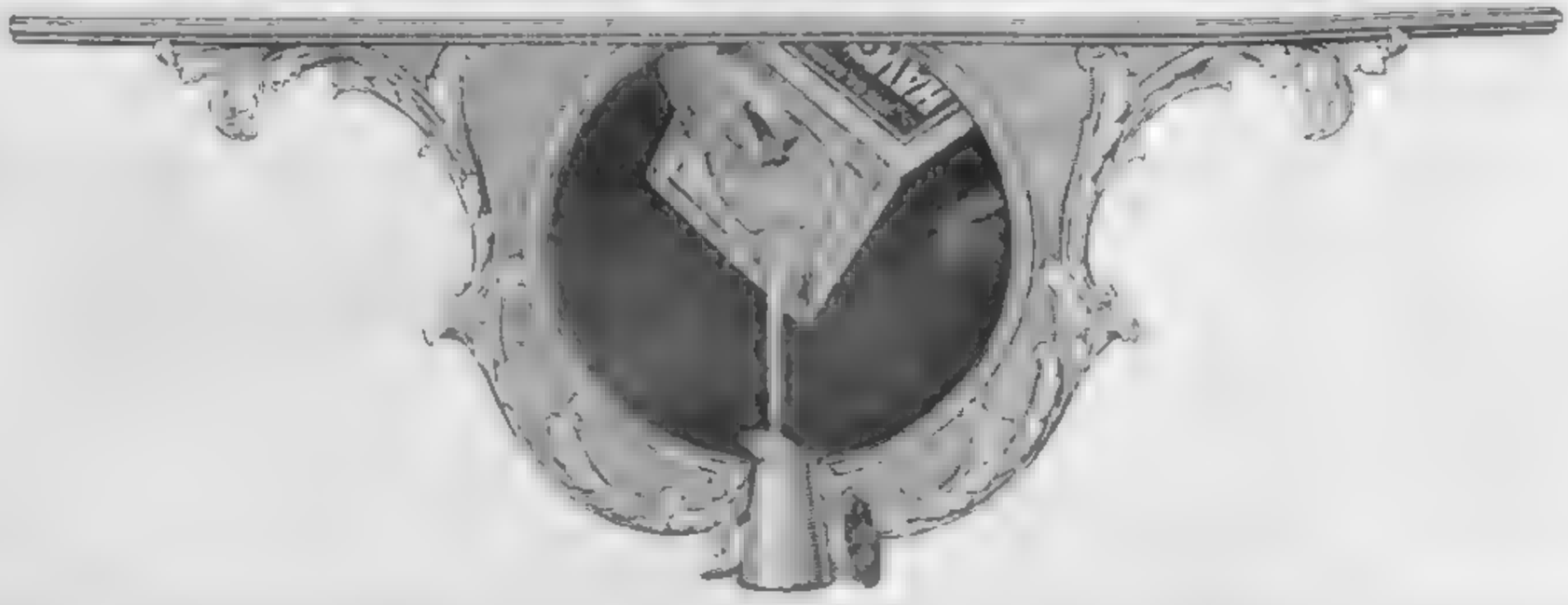


The Lost Goats—By Lowell Otus Reese

Two-Gun Pete Had Sandstorm's Goat. Nobody Admitted It Aloud, But Everybody Admitted It Within His Soul

"LOVE of Mike!" said Old Sam McCall, staring down toward the railroad station. "Who's the meek little brother cringin' along this way?"

It was the end of a long hot desert day and a lot of us fellows stood about on the porch of Jake Bauer's saloon, smoking and chatting together, enjoying the comparative coolness that had come upon the land with the setting of the sun behind the crest of the Butte. Everybody was friendly and good-natured; pay particular attention to this, for you will always find more ferocity in a couple of pages of a fiction thriller than you'll discover in a dozen mining camps.

"Viewin' him offhand and impartial," ventured Old Cahuenga Bill Penny, cocking his head on one side and observing the approaching man with a careful eye, "I'd say he was a victim of general decrepitude, come out on the desert to make one more try for his failin' health; and now he's totterin' uptown for a dozen aigs to eat raw!"

Which was irony, of course; for the stranger who was coming up the sandy sidewalk was a regular grizzly bear of a man. He was huge up and down; huge all the way round. He had great, speckled hands, with reddish hairs growing on them. His head was red, too, and the hair long and fierce looking. As he neared us we saw that he had a mean mouth and bloodshot, piggy little eyes which looked suspiciously right, left and ahead, the inflamed lids making them seem startlingly like the eyes of a ferocious wild boar, seeking trouble.

As the man came past Hop Yick's restaurant the door opened suddenly and the Chinaman stepped out on the sidewalk. Hop Yick was not expecting to meet anyone and the big man lurched into him and knocked him flat with the impact of a heavy shoulder.

Hop Yick was not in the least hurt. He accepted the matter as an unavoidable accident, got up, grinned, dusted the sand from his flowing trousers, and pattered off down the street. The stranger paid not the slightest attention to the Chinaman's misfortune.

"Did you see that?" muttered Pete King indignantly.

"He slammed into the Chink on purpose," said Perley Moore. "The big hooligan!"

The object of our sour regard shouldered through our little gathering, with never a word or a look of greeting or apology. So far as he was concerned we were not there. Jake Bauer's door was closed. It was a flimsy thing and the stranger did not stop to open it. He swung a hamlike fist and the door leaped from its hinges and was splintered along the floor inside. The surly visitor stalked across the wreckage and stood up at the bar.

"Four fingers of the oil of hell!" he snarled across at Old Jake. And then we noticed that he had a long blued six-gun strapped upon each hip. "And be damn quick about it!" he growled. "I'm dry all the way down."

"Y-yes, sir!" gulped Jake Bauer; and we who stood upon the porch saw and were amazed.

"By Jasper!" whispered Sam McCall. "He's got Ole Fightin' Jake's goat."

And none who saw could doubt it. Old Jake Bauer was noted for his readiness to fight anything, anywhere and anyhow. Fists or guns, ear-chewing or throwing beer bottles, Old Jake Bauer claimed the distinction of mixing it with the best of them, losing nothing from his prestige and finding none to pick a flaw in his artistry. His face proved it, with a multitude of scars; and his broken nose gave to his face a peculiarly forbidding look. It was a notable fact on the desert that one glare from Old Jake's crossed eyes, supplemented by the background of that scandalous face, had won the veteran desert bartender many a battle.

Outside on the porch, we who knew all these things watched furtively and marveled as the man with the porcine eyes drank his whisky in solitary exclusiveness, while across the bar Jake Bauer, buffaloed for once in his tempestuous career, polished the mahogany nervously and breathed loudly through his broken nose.

Three times the big man filled his glass from the squat black bottle before his thirst was assuaged. Then he bent a red glare across the bar.

"My name's Scatcher," he announced; "Pete Scatcher. Out in the Lava Beds they call me Two-Gun Pete." He stood for a moment, slightly unsteady in the legs, but with a heavy-lidded, unwinking gaze fixed sullenly upon the bartender's eyes. "Charge them drinks!" he said. "Charge 'em to Two-Gun Pete. I reckon you'll remember me better thataway." He turned and walked out. At the door he stopped and looked back.

"And the door," he added, "charge that too! And leave it down. I can't bear to find no door shut when I come after a drink."

He walked out through our crowd. This time he went slowly, bending about him that slow, sullen, red-eyed glare. It was a challenge; and we all knew it. But nobody moved and nobody said a word. Two-Gun went back along the sidewalk. At the end of the block Hop Yick pattered suddenly round the corner, coming back to his place of business. Two-Gun lurched violently at the Chinaman; but Hop Yick sprang aside, quite off the sidewalk, and escaped the impact, grinning. The bad man disappeared round the corner; and we avoided one another's eyes. We were ashamed.

Jake Bauer was ashamed, too, though he said not a word as he came out from behind his bar and began clearing the remains of his door from the littered floor. But Jake's breathing could have been heard a block away.

I think it was the unexpectedness of the thing that caught us. Not one of us would have stood for these insults had they come to us gradually. Ordinarily Jake Bauer would have turned his saloon into a slaughterhouse had an insolent stranger done a tenth of the things Two-Gun had done.

Nor would we Sandstorm men have allowed this quarrelsome pilgrim to depart without a dire settlement regarding the matter of his bullying assault upon poor Hop Yick; for right here I wish to explain that the yellow, leather-skinned Chinaman was one of Sandstorm's most esteemed citizens. The reason for this lay grounded deep in our hearts, for Hop Yick was the original, Simon-pure Friend in Need. No matter how remote the chances that he would ever realize on his gamble, Hop Yick was always ready to trust any desert man who was broke and hungry. Never in the history of Sandstorm had he refused any unfortunate a meal and a bed for the night.

"Ketchum glub now; some day you pay, aw' li'!" This was the Chinaman's invariable formula; and many a desert struggler had weathered the storms of adversity by reason of the rope thrown him by the good-hearted Mongolian. We who knew these things, and felt for Hop Yick a sincere regard, growled among ourselves and wondered why we had said nothing when our yellow friend was set upon. It did not seem possible that we had stood by and seen such a thing done.

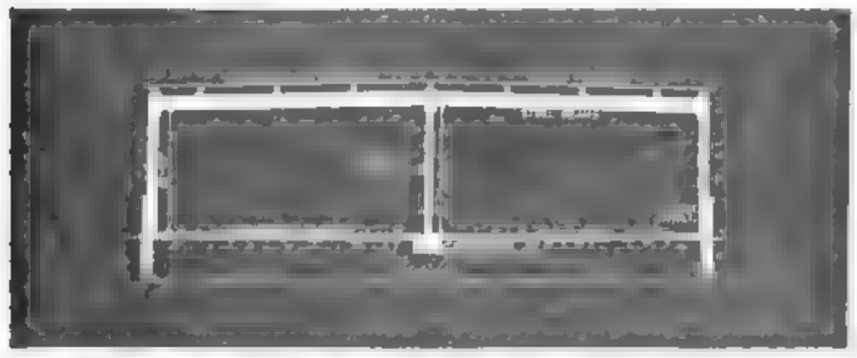
But it really had happened, and the big man had our goats. That was it—he had our goats! It is not at all a refined phrase, but it expresses something that nothing else in our language touches, even remotely. It is a psychological thing; but, emphatically, when a man gets your goat you suffer a tangible loss. Something really goes from your possession to his—sometimes permanently.

Yes; Two-Gun Pete had Sandstorm's goat. Nobody admitted it aloud, but everybody admitted it within his soul. Two-Gun outweighed any other man in camp; he was so evidently a bad man. As I have said before, we were a peaceable, friendly body of men. We disliked trouble. Even Jake Bauer, the scarred old gladiator, had a kindly soul; and I've seen him play with Perley Moore's children by the hour. No man can be all bad if he loves

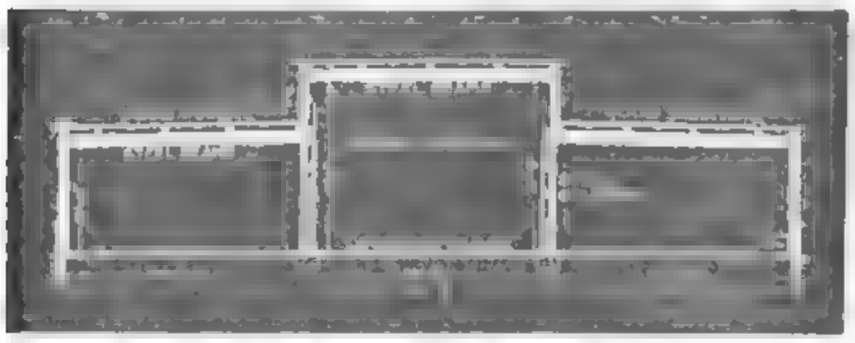
(Continued on Page 88)

Austin Speed is the Speed of Method

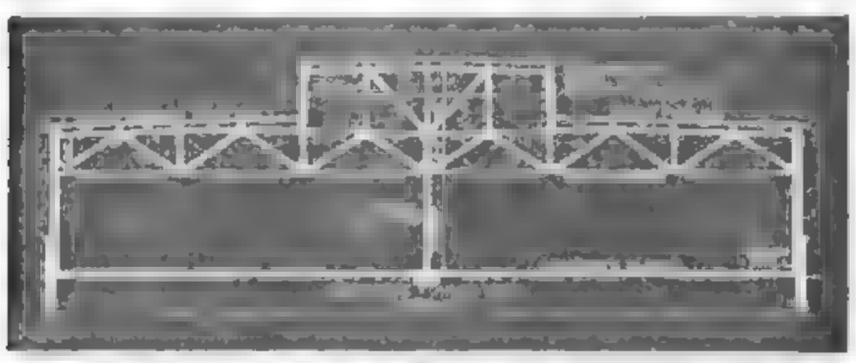
THE AUSTIN METHOD



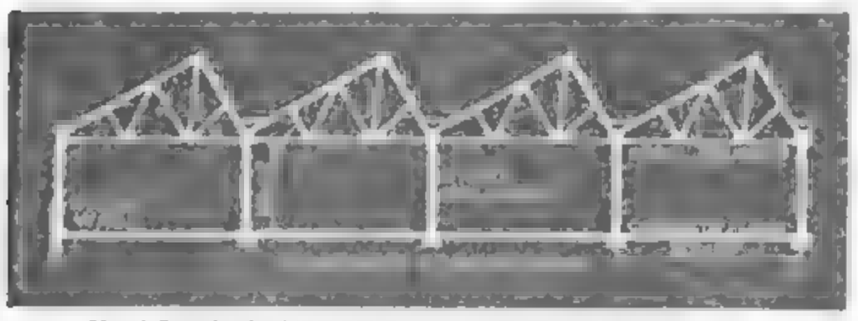
No. 1 Standard—This type is 60 feet wide with one row of columns and no monitor. It is designed for light-machine work and storage. It can be any length in multiples of 20 feet. Built in 30 working-days.



No. 2 Standard—90 feet is the width of this building. It has two rows of columns and a monitor to give good light and air. It is designed for foundry and heavy-machine and erecting-shop work, and may be equipped with craneway if desired. Built in 30 working-days.



No. 3 Standard—This is the "Universal" type. It is 100 feet wide, or wider in multiples of 50 feet, and any length in multiples of 20 feet. It has a monitor with a single row of columns. Built in 30 working-days



No. 4 Standard—This is the saw-tooth type. It can be built any size in bays of 20 feet x 30 feet. Level suspension for shaft hangers is provided. Built in 60 working-days

The First Standard Factory-Building ever erected was built by Austin in 1909.

Since then 16 linear miles of Austin Standard Buildings have been erected for 240 concerns in 46 lines of business.

"PERMANENT factory-buildings ready for useful occupancy in *30 and 60 working-days*, complete industrial plant erected and equipped in from one-third to one-half the usual time."

Such is the Austin result—an accomplishment that marks a new era in industrial construction. Through the Austin Method hundreds of factory-buildings in over 46 Industrial Fields have been completed in record time. *Great savings in capital and speeding up for production has been the economic result.*

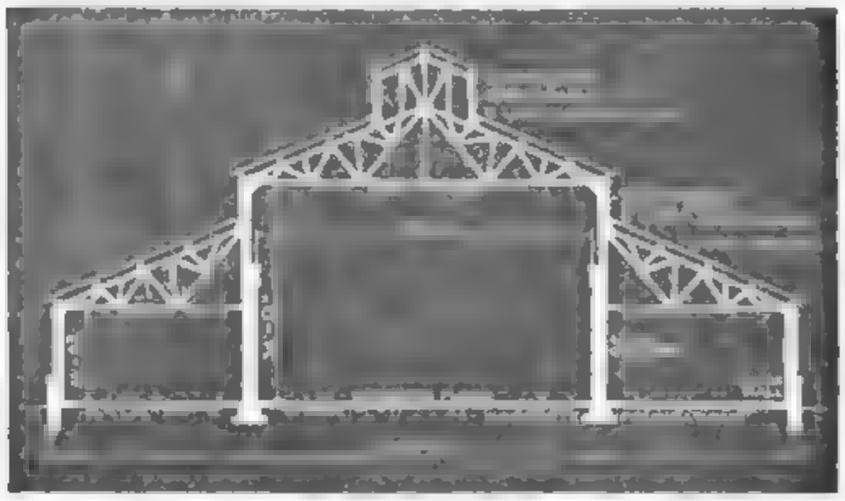
Organization is largely responsible. It is the system of the Austin method—a co-ordination of architectural and engineering skill, purchasing ability and construction supervision.

More simply stated, it is an organized force that delivers the concrete, steel, brick and lumber from Austin stocks to your property with greatest dispatch, has the right men on each job at the proper time—keeps them all moving steadily and surely without apparent haste and delivers a permanent and substantial building, complete, broom-clean, windows washed, ready for useful occupancy in record time.

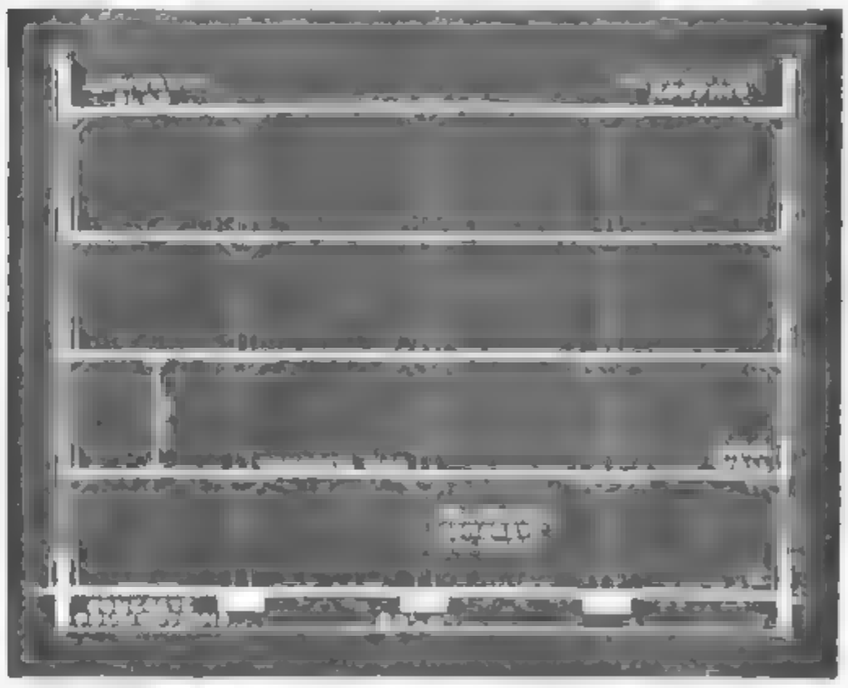
AUSTIN STANDARD FACTORY-BUILDINGS

Permanence is Never Sacrificed to Haste

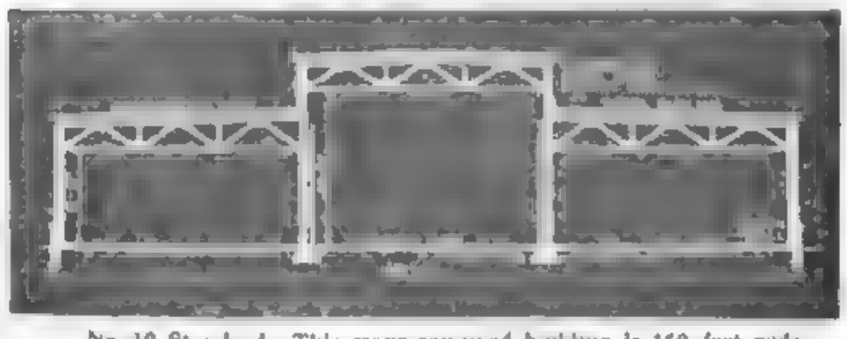
THE AUSTIN METHOD



Nos. 5, 6 and 7 Standards—These are the heavier type for foundries and heavy machine shop The center aisles vary in size; No. 5 is approximately 40 feet, No. 6 is 50 feet, and No. 7 is 60 feet The side aisles are slightly over 30 feet. Built in 60 working days



No. 9 Standard—This standard represents the flat slab reinforced concrete [illegible] factory type. Can be built any size in panels 20 feet [illegible] Clearance is 12 feet 3 inches. This type also requires a slightly longer time for construction



No. 10 Standard—This crane-equipped building is 150 feet wide with three 50 feet aisles. It can be built any length in multiples of 20 feet Built in 60 working days

THROUGH over 40 years of experience in the construction of *special* industrial buildings, Austin Engineers have developed the 10 Austin Standards which are briefly described on these pages. These ten standard types together with their variations and combinations have been found to meet most industrial housing requirements. Both the Standard and special building service of The Austin Company will be found in the *Austin Book of Buildings*.

In this book there are specific facts of interest to the man who contemplates the building of an entire plant and its equipment, or a single industrial building, whether of the light manufacturing type or the heavy crane-equipped kind of structure. Copies of the book are gladly sent in response to requests written on business stationery. Manufacturers and engineers whose requirements for more space are urgent will save time by using the wires.

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AUSTIN STANDARD FACTORY-BUILDINGS

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little children. From the best citizen down to Jake Bauer we were wistful for peace. And everybody felt that to wiggle a little finger at Two-Gun Pete Scatcher would start Sandstorm swimming in a sea of blood.

That was it. The effect of Two-Gun's unexpected challenge was to start our imaginations to working abnormally. It was not that we were afraid—not that, exactly. It was that we were afraid of being afraid —— Oh, what's the use? I can't explain it.

But Two-Gun Pete knew; and he presumed upon his knowledge during the humiliating days that followed. To this day many of us feel our skin burn when we remember all we stood for. And we stood for nearly everything in the whole list. For no man in Sandstorm had a goat. Two-Gun had them all.

II

YOU may say what you please, but there is such a thing as luck. Some men are born lucky and others are born unlucky. If it isn't true, then, why can an old reprobate like Sam McCall draw to a Chinese wash ticket and fill his hand with a royal flush? And do it nine times out of ten! And a hard-working sober man will bet seven dollars on three jacks and find out later that some peak-headed mental deficient is holding up four of a kind, with maybe an ace for a chaperon!

I said something like this one evening when Old Cahuenga Bill Penny and I were arguing over a game of poker in Jake Bauer's place. We were getting pretty well heated up over the matter too—especially when I made the remark about the peak-headed mental deficient. Cahuenga Bill is mighty sensitive, and I wouldn't have said it if I hadn't been excited.

"Maybe I have got a peaked head," said Cahuenga, chewing rapidly upon his tobacco cud. "Maybe I have. I ain't denyin' that Nature overlooked a lot of chances when she drawed the specifications for my figger. Maybe I'm shy of brains too. But if I was some folks I wouldn't hint round about other people's looks and lack of brains! If I had a head like yores, f'r instance, I wouldn't waste it playin' poker. I'd rent it out for a rock hammer and get richer'n ole hell!"

"All the same," I said, "there is such a thing as bad luck."

"You've inherited that there remark," said Cahuenga neatily. "I bet them's the very words yore daddy used when he got the first glimpse of you!"

There is no telling to what dangerous degrees of acrimony this conversation might have led us, had not Doc Seaver come hurrying into the place just as Old Cahuenga uttered this invidious remark bearing upon the sacred moment of my birth. Doc was very evidently excited.

"Gimme a bottle of whisky—quick, Jake!" he said.

"Somebody sick, Doc?" asked Jake.

"Perley Moore," replied Doc briefly. "Stone fell down the shaft this afternoon and busted Perley's leg."

"Is he bad, Doc?" I asked.

"Pretty bad, I reckon. Internal injuries, too, I think. He won't be able to work for six months, even if he's lucky; maybe a year."

The doctor hurried out and commiserating remarks arose all about the room.

"Well," sighed Jake Bauer, "it does seem as though this here poor Ole Perley Moore is the champion hard-luck kid. If there's any hard luck travelin' across the Mojave Desert, you can bet it camps with Perley Moore!"

"There!" I said to Cahuenga Bill Penny. "Haven't I been saying it? Some men that would be better off shot have all the good luck; while a good fellow like Perley Moore gets all the bad luck. How do you account for it?"

"I ain't accountin' for it at all," said Bill. "How can you expect me to account for something that even you can't figger out? Me, I got a peaked head!"

Anyway, Perley Moore always had hard luck trailing round after him like a hungry pup. It was a shame, too, for Perley Moore was a good fellow and he deserved good fortune. And that reminds me of Sam McCall again. Sam wouldn't have been missed much any time he might have chosen to leave Sandstorm. Yes; even if death had come along and taken Sam by the hand and led him gently from our midst, we should not have gone into a decline over the affliction. There would have been a universal sigh; but about half of that sigh would have been relief. That gives you a hint regarding the kind of a man Sam McCall was and how valuable as a citizen. But do you suppose anything ever happened to Old Sam McCall?

Nothing ever did! Why, three years before, when Sandstorm was celebrating the Fourth of July and Jake Bauer uncorked a case of wood alcohol that had been shipped to him by mistake, what do you suppose happened? Why, this: Every man in the district went right down to death's door and only won back by a scratch—every one of them! Doc Seaver worked night and day, and managed to save them; but not a man of them was the same man for a year—that is, every man but Sam McCall. Sam McCall didn't even have a bellyache!

Cahuenga Bill and I were still talking about this an hour later, while we were eating supper over in Hop Yick's restaurant. Suddenly an uneasy hush fell upon the room and I knew something had happened. I looked round and saw that Two-Gun Pete Scatcher had come into the place.

At the upper end of the room Hop Yick had his range, with a long counter in front of it, and high stools all along for such of his patrons as desired short-order service. Two-Gun heaved his heavy body up on one of these stools and profanely demanded food. Hop Yick grinned and obeyed promptly.

Two-Gun, however, cursed him, out of the bitterness of his own spirit, insulting the Chinaman grievously. But Hop continued to grin. He served his ill-natured customer; and we goatless men of Sandstorm seethed and boiled, for with every insult bestowed upon our Chinese friend we felt the wire whips of humiliation scoring our own souls. And yet no man among us lifted up his voice!

Not ceasing to bully his uncomplaining host, Two-Gun ate a very hearty meal. After he had quite finished he climbed down from the stool and prepared to depart. Hop Yick stood expectantly and Two-Gun grinned hoglike in the Chinaman's face.

"Charge it," he said. "Charge it to Two-Gun Pete!"

Hop Yick continued to wait, watching his customer with inscrutable bland eyes.

"Whatchee mallah?" he inquired gently. "You bloke?"

Somebody snickered. Two-Gun turned upon Hop like a savage beast.

"What's that to you?" he demanded. "Didn't you hear me when I said it? I'm Two-Gun Pete Scatcher, from the Lava Beds; and I said: 'Charge it!' You savvy?"

Hop Yick's strange, expressionless Oriental regard never changed. He nodded soberly.

"Me savvy!" he said, and stood in the same attitude, watching Two-Gun until the bad man disappeared in the darkness outside. Then Hop picked up his greasy daybook and made weird hieroglyphics therein. When he looked up his face was placid and serene. "Loughneck!" he said cheerfully, and took the next order.

Now a white man under the same conditions would have hit the man with a club or shot him, or else he would have backed meekly down like the average man whose goat has been wrested away from him. But Hop had done none of these things. He had merely drawn the mask of the Asiatic across his countenance and waited. Heaven only knows what was going on back of that yellow mask—a mask behind which the Mongolian hides the emotions of ten thousand years of a strange uncomprehended civilization.

I went up to the counter where Hop Yick was ladling out a generous helping to a stray tramp who had just blown in off the railroad.

"Too bad, Hop!" I said. "Him Two-Gun no good. Why you no put 'em loco weed in him stew?"

"He-he!" giggled Hop. "What foh? Him Two-Gun man loco aw'leady." The mask suddenly swept the grin from that alien face, and Hop tapped his head and then his stomach with confidential gravity. "Allee same, hog!" he said solemnly. "All belly—no blain!"

And with this cheerful epigram Hop Yick apparently dismissed Two-Gun Pete from the universe.

For two whole weeks the baiting of the Chinaman continued, and the Asiatic never failed to accept it with the passive silence of his race. One evening when he took up his book to enter Two-Gun's charge the bad man wanted to know what he was doing.

"You ketchum glub—me put 'em down. Some day you pay," said Hop Yick.

"Pay—hell!" sneered the big man. "Who told you I'd pay?"

Hop Yick looked at him with the puzzled look of a child that cannot comprehend the subtle meanings of its elders.

"Some day you pay," he reiterated soberly; he seemed to be addressing some spark of honesty in the man.

Two-Gun rolled off the stool and walked out. As he passed down the room he swept us men with a slow sneering look that seared us like a red-hot iron. But we stood for it. We had lost our goats.

Only Old Cahuenga Bill Penny said anything after Two-Gun had gone.

"We've had typhoid and measles and sandstorms and things," he said peevishly. "And oncet we got poisoned on wood alcohol. I ain't findin' no fault with Providence about them afflictions; but whatever have we done to deserve this here Two-Gun Pete Scatcher?"

Nobody answered. There really was no answer to Cahuenga Bill's question. Up at the counter Hop Yick was talking to the departing tramp.

"You bloke?" he grinned. "Aw' li'l Some day you come—you pay—heap good."

As has been mentioned before, Hop Yick was the original Simon-pure Friend in Need.

III

I HAVE said Perley Moore was an unlucky man. This year seemed to be the year when all Perley's troubles fixed it up to meet and have a reunion. Yes, sir; it surely seemed like Old Home Week for Perley Moore's troubles. They were all there.

It was the evening of New Year's Day and we were all busy in Sandstorm. The hour was not so late that very many of us were physically incapacitated, you understand; though it must be admitted that here and there a few ordinarily sprightly citizens teetered suspiciously when they walked. We had, in fact, arrived at that interesting period when everybody was telling everybody else what a glorious year this new one was going to be, and what a good fellow everybody else was; you know, we had reached the mellowing-up stage, when the world looks to a fellow like a big yellow orange done up in sweet dreams and sprinkled with star dust and diamond splinters.

I met Old Doc Seaver on the street in front of Eddie Brown's hardware store and wished him a Happy New Year.

"Happy New Year!" he snorted contemptuously. "Haven't you heard the news?"

"No!" I said. "What is it?"

"Two-Gun Pete has jumped Perley Moore's Lucky Boy claim!"

"What!" I was shocked. "You don't mean that, Doc!" I said incredulously.

"It's a fact!" said Doc. "I was up there, and I saw the notice myself. It's tacked on Perley's windlass." And Doc teetered away.

And that's the way it always happens in this life! Two minutes ago I was all lit up with peace and joy and good will; and now the edge was taken off my happiness and the world was suddenly streaked with dark lines of bitterness and gloom!

Isn't it a fact? No matter how joyous and carefree you are—all covered up with good luck and health and everything; no matter how bright your prospects and how full your pocket—you've got to remember that adversity and sickness and ingratitude and maybe death are hanging round the dark corner just a few steps ahead, and they're liable to bat you over your roof with a club any minute. Any minute! And then it's Good-by, Happy New Year! for you; and it's Hello, Eternity! forevermore—and what'd you do with all those beautiful New Year resolutions you made last January—a year ago.

That's the state of mind I was in as I watched Doc Seaver weaving away down the street after unloading his news on an innocent, happy soul. That's the kind of stuff I was thinking; and really it was not the kind of thinking that goes well with the Happy New Year. But isn't it always that way? If a man has bad news it tickles him to death to spread it.

And so, all the joy and zip having been taken out of my holiday celebration, I went over into a dark place on Jake Bauer's porch and sat down to brood and reflect on my troubles and think what a rotten world this is, anyway! Pretty soon I fell asleep and forgot my griefs until somebody came along and stepped on my foot and woke me up; and then I couldn't go to sleep any more.

I went out to Perley Moore's house at last. I remember how pathetic and little the cabin looked, squatting all by itself in the brush. It looked like the home of bad luck, sure enough! I stood still in the starshine for a few minutes, looking it over.

Wasn't it typical of life? I thought morbidly. The good fellow dwells out in the brush, among the cactus and lizards and sidewinders, and his wife has to take in washing; while the dissipated and the criminal and the worthless live in the white lights, and dance and sing and drink and

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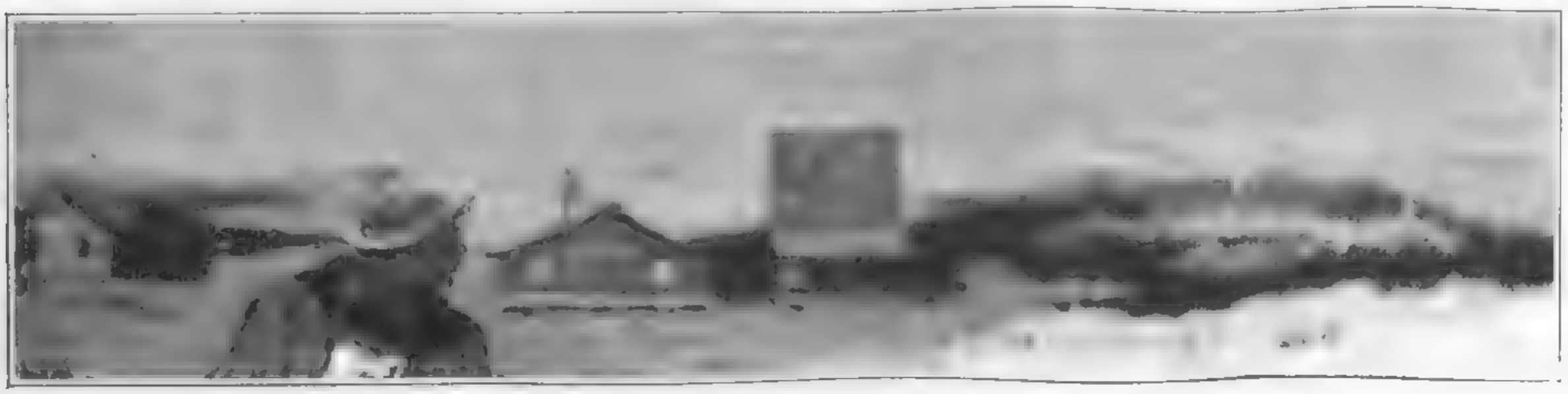

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The retailer adding up his sales, the manufacturer's assistant checking invoices, the wholesaler taking inventory, finds in the simple, fast Dalton a new efficiency in adding machine operation.

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The Dalton is a simpler, faster adding machine. It is a simpler, faster multiplying machine. It multiplies as easily as it adds. Make a test and convince yourself. Test the Dalton for speed in adding-listing, speed in handling multiplications.

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Dalton ADDING AND CALCULATING MACHINE

(Concluded from Page 58)

spend money, and have a whale of a good time—and it seems as though nothing at all ever happens to them! You can see that I was pretty low in my mind.

I went into Perley's house. If I had been low in my mind before, I was a million times more depressed after I entered Perley's room and saw the poor fellow lying helpless, his pale face paler still because of his mental affliction.

"How about this, Perley?" I said. "Doc Seaver tells me Two-Gun has jumped you."

"Yes," said Perley. "And now God only knows what'll become of me—and the family!"

Two big tears left his eyes and rolled down his hollow cheeks. Out in the kitchen I heard a woman sobbing. Tears began rolling down my own cheeks, for I was in no condition to sympathize and keep my eyes dry.

"How—how did she happen, ole-timer?" I asked.

"Well," said Perley, "you see, I didn't do my assessments last year. I had so much trouble that I kept putting off working my assessments. After the baby came, last spring, I had to work for Uncle Jimmy Pepple to pay the expenses and get something for the family to live on. You know my claim isn't paying yet. But that was all right. I figured I'd have plenty of time to work out my assessments on the Lucky Boy after I'd fixed the family all comfortable for the winter. Then that rock rolled down the shaft and busted my leg—and here I am! Two-Gun Pete goes up there and sees I haven't done my assessments. And so he jumps me. That's all!"

"But can't you sue him or something?" I began.

You see, it was the New Year and I wasn't exactly in shape to reason clearly, or I should have seen what a fool remark that was. Perley rolled his head despairingly on the pillow and two more tears chased the others down into the stubble at the angle of his wasted jaw.

"No use!" he said. "I didn't do my assessments and the law'd say the ground was open. The law'd say that Two-Gun had a perfect right to jump me."

"But—but why didn't you get some of us fellows to do your assessments, Perley," I said, "after you found you wouldn't be able to get to it? We'd have been glad to do it. I reckon you know that."

"I know!" gulped Perley miserably. "But who'd have thought there was a man in all Sandstorm District that'd be so low-down as to jump another man's claim? I knew, of course, that it wasn't exactly regular to let a claim lapse over from one year to the next; but I knew you boys understood. You knew I was acting in good faith. I knew you boys never would jump me, because I'd had so much trouble—and it wasn't my fault. I—I never thought of Two-Gun Pete! I shouldn't mind if it wasn't for my family." He caught a sob and strangled it deep in his throat. "It was such a promising claim too. Three weeks' good hard work would have put me into the pay. And now—and now ——"

Again I heard a woman sobbing somewhere in the kitchen. I don't like to hear a woman cry. Somehow or other it always takes me by the throat. Oh, what a hell of a Happy New Year!

"I—I guess I'll go down and see Judge Garbey," I said. "Judge Garbey'll know. He'll know what to do."

Perley had turned his face to the wall, ashamed of his emotions. A baby had joined its smothered wail to the woman's sobbing, and out in the night one of these infernal Lonesome Jimmy owls started to wail. I moved awkwardly toward the door.

"Well," I said, "so long, Perley!" And then, from force of habit: "Happy New Year!"

And I kicked myself all the way downtown for making such a fool break. Happy New Year! Perley's new year certainly had none of the earmarks of frivolity and mirth.

Somewhere along Main Street—I don't remember just where—I met Old Cahuenga Bill Penny. He seemed to be spending all his time walking up and down Main Street. Cahuenga wabbled up and tried to kiss me.

"Happy New Year!" he said.

"You're a liar!" I told him; and we nearly had a riot before the boys got us separated and weeping on each other's shoulder.

I told Bill about Two-Gun and the way he'd jumped Perley Moore's claim. I told all about the woman sobbing and the baby crying, and the dam' Lonesome Jimmy owl; and the boys all cried about it, but nobody suggested hunting up Two-Gun Pete Scatcher and hanging him to a telegraph pole down at the station.

In the end we all set out to look for Judge Garbey. We found the judge leaning against the corner of the livery stable, trying to look dignified and sober. We told him about Perley Moore and Two-Gun; and he cried too. But he wouldn't leave the corner of the livery stable, even when we asked him to go with us and have a drink. He said he was admiring a certain star over yonder, and he was afraid if he left this place he shouldn't be able to see it good.

While we were arguing this point with Judge Garbey, along came Two-Gun Pete himself. I was so worked up by this time that I stopped the bad man.

"See here!" I said to him. "Why don't you leave Perley Moore alone? Don't you know he's sick and in trouble, and that his wife has to take in washing? What do you mean by jumping his claim and making more trouble for him? Haven't you got any heart? Haven't you ——" Here I broke down under the weight of my emotions and stopped.

Two-Gun looked at me with that heavy-lidded, truculent gaze of a sullen hog; but he didn't speak to me. Instead he spoke to Judge Garbey, keeping his eyes on mine while he talked.

"This here Perley Moore claim was open," he said. "There hadn't been more'n two feet of sinkin' done in a year. Seems to me I heard somewhere that when a claim lapses for a year it's open land. Is that right, Judge Garbey?"

Judge Garbey swallowed his tears and gulped.

"Yesh," he said thickly. "Thash right. Thash law."

"And in takin' up this here Perley Moore claim was I actin' within my legal rights, or was I not, Judge Garbey?"

"Yesh," said the judge again; but he said it mighty reluctantly. "Yesh, boysh; the law shays very plainly that assessments gozzer be done; or, if not done inshide the year, anybody can relocate—that is, anybody that's cizzizen United States America."

Two-Gun favored us with the usual slow look of sneering challenge; and, as usual, we felt our goatless condition. In silence we let him depart. Judge Garbey was weeping audibly. He was still weeping and leaning against the corner of the livery stable when we went away.

"Poor Perley!" we heard him wail as we started off. "Shomebody ought to shoot Two-Gun Pete! I'd do it m'shelf—only my eyes are bad and I'm afraid I'd miss 'im."

And then each individual of our wretched party knew that Judge Garbey's goat, also, was numbered among the missing. Sadly we went over to Hop Yick's joint and sat down at a table. Perhaps a New Year's dinner might comfort us.

It was along toward the end of the meal, and Hop's atrocious black coffee had indeed steadied us and cleared our brains, when once more that hush in the conversation announced Two-Gun's arrival. The big bully slouched up to the counter and climbed up on the stool as usual. He was half drunk and more than usually mean. Loudly he demanded everything on the bill.

It was a very busy evening, and Hop Yick was tired to death and worried to the point of insanity. His eyes were like polished black coals and they glittered in his bloodless face. Two-Gun called again, adding blood-chilling invective.

"Aw' a'!" Hop answered. "Bimeby I come"

"You'll come now!" Two-Gun threatened him; but the harassed Chinaman kept trotting back and forth, attending to the customers who had arrived first.

A smell of scorching ham and eggs suddenly reached him, and he flew back to the range like a distracted old hen. Two-Gun reached across the counter and seized his queue as he went by, giving the flying pigtail a vicious tug.

"Didn't I tell you you'd come now?" he bellowed

To pull a Chinaman's queue is the supreme insult. There were no preliminaries to Hop's action immediately following this desecration of his cranial adornment. He snatched the long-handled frying pan from the range and smacked it across Two-Gun's face—ham and eggs and all! Two-Gun tumbled backward off his stool and Hop Yick went over the counter after him.

A Chinaman in a fury is the last word in the imagination's pictures of incarnate hellishness. Patient and long-suffering, there are yet limits beyond which the passivity of the Mongolian will not go. And, once you push him over this line, he changes in a flash to a squealing demon, with the face of a nightmare and a soul that yearns for a butcher's cleaver or a revolver the size of a small siege gun—anything with which he may kill.

Two-Gun Pete arose from the floor and ran madly out of the restaurant, with the Chinaman on top of him at every jump, belaboring him with the hissing-hot frying pan, shrieking and squalling like a maddened horse, and cursing Two-Gun in languages old, dead and forgotten long before Adam got his first short pants. Half a block down Main Street he chased the bad man before he stubbed his toe on a broken board in the sidewalk and fell down, tearing his silk breeches, which latter calamity transferred his solicitude to his own person; and Two-Gun got away.

Now we did not exactly consider Two-Gun a coward because he ran away; for we could understand that no man, after receiving the contents of a red-hot frying pan in his face, would care to tarry on and see what else might be in store for him. You see, hot grease splashed in one's eyes—hot grease and scrambled eggs—these create conditions under which no bad man can be expected to exercise his specialty. It is more than may reasonably be expected of flesh and blood; for a man who will walk up to a spitting machine gun will run like a pup even when a woman throws pepper in his eyes. It's a psychological thing and cannot be explained.

Though conceding that Two-Gun lost none of his credits through turning tail, nevertheless, the mere sight of the bad man running from the Chinaman brought a hoarse guffaw of Homeric mirth; and when that big laugh arose from us, unanimously we men of Sandstorm felt all our goats come home.

IV

IT WAS the evening of the day after New Year's and nobody felt at all gay and festive. I would have quarreled with my dying grandmother if the good lady had been alive and present. We were sitting about in Jake Bauer's place, just killing time and wishing it would come time to go to bed. Everybody had a headache and a tongue that it would have paid any wool-grower to shear. Along about nine o'clock this Two-Gun Pete came in and walked up to the bar.

Two-Gun had a big blister on the side of his face where the frying pan had kissed him. Otherwise he was about as usual. He ordered the whisky bottle set out. Old Jake obeyed and stood silent, across the bar from his dangerous customer, waiting; but nobody could tell where Jake was looking, for Jake's crossed eyes baffled the keenest observer.

After the third drink Two-Gun grew peevish. He, too, seemed to be feeling the kick of the late celebration.

"What you lookin' at me that-a-way for?" he demanded of Jake Bauer.

"I ain't been lookin' at you," Jake said. "I was lookin' out the door, admirin' the scenery."

"Well," Two-Gun said, "you looked like you was lookin' at me; and it frets me. Don't you go and do it again!"

He poured a fourth drink, and Old Fighting Jake never moved.

This fourth drink seemed to cause the man's fury to roll up and demand action. He reverted to his previous question.

"I just got to thinkin' maybe you was lookin' at me after all!" he said. "You got to be mighty careful when I'm round. Least little thing is liable to start me to shootin', you know. Over in the Lava Beds they call me Two-Gun Pete because I carry two guns, night and day, and shoot if somebody bats an eye when I'm not expectin' 'em to do it. I'm that nervous, you know. I might get hasty and shoot you—same as I'm goin' to shoot that Chinaman."

He poured the fifth drink. Jake stood like a statue, his crossed eyes baffling as usual; but now we were sensible of the fact that Fightin' Jake was beginning to whistle through his broken nose. The bad man downed his fifth drink and turned to go.

"Charge it!" he said.

Then he stopped suddenly on his way out, for Old Fighting Jake Bauer had slipped round the end of the bar and stood between the man and the door. He held a cocked forty-four in each hand and his trigger fingers twitched lovingly as they yearned to the sensitive triggers.

"I've quit charging!" grated Jake. "This is the day I collect!"

Two-Gun's face was pasty and his huge speckled hands were stretched high above his head.

"Pull!" whispered Fighting Jake. "Pull, you Bad Man from the Lava Beds! What you packin' them two guns about with you for? To make you look pretty? Pull, you dam' four-flusher!"

"I—I dassent!" gasped the big man. "How can you expect me to fight you when you already got me covered?"

Old Jake laid his guns upon the floor and stood above them, stooped like a sprinter at the take-off. He flung his arms wide, like a prize fighter disclaiming any desire to foul.

"Pull, you thief!" he whispered again. "I'll give you the first shot."

But Two-Gun dared not make a move toward his belt. Old Fighting Jake was whistling through his broken nose like an elk. Contemptuously he kicked his guns aside and went in, bullethead down, with wicked old fists that had known no mercy in a hundred desert battles. Two-Gun Pete realized at last that Fighting Jake's goat had come back. He gave a hoarse sort of screech as the bartender closed with him; and then occurred things that are not nice and pleasant to talk about.

However, let your imagination riot all along the pathway between groves of broken noses and wide stretches of country where the glebe is sown thickly with cauliflower ears, and strewn with more teeth than this old farmer, Cadmus, ever sowed in all his life. For it must not be forgotten that the ethics of Fighting Jake's peculiar rules of fighting looked benignantly upon kicking and biting and gouging; in fact, upon every known variety of mayhem as cute little embellishments calculated to add to the excitement of the occasion.

When we pulled Jake off, Two-Gun Pete Scatcher looked about as much like a bad man as a scrambled egg resembles a rooster.

"Got 'nough?" Old Jake demanded grimly, struggling back to his victim in spite of our efforts.

"'Nough!" agreed Two-Gun weirdly; for a man does not talk naturally immediately after losing his teeth. "Lemme go and I'll be peaceable!" He was licked and whining like a pup.

Old Jake walked round behind the bar and put on his apron.

"I'll give you the rest of your orders later on," he said. Then he turned to the crowd. "Gentlemen!" he invited, and grinned wickedly, his battered countenance relaxing into friendliness.

We lined up along the bar in compliance with his invitation.

"All set?" asked Jake. "The Bad Man from the Lava Beds!" he proposed, and swallowed his evil brew.

"Here's How!" we roared in unison and followed Fighting Jake's example.

On my way down from work the next evening I stopped in to see how Perley Moore was getting along. He was propped up in bed and smiling like a catfish.

"How you feeling, you old hellion?" I said, and cursed him heartily; for I liked Perley.

"I'm a heap better," he said. "I just got some good news."

Mrs. Moore came in just then; and she was smiling all over the place too.

"Tell him, Perley!" she said; but Perley wouldn't.

"You tell him," he said.

"It's Mr. Two-Gun Pete," she said. "He came in here bright and early this morning and signed back Perley's claim! He said he didn't know Perley was sick, and didn't know he wanted to keep the claim, or he wouldn't have jumped it. I guess we misjudged him. I guess it shows that there's a lot of good in the worst men if you only know where to reach it"

She was baking bread, and suddenly she hurried out to the kitchen. I winked at Perley and Perley winked at me.

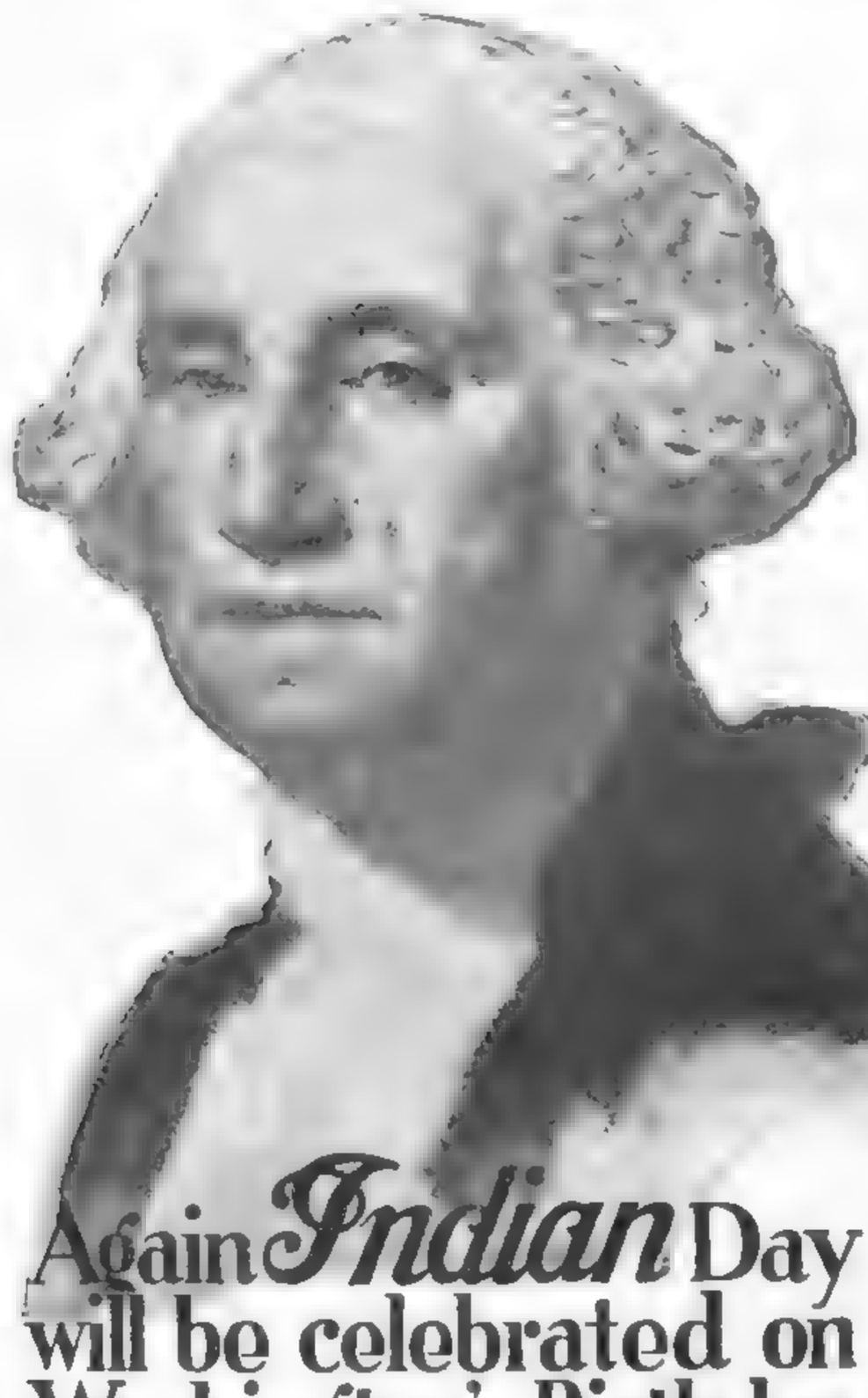
"It never seemed to me Two-Gun was so sentimental," he suggested. "I been wondering if somebody didn't, maybe, work on him till he saw the light!"

I nodded.

"It was Fighting Jake Bauer," I told him. Perley grinned.

"Sometimes," he said pensively, with one eye cocked at the kitchen, "sometimes I've thought that Old Fightin' Jake would make a fine missionary. What do you think?"

"Hell—yes!" I said.



Again *Indian* Day will be celebrated on Washington's Birthday

In Motorcycledom, February 22nd has become firmly and favorably established as INDIAN Day—the formal opening of the motorcycle season.

On this day motorcycle and bicycle enthusiasts in every section get together and view the latest engineering achievements as represented by the newest models of the Big Indian Motocycle with Powerplus Motor, Indian Light Twin and Indian Bicycles.

This year Indian distributors will everywhere observe Indian Day with open house. They will have on exhibition the 1919 models of the famous Indians and will be prepared in other ways to entertain their guests.

You are cordially invited to call on any Indian dealer on Indian Day (next Saturday, February 22nd) and join with other motorcyclists in partaking of Indian hospitality and good fellowship.

HENDEE MANUFACTURING CO.
Springfield, Mass., U. S. A.
The largest motorcycle manufacturer in the world

Indian Motocycle

For sale by Dealers everywhere

AIRCRAFT WIRELESS

(Concluded from Page 26)

Up to that time communication between an airplane and the ground on the Western Front had been wholly by wireless telegraphy. For the most part, an aviator telegraphed ranges and results of artillery fire from plane to ground. He had to be trained in the Morse code. Only occasionally was telegraphy possible from ground to plane, and communication between planes in the air was limited to crude signals.

One of the knottiest problems was that of making telephone conversation audible to the aviator in the air. This called for a soundproof helmet. Many experiments were made with sound-deadening materials and, also, forms of earpieces. To save time in testing each new device the experimenters, instead of actually taking it to a flying field for test, rigged up a laboratory machine that duplicated airplane noise as the flying man hears it. This was an enlarged child's rattle, rapidly turned by a motor, and it gave such a satisfactory imitation of motor and propeller noises that it had to be operated in a soundproof room. This room is soundproofed by successive layers of wool felt and tin foil, the latter having the property of reflecting sound, as the millions of air cells in wool felt absorb it. Furthermore, the room was suspended, free from contact with the floor and ceiling of the laboratory.

The form of earpiece finally adopted was made of porous sponge rubber, reënforced with tin foil, and telephone receivers imbedded therein. These were fixed in a thick leathern helmet, to be clamped over the aviator's head and ears.

Thomas Carlyle once spent far more money than an author could afford in trying to build a soundproof room on top of his house, in Chelsea, London. That was seventy-five years ago. The builders did their best, but the room magnified sound instead of excluding it, and drove the Philosopher of Silence nearly crazy.

With an aircraft telephone helmet, model 1919, Carlyle might have written history in a silence more absolute than that demanded by his wordy philosophy.

The problem was not solved by earpieces alone, for man does not hear through his ears alone. After your ears have been successfully muffled, the bones of your skull, and especially the cheek bones, will transmit enough noise to interfere with good aircraft telephony. Therefore, the helmet had to be so designed that this bone transmission was muffled.

Just when the telephone fellows got their soundproof helmet right, in stepped the oxygen-mask specialists, declaring that nothing must interfere with giving the aviator oxygen at high altitudes. So the soundproof helmet had to be modified to meet one more condition.

Improvements and Refinements

How completely the desired end has been attained is shown in an amusing circumstance connected with aircraft telephony, for the aviator can hear others speak from a distance of from six to ten miles, and catch low-pitched conversation with a clearness and richness of harmonics not possible by an ordinary wire telephone; but the helmet so effectually muffles his own hearing that he cannot hear himself reply! He speaks, and is heard—but is not certain of it. Indeed, this has been found something of a handicap, for the aviator is led to raise his voice and shout, and, until he becomes accustomed to the novelty of talking and being heard by everybody but himself, will worry for fear his talk is not getting through.

There were other puzzles, connected with the transmitter. This had likewise to be muffled from airplane noises, but along entirely different lines. Obviously the aviator's mouth could not be padded with sponge rubber and tin foil. The transmitter was made quite simple in form, and also quite bare. Instead of the wide mouthpiece through which one talks in an ordinary telephone, it has three tiny openings, not larger than the diameter of pencil lead. When the aviator talks into these openings his voice waves strike directly and exert pressure not unlike three tiny rods pushed against the microphone. But airplane sound waves, however strong, swirl round it in other directions and do not enter in sufficient volume to be heard at all.

For generating the current needed on the airplane a tiny dynamo was designed, driven by a wind wheel resembling a miniature airplane propeller. This generator had to be inclosed in a stream-line case so it would exert no vacuum drag upon the airplane. That was really better than taking power from the airplane motor, because in many cases, with his motor shut off or out of order, an aviator might want to talk with companions or to the ground, in which cases if current were derived from his motor the telephone would be dead.

As the little wind-driven generator increases and decreases speed according to the rate at which an airplane flies, it was necessary to stabilize its output of current, which would naturally rise and fall. This was accomplished not by a governor on the dynamo itself, but by equalizing the current through the ever-ready glass bottle.

Another Imp Bottled

Electrical disturbances from the ignition system on the airplane motor, and later upon much larger motors in submarine chasers, developed some of the most elusive troubles that had to be met. After experiments in screening off the entire motor with what they believed was a juice-tight compartment, the experimenters found the Imp Induction sneaking round the back way, and were able to bottle him up by an ingenious stunt in the shape of a spark-plug coil.

Antennæ presented their problems, both on the machine and on the ground. Long-range wireless—from continent to continent—requires high voltage and amperage up to several hundred horse power; and you catch it on enormous towers. Johnny Jones' amateur wireless outfit, with a radius of a few miles and energy equivalent to about one-cat power, receives nicely with a few feet of wire or metal rod.

Small antennæ would do the trick for the short ranges involved in aircraft wireless, but there was some difficulty in devising a trouble-proof type for the airplane and in finding the best type for ground receiving.

Airplane talk is now picked up either by a stringlike copper wire trailing fifty feet out behind the machine in flight and wound up before landing, or through a copper wire stretched like a fiddle string along the length of the top wing. On the ground a portable umbrella type of antennæ is used—a fifteen or twenty foot pole, with wire guys from its top to the ground.

By suitable adjustment for distance wireless talk between battleplanes can be limited to almost any radius desired, from a few hundred feet to a hundred miles. This makes secrecy possible, assuming that enemy planes are also equipped with wireless; because orders may be given and battle plans perfected before the enemy, though in sight, comes within listening distance. By simply moving a switch in front of him the aviator can lengthen or shorten the talk range.

Aviators began to like the wireless when they saw that it made flying safer. One of the most critical periods in instruction, for instance, had been the student's first solo flights. If anything went wrong in the air his instructor was no longer there to help him, and he had to depend upon what was told him about possible emergencies before leaving the ground. But with wireless the instructor watched his pupil from the ground and told him instantly what to do if he ran into difficulties.

Flying men also appreciated the facility with which they could talk where two of them had equipment for intercommunication in a two-seated plane on cross-country flights. An American engineer made an eighty-five-mile airplane trip in England during the experiments; and, with such a wireless telephone set, his pilot, flying over Aldershot, the great British military training school, made the plane virtually a rubberneck bus by explaining the miniature battlefield below, with its opposing trench systems.

Just the other day, in breaking the world's altitude record in England, rising higher than Mount Everest—30,000 feet—one of the aviators in a two-seated plane lost consciousness and was severely frozen. His effort to communicate with the pilot by a written note was unsuccessful.

Had this plane been equipped with a telephone, matters would have been entirely different.

An interesting thumb-nail sketch of massed invention can be taken from the records of laboratory and outside research on this job. More than fifty engineers were engaged for eighteen months on the problem. Experiments were carried on at a dozen flying fields, from New Jersey to Texas. Six of the engineers made a total of six hundred and ninety airplane flights, aggregating four hundred and forty-eight hours. One man made three hundred and two flights, totaling two hundred and six hours.

An engineer charged with the development of the ingenious transmitter which is sensitive to low conversation but excludes airplane noises made altitude flights of above eighteen thousand feet to test the microphones at low temperatures, and also adjust them to oxygen apparatus.

If you have ever dabbled in the fourth dimension, these glass bottles will spur your imagination. Rising out of the realm of the mechanical into the fairyland of electrons and high frequency, they reach the nebulous borders of our third-dimensional home. They take you to the frontier where matter resolves itself into Kelvin's vortex ring, in the ether, and it is only a question of friction whether the solid universe will endure forever or some day run down and evaporate into ether and spirit. Do they interpenetrate the densest matter of a fourth-dimensional realm? Shall we be cutting in, some of these fine days, on the party-line talk of fourth-dimensional beings?

Quantity Production

Fully as interesting was the problem of making these vacuum tubes in large quantities. When development of aircraft wireless was begun, not more than fifteen or twenty commercial wireless-telephone sets had ever been made. The vacuum tubes were fabricated by hand. One hundred weekly was a large output. By the time Germany signed the armistice they were being made at the rate of twenty-five thousand weekly, with girls blowing the bulbs on machines, instead of skilled glass blowers, and metal parts made on punch presses.

The vacuum required is the highest thus far known, and would not have been attainable at all five years ago. It can be expressed as one-billionth of an atmosphere. The plates and grids are made of nickel, and the filaments of platinum with a coating of rare metallic elements. Merely to use platinum for the four posts through which electricity enters and leaves the tube would have required prohibitive quantities of this fearfully scarce metal; so a substitute had to be found.

This is not a war story, because, though a war need centered research on radio talking for fighting planes, the results are available for peace uses.

Clearer transmission will eventually be gained in all telephony through this achievement; while the wireless itself promises to be exceedingly useful in certain fields.

A curious thing about wireless telephony is that you can do it—talk from New York to Paris. But thus far, commercially, there are limitations of cost, and also limitations of the ether, which would quickly be filled up with talk if a fraction of the long-distance telephoning between New York and Philadelphia were wireless.

But aircraft wireless pulled down the cost of apparatus, lowered its weight, and made it more simple. So experts already see some practical uses.

Private Wireless Phones

Most obvious is that of telephoning between ships and from ship to shore. "Will it be better than wireless telegraphy?" one asks. And the answer is: "Yes, for certain purposes."

Take the submarine chaser as an example. The latest tactics call for maneuvering in fleets, like aircraft. A sub is located or suspected. Getting it is a matter of seconds. The fleet should scatter in definite formation to head off the submerged pirate. Telegraphy required transmission of orders from commander to operator, the clicking of the message, and translation from operator to lieutenants. With wireless telephony, the commander speaks as directly as though his lieutenants were on deck.

Or, during fog at sea, a short-wave radio telephone could be used to prevent collisions, distances being determined by conversation, whistled signal, and a calibrated stop watch. This would be better than wireless telegraphy and would not interfere with the latter.

The airplane will land foresters at the scene of a forest fire while the fire is small and controllable, where hours might be required otherwise in rough country. The wireless telephone also gives precious time-saving communication for such purposes.

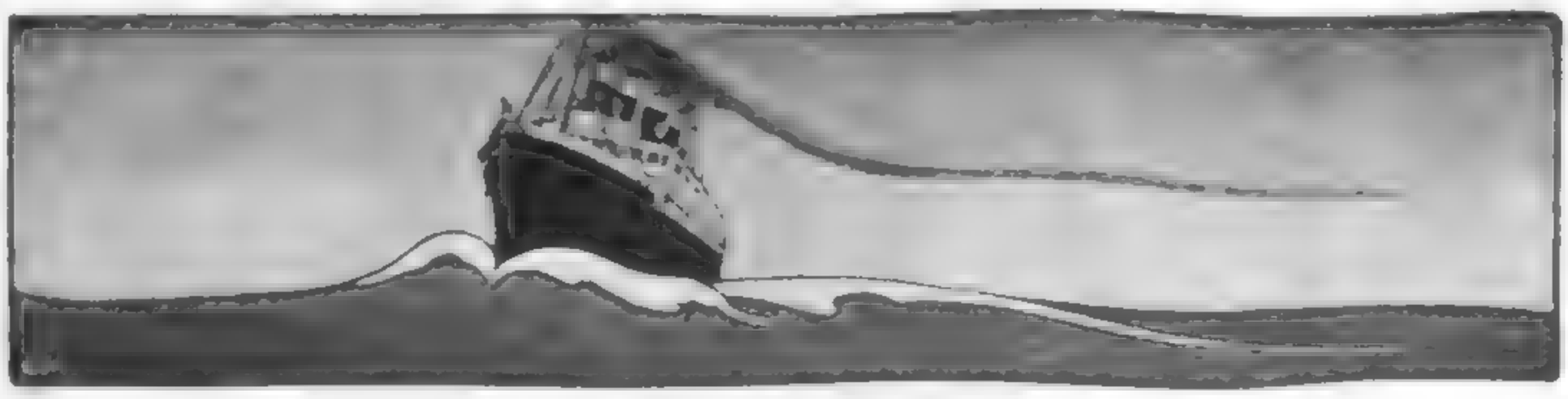
It has a field of usefulness in telephoning between isolated islands, as those of Hawaii or the West Indies. It has uses for communicating in rough country, like our Western mining and lumbering regions, where cost of telephone lines would be prohibitive. It has obvious uses for telephoning where parties are on the move in undeveloped country, as in exploring.

A wireless-telephone outfit of aircraft type costs more and weighs more than a radio-telegraph outfit, but it can be used by people who do not know the Morse code.

At present an outfit for two-way conversation over a radius of twenty miles weighs one hundred pounds and costs five hundred dollars. Two years ago it weighed five hundred pounds and cost two thousand dollars.

Assuming that you wish to talk by wireless in a radius of twenty miles, whether it be on an exploring expedition in Africa or over impassable mountain country in our Western mining regions, you can now have an outfit perfectly practical and portable. There will be two sets for two-way conversation, each a box affair weighing fifty pounds. One end ought to be connected to ordinary electric service, such as is available in towns. The other set can be operated by a small storage battery or a nest of one hundred and fifty small flash-light dry batteries, weighing about fifteen pounds, giving two hours of continuous conversation. The antennæ will be a fishing pole, set up anywhere you please and held by a few wires.

As soon as practical applications are found there will unquestionably be further technical improvements along the lines of lightness, compactness and cheapness.



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That Extra-Power Jordan—and the G. T. M.'s Extra Ply

Even very good belts had proved to be trouble-peddlers on a certain Jordan. It was in the Westfield River Paper Company's plant at Russell, Mass. Some of the belts pulled out at the fastenings and lacings, all of them stretched, none of them delivered the horsepower needed for that particular Jordan.

One day a G. T. M.—our Mr. Leddy—called on the plant superintendent and explained the Goodyear plan of selling belts according to prescription instead of as a hardware man sells nails. He was asked what he could do for that Jordan drive. He asked to see it—and found that it required 150 horsepower instead of the usual 75 to 100 on Jordans. He asked questions and found that it had been built to do a special amount of hard work that inefficient belts kept it from doing. The G. T. M. made his measurements and started to figure.

He knew that an 18-inch belt ordinarily should not have more than six plies, but in this particular case since the smaller pulley ran at a comparatively slow speed, he saw that he could with perfect safety, apply an 18-inch 8-ply belt which would do the necessary work. Particularly so, since the Blue Streak Belt possessed the required flexibility to permit the extra ply under the existing conditions.

Mr. Leddy got the order and the belt was applied May 5, 1917. There has not been any trouble on that drive since—although the belt has been working 24 hours every day.

Mr. Dozier, the plant superintendent, says that that belt is delivering more power than any belt he ever had. He thinks that its excellence is largely due to the friction surface that every Blue Streak user knows so well. But he admits that most is due to the G. T. M.—to the prompt and accurate way in which his diagnosis of this troublesome drive was made and the correct remedy figured out. So he has had a G. T. M. make a plant analysis covering every drive in the plant; and he now orders according to its prescriptions whenever an old belt wears out.

If you have a hard drive that makes belts you always thought respectable act like trouble-peddlers, ask a G. T. M. to call. One from the nearest Goodyear Branch will be glad to do so when next he is in your vicinity. His services are free—for the savings he effects for purchasers are so evident and material that a gratifying volume from the plants served is sure to result within a few years.

And when the G. T. M. calls ask him about how another G. T. M. our Mr. DeVerges—saved $347.98 on a single drive, for the Planters' Lumber Company of Jeanerette, La.; and how a G.T.M. our Mr. Heehs—made $1.00 do the work of $3.00 on a side-head drive in another plant.

THE GOODYEAR TIRE & RUBBER COMPANY
AKRON, OHIO

BELTING · PACKING · HOSE · VALVES

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Important Notice: Floor coverings made upon a felt paper base are not linoleum. Such felt paper products have a black interior which is easily detected upon examining the edge of the fabric

No hard sweeping. Just run over it with a damp mop.

Make your housework easier

Blabon Art Linoleum on your kitchen floor will make it the easiest floor in the house to keep clean, instead of the hardest.

In addition to the beautiful new Blabon carpet linoleums and art linoleum rugs for living rooms, dining rooms, bedrooms and nurseries, we make more than 300 of the most attractive patterns you ever saw for kitchens, pantries, etc.

When you have Blabon floors, hard back-breaking sweeping is done away with. A light "going over" with a damp mop will usually make a Blabon floor spick, span and beautiful.

A linoleum floor is the only kitchen floor which is at once attractive, sanitary, durable, easy to keep clean and genuinely economical. By asking for "Blabon's" you are sure of getting *genuine* linoleum, you get a *guaranteed* product, and you have a wide choice of superb patterns.

Established 67 years The George W Blabon Company Philadelphia

BLABON ART Linoleums

COLGATE'S "HANDY GRIP"

The only Refill Shaving Stick

—like putting a new blade in your razor

YOU know the convenience and economy you get from that simple action—but did you know that you can renew your shaving stick just as easily?

You can—with Colgate's Handy Grip. The soap is threaded—and screws into the metal Grip. When it is nearly gone screw out the stub and screw in a Colgate "Refill" stick—which comes all threaded to fit. This costs less than the complete Handy Grip.

You can wet the stub and stick it on the "Refill" too—adding 50 cool, comfortable Colgate shaves. Do this for thrift instead of throwing away the stub.

Wet the old stub and press it on the "Refill"—it sticks. The Refill saves you the cost of a new metal box

COLGATE & CO. *Established 1806* New York

THE HIPPOPOTAMUS PARADE

(Continued from Page 16)

plan a circus on Broadway you'd better get a permit."

Old Bruin, hands jammed deep into pockets and cap pulled low over eyes, trudged stolidly down the street.

"Smart cops!" muttered J. D.; then as an afterthought: "They jinx everything I try to do!"

He glanced back over his shoulder and in that instant his cup of woe overflowed. A low-hung Fargot touring car was emerging from the jam. Behind the wheel sat the perfectly tailored Fargot sales manager; beside him was Timothy P. Brenton, the man commissioned to purchase fifty trucks. Both were grinning broadly.

It was some minutes later when Old J. D. slowly climbed the stairs to the Bear Den. Every line in his face was deep cut. He was just a tired, heartsick old man. Every incident of that unforgetable scene at Seventh and Broadway was a red-hot scar. In the storm of his own creation he had wrecked his dream ship—the big order that was to start his beloved trucks on the highway of fame.

Hour after hour Old Bruin sat staring at his desk. Beneath him the hum of the plant gradually ceased for the night. No one disturbed him, and for that he was grateful. Defeat he had met many times and passed with a grin; but ridicule! J. D.'s cigar glowed fiercely in the semidarkness of the Bear Den.

"Damnation!" he muttered. "I've heard 'em cheer a racing car that broke down after a game fight. But when a worker slips—it's funny!"

He spoke aloud in an effort to clear away the echoes of the laughter of that unthinking crowd of spectators. But it could not be silenced. Slowly, under its stinging lash, the Bear's lagging fighting spirit was driven higher and higher. Presently he rose, jerked on his cap and stamped downstairs.

From the darkness of the salesroom a figure rose to meet him.

"Thought I'd wait for you, J. D.," murmured Toodles. "You must be rather tired after your trip. . . . By the way"—the young man cleared his throat—"there's something I wanted to—to tell you."

"Yes, boy," said the Bear's deep tones. "What is it?"

And at the weary note of J. D.'s voice Toodles' tongue refused to add another burden to the load. Quickly his mind slipped in a substitute. "I—I saw Mark Larkin," he stammered, "and—and he said for you not to worry. That—that they'd find a way to explain the failure of the Christmas party." He followed Bruin to the street.

"Not necessary," rumbled the Bear. "I'm going back after another tree. Only need the top half. Six whole days until Christmas Eve. We'll take Darby's truck and make it in four days with only one machine. That'll leave two days for setting up and trimming."

"For heaven's sake, J. D.," protested Toodles, "don't do it! Suppose you're caught in a big storm? You'd never get out. Be reasonable! There's no use taking such chances!"

"Nonsense, sonny," rumbled Bruin emphatically. "I'm going back to-morrow."

"But—but say," faltered Toodles, "I wasn't going to tell you until morning. I I was talking to Tuttle, of the Fargot agency, a half hour ago. He—he was all excited. They had—had just signed a contract to—to deliver fifty trucks in Mexico Said Brenton was going back to the factory to-morrow with their sales manager to arrange deliveries. There—there's no need for publicity now, J. D."

For a moment the Bear leaned heavily against the roadster.

"Publicity!" he growled in a deep quiet voice. "To hell with publicity! Let the Fargot have the job; they'll only fall down on it. But look here, young man. The Report promised several thousand poor little devils of this town a real Christmas treat. Lot of those kids never saw a big Christmas tree or received a present. People will forget that affair this afternoon. There's other truck orders. But those little rascals' hearts will ache for weeks because Santy disappointed 'em." He swung aggressively into the roadster. "I'm going through with my part of it, you can bet."

And Toodles fumbling with the gear lever didn't find a suitable reply.

The Bear ate his dinner that evening in moody silence and retired early. For half an hour he lay awake checking over his plans. The expedition would get away the next morning by ten o'clock. In six hours they would be at snow line—the first outpost of Winter's grim army. Then would begin the unending battle. But J. D. dropped off to sleep with a confident grin on his lips.

While Old Bruin slept King Winter was repairing his barricades. From out the northwest a huge dark shadow crept up and flung its black banner of victory across the sky. It breathed its cold wet challenge through the open window of J. D.'s bedroom.

With the half-smothered growl of a wounded grizzly Old J. D. sat up and pressed his face against the window screen. The world within his vision was a wilderness of driving rain.

"It's only a sudden shower," he muttered. "Anyway, a little rain won't stop the Darco!"

But his mind answered with a picture of those mountain roads fast disappearing under a weight of snow—rain in the lowlands meant a blizzard in higher altitudes.

Morning came, and with it realization of hopeless defeat. Streets filled and overflowed, automobiles and street cars became strange ships upon an unknown sea. Overnight the land of sunshine and flowers had changed to a wind-whipped expanse of rushing water.

At noon J. D. telephoned the paper, and in a few gruff sentences consigned his hopes to the port of shipwrecked dreams.

"But look here," he added brusquely, "I'm not going to have those kids disappointed. You hire the Auditorium Theater and put on the best show money will buy. . . . Sure. My expense. . . . Guess the rain would have spoiled the tree anyway."

He thoughtfully hung up the receiver and marched belligerently to the little window that looked down on the garage floor below.

"You'll have your day," he promised the huge Darco truck which bulked above the assembled pleasure cars. "People will tire of cheering their racing cars, their prize fighters, their other unessential actors whose spectacular antics amuse them. They'll learn to notice the workers."

In the days that followed, Old Bruin, like his four-footed namesake, rambled restlessly through the plant. He scorched salesmen because they couldn't sell cars in the rain; growled at the mechanics repairing the broken truck axle, and made a nuisance of himself.

But the glaring headlines of the morning paper of the twenty-third overshadowed his minor troubles. "Cabrillo Dam Breaking!" they read. "Relief Train Stalled Behind Washout! Valley Doomed!"

In short hurried sentences the article pictured the grim disaster that threatened. The unprecedented storm had thrown a tremendous pressure against the age-weakened dam. The parapet had caved in! The flood was rising! If the water reached the top and flowed over, it would eat away the earthen banks and undermine the concrete core! Disaster would follow. Workmen were striving desperately to complete the emergency spillway at the upper end of the reservoir. Supplies were exhausted! The relief train, loaded with cement, sand sacks and dynamite, was stalled behind a washed-out bridge. Highways were impassable! The valley was doomed! Nothing could get through!

The hammer of Old J. D.'s brain pounded out that last phrase. "Nothing can get through," he muttered. Then suddenly he was aflame. "By gad, I'll show 'em! The Darcos will go through!"

He yanked a dazed and puzzled Toodles out of bed, forgot his breakfast, and drove the roadster through the flooded streets like a speed-crazed hydroplane.

Telephones rang frantically in a score of homes; sleepy-eyed Darco employees struggled into their clothes and all but swam to the Western Branch.

Four Darco five-ton trucks were hauled out of storage; gasoline and oil were hustled into them; speed governors were stripped off and engines hurriedly tuned. All the gear that had been used on the ill-fated mountain trip was loaded onto the two wooden-shod Darcos that had made that

(Continued on Page 97)

Blackheads are a confession

BLACKHEADS are a confession that you are using the wrong method of cleansing for your type of skin. Try the treatment given above and see how easily you can keep your skin free from this disfiguring trouble.

Make this treatment a daily habit, and it will give you the clear, attractive skin that the steady use of Woodbury's brings.

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with booklet of famous treatments and sample of Woodbury's Facial Powder

Send 6c for a trial size cake (enough for a week or ten days of any Woodbury facial treatment) together with the booklet of treatments, "A Skin You Love to Touch." Or for 12c we will send you the treatment booklet and samples of Woodbury's Facial Soap and Facial Powder. Address The Andrew Jergens Co., 602 Spring Grove Avenue, Cincinnati, Ohio.

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Try this famous treatment for blackheads

APPLY hot cloths to the face until the skin is reddened. Then with a rough washcloth work up a heavy lather of Woodbury's Facial Soap and rub it into the pores thoroughly, always with an upward and outward motion. Rinse with clear, hot water, then with cold—the colder the better. If possible, rub your face for thirty seconds with *a piece of ice*. Dry carefully. To remove the blackheads already formed, substitute a flesh brush for the washcloth in the treatment above. Then protect the fingers with a handkerchief and press out the blackheads.

The other famous treatments for the commoner troubles of the skin, as well as the above, are given in the booklet wrapped around every cake of Woodbury's Facial Soap.

How to reduce enlarged pores

Enlarged pores make the skin coarse in texture. To reduce them, try the special Woodbury treatment for this trouble, given in the booklet wrapped around every cake of Woodbury's Facial Soap.

No warning till the first stab of pain

No warning—unless you have consulted your dentist—of how far some useful tooth has gone. No warning of the *subtle destructiveness* of "Acid-Mouth."

"Acid-Mouth" is as treacherous as a foe in ambush. Its presence in your mouth is absolutely unheralded. You can't taste it. You can't see it. You can't feel it. It makes no noise while it works—yet it works unceasingly, gradually weakening the protective enamel of your teeth until cavities form and germs begin to destroy the delicate interior pulp.

Fortunately, however, the public is more on its guard against this menace than formerly. For a wide hearing has been given to the opinion of dental authorities that nineteen in every twenty persons are afflicted with an unfavorable acid condition of the mouth, and that it is the chief cause of all tooth decay.

Furthermore, thousands of men, women and children have learned through our Litmus Paper Test that they have "Acid-Mouth," and are taking proper measures to combat it.

Pebeco Tooth Paste counteracts "Acid-Mouth."

Pebeco Tooth Paste not only seems to check any tendency to unfavorable mouth acids, but its regular daily use, combined with the twice-yearly attention of a good dentist, should help to keep normal teeth sound and whole for life, or arrest decay where decay already has started. It whitens and polishes the teeth, invigorates the gums, and increases the healthy flow of saliva. Its keen, snappy flavor refreshes and benefits the whole mouth.

Why don't you try the simple Litmus Paper Test—FREE

We'll send you a set of Litmus Test Papers free on request. Place one on your tongue and let it stay there until well moistened. If it remains blue, you are one of the 5 in every 100 who probably are free from "Acid-Mouth." But if it turns pink, you are one of the great majority who are said to have "Acid-Mouth."

Now make a second test. Brush your teeth and gums thoroughly with Pebeco Tooth Paste. Then place another Litmus Paper in your mouth. This time it will remain blue—positive evidence that Pebeco can successfully combat tooth decay by counteracting mouth acids.

Pebeco Tooth Paste is sold by druggists everywhere

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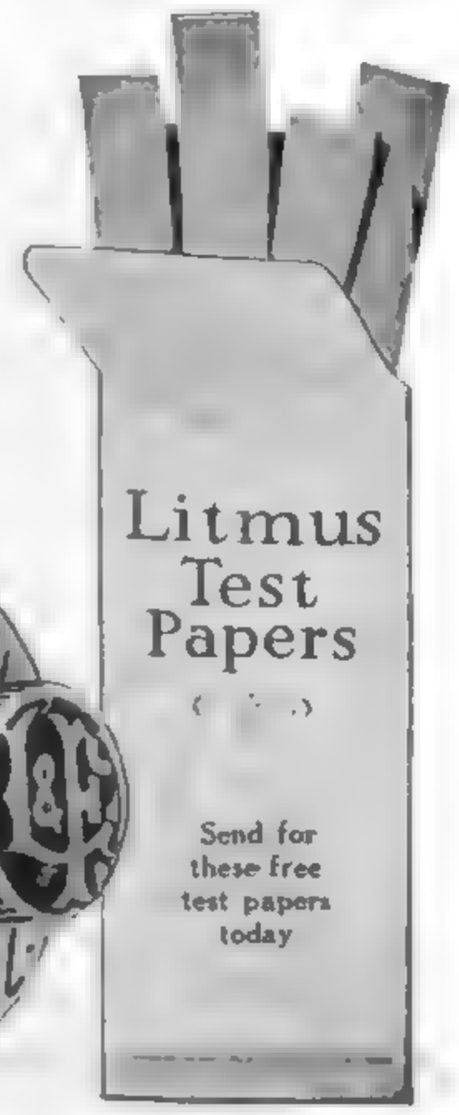

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Lehn & Fink New York INC.

PEBECO TOOTH PASTE

(Continued from Page 94)

disastrous journey. Darby drove his mechanics like a slave driver of old.

"We'll never make it, J. D.," howled Toodles. "You said yourself that no motor truck made could go through that mud. It'll be a thousand times worse now. We ——"

"Get busy there!" bellowed the Bear. "A worker always tries!"

Five minutes later he had the local manager of the Cabrillo Company on the telephone.

"You're crazy!" exclaimed the surprised manager. "Mad! Insane! Nothing can get through those roads! That dam may go any hour! The valley will be swept out of existence!"

"To thunder with that talk!" roared J. D. "I'm going through. Do I get the stuff to load with or don't I?"

"Good God, yes!" screamed the manager. "Take the whole damned company. We're ruined anyway. But you're a madman, Ward. You're going to drown your whole crew! There's a half billion gallons back of that dam! I tell you it's going!"

"You're a white-livered scared puppy!" thundered Old Bruin, thoroughly angered.

"Will you take me with you?" demanded the manager.

"Certainly not!" bellowed J. D. "Those fellows up there would mob you. Why didn't your company dig that spillway last summer?"

He banged up the receiver.

An hour later six empty Darco trucks lumbered their way up Figueroa Street. The Western Branch was deserted. Not an employee would be left behind. The Bear had smiled grimly when he locked the front door.

"The Darco Company is a hundred per cent work," he rumbled. "Let's go through!"

A record was set in loading. Salesmen swung ninety-pound sacks of cement like longshoremen. Mechanics juggled fifty-pound boxes of dynamite as though they were harmless playthings. The great idol, Work, in the person of Old J. D., grinned at them and swore like a bucko mate. The trucks were loaded!

"Let's go!" growled Bruin.

Gears clashed harshly and the leviathans moved ahead. Each truck was carrying besides the driver an additional crew of three men.

"The Hippopotamus Parade over the Mudville Boulevard!" yelled Toodles from the rear truck. Toodles had taken aboard a strange passenger who earned his fare by swinging cement sacks, and nobody asked any questions.

Old J. D., behind the wheel of the same wooden-shod Darco that had met disaster on Broadway, led the splashing, rackety procession out Sunset Boulevard. Fancy painted pleasure cars skidded by with impatient blasts of their horns; street cars angrily clanged their bells for the right of way; and pedestrians grudgingly retreated from the mud-spattering wheels. For they were just six big, ugly, unspectacular motor trucks—just six unromantic workers bound for the valley of despair.

At Ronado the Bear twisted the steering wheel hard to the left and swung sharply into the state highway. Behind him the faces of his crew blanched strangely. The turn meant they were going into Cabrillo via Dudley Station and Little Devil Cañon—that for twelve miles, from the cañon to the Cabrillo Dam, they would be driving straight up the valley with the terrible menace of the straining dam above them. But not a single truck faltered on the turn. This route was ten miles shorter than by way of La Palma Pass. The two hours saved might be the margin between defeat and victory.

The battle began at Dudley Station, where the unpaved road turned off toward Little Devil Cañon.

"Tie 'em together, boys," grunted J. D. While the rain beat relentlessly the six trucks were aligned nose and tail and coupled together by forty-foot lengths of flexible steel cable. "We're going through!" rang the Bear's roar as his truck plunged into the first deep mudhole.

Before a mile had passed behind the straining Darcos J. D. had caught his first full realization of the stupendous fight ahead. The road was all but impassable. Only the united power of the six giant motors, with throttles wide open, kept the procession in motion. Time after time only the tremendous pull of the two trucks with the caterpillar traction wheels saved the four others.

Five miles beyond Dudley's came real disaster. J. D.'s truck toppled forward and mired beyond all question. "All hands out!" bellowed J. D. With a eucalyptus tree on the right and a telephone pole on the left serving as anchors for two sets of double-reduction blocks and tackle the two rear trucks, with gears in reverse, heaved and strained. Inch by inch J. D.'s elephant wallowed through. Then the task had to be repeated on the second, third and fourth trucks. The Bear and his crew labored in mud to their knees, drenched to the skin, and with hands blistered and cut by the steel cables. It was work—heartbreaking toil.

Again the couplings were fastened and the two rear trucks salvaged by the forward ones. Once more the march was resumed—toward Cabrillo.

"I'd like to see Fargot trucks get through this," snorted J. D. The grim phantom of the lost Mexican order still rode mockingly beside the Bear.

Slowly the six huge traveling balls of mud fought their way ahead. Time after time Old J. D.'s heart grew heavy with despair. Never before had motor trucks traveled such a road. Twelve times in the last ten miles to Little Devil Cañon they stuck. But the Bear drove his weary crew to the thundering roar: "Let's go, boys! We're going through!"

And through they went. Sometimes a mile was gained in an hour, again it was less, but it was always ahead—toward Cabrillo.

The late-afternoon sun broke tauntingly through the storm clouds as the laboring cavalcade crept carefully round the first slippery turn in Little Devil Cañon. Six feet below the road thundered the river that but lately had been a harmless creek. Gradually the narrow trail climbed higher above the rushing torrent.

Old J. D., crouching cold and wet behind the wheel of the leading truck, realized the beginning of the supreme test. For the next five miles they must juggle their lives on the treacherous clay precipices of Little Devil Cañon, only to drop down again on the other side to face an even greater danger—the twelve-mile race against the slowly crumbling dam. Abruptly there came to him a vision of his responsibility. Twenty-three men—young men with lives to live—were driving ahead into that monstrous death trap at his mere summons. Should one of those trucks skid on those treacherous curves, should the dam burst once they were trapped in the valley—their lives would be added to the staggering list of the Cabrillo victims. All for his whim! Or was it a whim? Was it perhaps something higher—the holy obligation that rests upon a worker, to work in safety or danger, that the task shall be done and the world move on.

The Bear turned and looked back. Toodles' truck—the rear one of the procession—was just crawling round a sharp turn. Standing upright on the load of cement was Toodles' guest with a queer black box in his hands. He seemed to be pointing the front of the object at J. D.'s truck.

"Now, what do you suppose that fool's trying to do?" growled the Bear. "Who is that fellow anyway?"

But J. D. never answered the question. At that instant Toodles' hippopotamus lurched over a rock; swung across the road as the cable snapped; skidded drunkenly to the edge of the cliff; balanced for one sickening second on the brink of the two-hundred-foot drop, and—then a sudden curve cut J. D.'s range of vision.

The Bear with a growl that came from his heart jammed on his brakes. His truck came to an abrupt stop; then slid backward into the one behind. The third, with wheels skidding, crashed into the two ahead. Darby's mount—the fourth in line—swung broadside to the road and was rammed amidships by the elephant following. In a moment the caravan was a scene of wild confusion. Drivers, with fear-strained faces, fought desperately with the huge steering wheels; brakes grabbed with shrieking protests; then were released as some pilot, with a crash of gears, tried by a sudden application of power to swing his crazed leviathan away from the yawning chasm. The balance of the crew spilled off, seized the cables, and sought by mere physical strength to hold the skidding monsters on the road. For a moment disaster, grim and final, threatened the expedition.

"The cement! The cement!" screamed Darby as his truck side-slipped toward the edge

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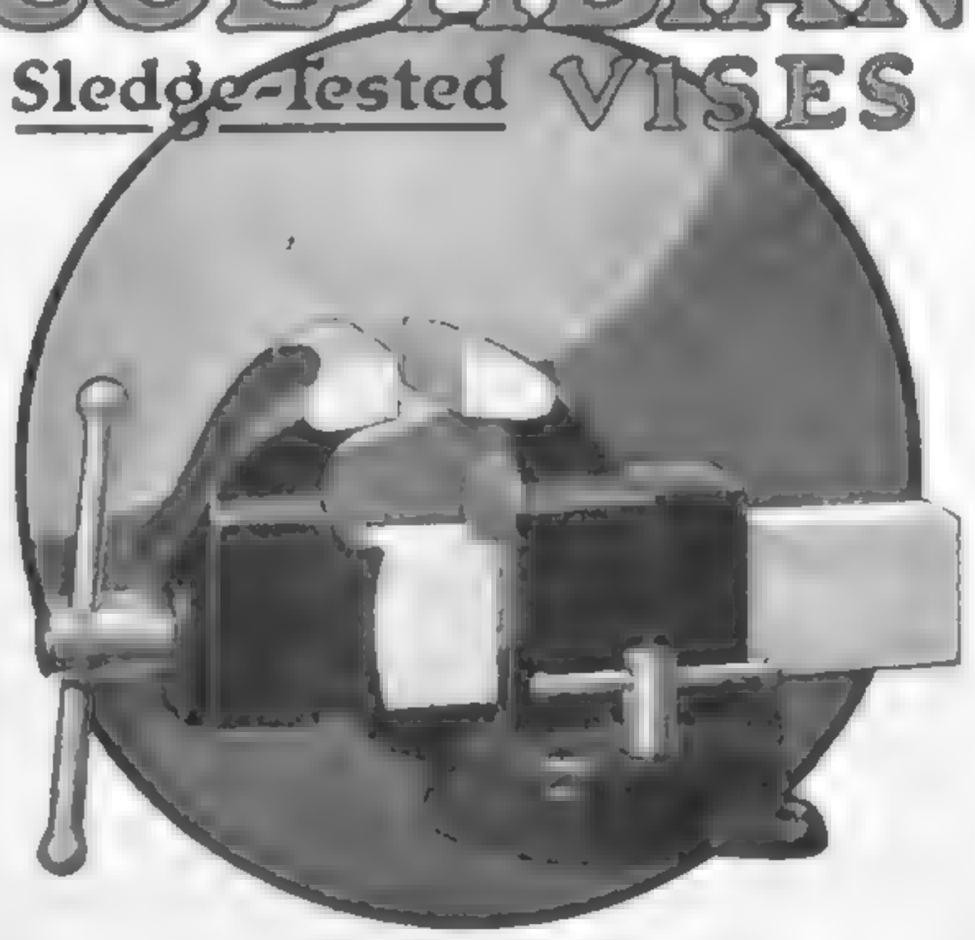

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CLEVELAND

Frantic hands driven by fear to Herculean effort tore at the tarpaulin-covered loads and hurled the ninety-pound sacks beneath the slipping wheels. The obstructions gave a little, then held fast. The trucks came to a halt.

"Toodles! Toodles!" yelled J. D., leaping down and scrambling through the tangled mass of trucks, cable and cement.

Then his eyes fell on a huge lump of clay slowly detaching itself from the road. "Thanderation!" he bellowed with a relieved roar. "I thought you knew how to drive!"

"Drive?" sputtered Toodles, digging at the mud in his eyes. "Say, I'm no animal tamer! Those hippos just go where they darned please. Mine's gone for a swim!" He grinned and pointed down to where the rear wheels of his truck were jutting up grotesquely above the swollen crest of the river. "Everybody jumped," he added.

Old J. D. turned back to his crew. "Good work, boys!" he grunted. "Thank heaven there's brains in some heads! I shouldn't have stopped so quick. Durn that kid!" He whirled on Toodles. "Get to work! Help straighten out this mess!"

Thirty minutes of hard toil solved the task of untangling the five remaining trucks. With the exception of Toodles' truck, a total loss, three dented radiators were the only damage.

"Boy," muttered Toodles as he climbed up beside Darby, "Santa Monica was never like this!"

Darkness fell, and five pairs of headlights flashed their twin beacons ahead—toward Cabrillo. Old J. D. tightened his grip on the wheel as the Darco topped the last grade and slid down the two-mile drop into Cabrillo Valley.

Just before the road left the cañon to wind for a mile between the towering cliffs of the foothills and the Cabrillo River J. D. halted the caravan.

"Walden," he ordered brusquely, "you pile off here with grub, blankets and canvas; make some sort of camp, and wait. Keep Jackson, Arnold, Whipple and Gregory with you."

He had named all the married men. Toodles eyed his father-in-law squarely.

"You go to the devil, J. D.," he remarked coolly. "I'm going through—with you! This is my lucky day. If it isn't, Dorothy'll get the insurance."

"Same here!" retorted the other men.

The Bear shaking his head plowed thoughtfully back, mounted his truck, and the cavalcade moved forward.

A half mile beyond, the headlights swinging round a sharp turn came to rest on white rushing water. The saw-toothed flooded river swinging in close had eaten halfway through the road. It was a shallow gap, but final—nothing could get past. Beyond the ground seemed firm. Old J. D. climbed stiffly down and peered into the pit. His fierce old eyes blazed.

"Unload my truck," he growled. "Work fast. Unload her, boys!"

The crew bent their aching backs to the task. The Darco which all day long had piloted the way was stripped of its load. J. D. thoughtfully mounted to his place behind the wheel. The truck moved slowly ahead to the washout. For a second J. D. seemed to hesitate. His hand went caressingly over the wheel; with a deep-throated growl that was a heart sob he threw the gears into first speed, jerked the throttle down, and dropped in the clutch as he leaped.

The huge Darco shook from radiator to rear axle under the suddenly applied power. Its wheels spun wildly.

Then like a huge monster it gathered itself together, took the plunge with a mighty splash, and wallowed into the washout. The river pulled at this new obstruction but it stood firm.

"Pile the cement round her, boys." Old J. D.'s voice was husky. "Swing in some rocks and dirt." Even in grotesque semblance of death his hard-working pal had remained true.

As the four survivors of the brigade bumped their way across the newly made fill Old J. D. leaned wearily back in his seat beside Toodles and Darby.

"It was a glorious end for a worker," he growled.

Five hours later four mud-caked motor trucks staggering beneath enormous overloads crashed their way through the deserted streets of Cabrillo City. There were no wildly cheering crowds; no gaudy checkered flag for the winner. The only note of victory for the weary Darco crew was the hollow boom of water rushing through the overburdened spillway of the Cabrillo Dam.

A haggard regiment of men fell greedily onto the trucks. None asked questions. Providence had served their needs.

Only the construction superintendent, hugging a fifty-pound box of dynamite, muttered raspingly:

"Dynamite! We've been drilling holes for three days. We'll blast that spillway clean to hell!"

He staggered away with a box clasped fondly under each arm.

"Come on, boys!" roared the Bear to his body-racked crew. "We've just begun to work."

And through the long dark hours J. D. and his men toiled to the limit of aching muscles with only an occasional brief stop to glance at the rising black water or listen to the cheering muffled rumble of the powder blasts.

Morning and a repentant sun revealed on the sand sacks a dark line three inches above the water's crest. The streak was an emblem of victory. The emergency spillway was open.

During breakfast the Bear missed Toodles' mysterious guest.

"Oh, he beat it last night," explained Toodles. "Borrowed a motor handcar, or some such animal, from the section boss. Said he'd get round the washouts somehow."

J. D. was too tired to question further.

It was late the following day, after the arrival of the first train from Los Angeles that J. D. received the real explanation. Toodles held a day-old newspaper before his bewildered old eyes.

The bold black type of the headlines fairly shrieked:

DARCO MOTOR TRUCKS SAVE BIG CABRILLO VALLEY FROM FLOOD!

Huge Christmas Presents Delivered by Heroic Crew of Darco Trucks to Storm-Swept Homes of Cabrillo Kiddies.

"My friend," boasted Toodles, "was the feature writer for the Interstate News Service. Some publicity, eh? That story is being read by the entire country. Look at the pictures, J. D. Class, eh?"

"Great, sonny!" rumbled the Bear with a husky note in his growl and a far-away look in his haggard eyes. "If we'd only had something like that a month ago." His tone died in a deep intake of breath.

Toodles pressed two yellow envelopes into Bruin's paw.

"Almost forgot 'em. Came in on the train. Wires are still down," he explained quietly. Telegrams might mean either good or bad news.

With unbelieving eyes J. D. read the first one:

"Fargot Company agrees to cancellation of half contract. How soon can you deliver twenty-five trucks in Mexico?

"T. P. BRENTON."

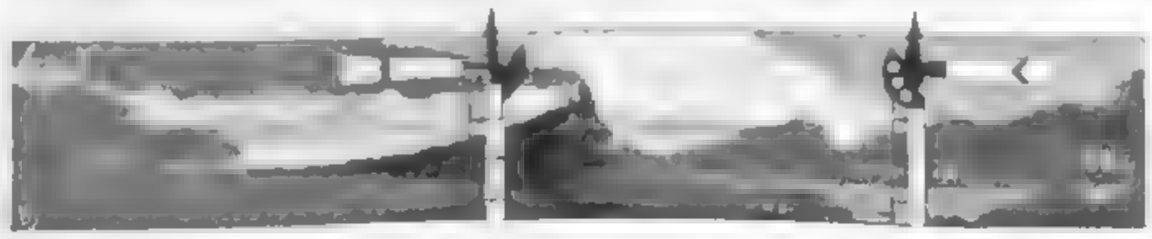
"Guess there's some mistake in that," grunted the Bear. "Fargot crowd never were known to turn loose of anything."

He ripped open the second message and his shoulders squared abruptly as he read:

"Great publicity for motor-truck game. Congratulations." Signed: "DUTTON HOPFIELD, President, Fargot Motor Works Corporation."

"I don't understand," complained Toodles.

"Poor child," gleefully roared the Bear. "Old Man Hopfield is a worker, young man. By thunder, he appreciates workers if they aren't his own! Holy mackerel, won't the Darco trucks make his old wagons dig when they start working together in Mexico?"



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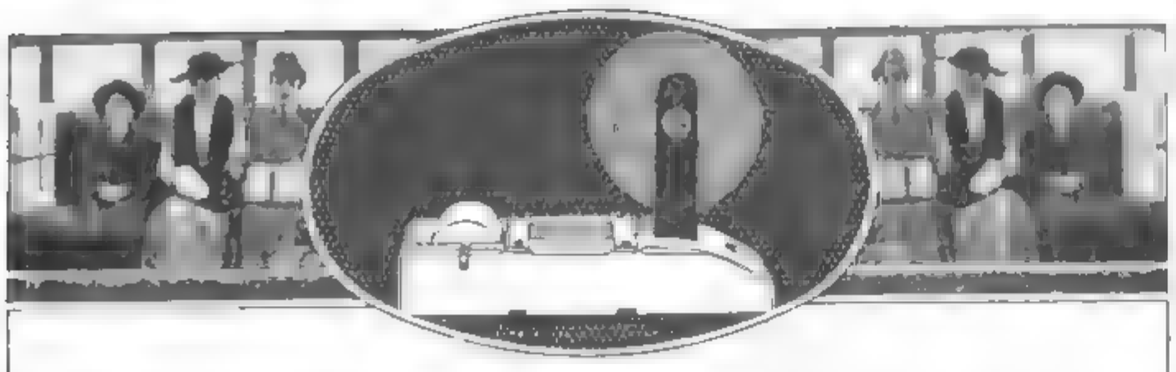

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THE SHRINKING VIOLET

(Continued from Page 11)

All Women and Artists are Liars. It centered about a huge drawing of a lady being a liar—to the great mental agony of her husband and three pictures of J. Bolivar Whipple: Bolivar dreaming at the mahogany desk with the quill pen; Bolivar coaching the Dance of the Little Good Thoughts for his Vedanta play; Bolivar with the book and the finger to the brow.

Chicago had played up in full the New York Chronicle's syndicated story.

Mrs. Andy leaped on the interview with sobs of admiration. She broke off reading to gloat: "I always said Whipple is the hope of the American stage. It would be wonderful to give his play, Fingers of Fog, for our next Little Theater program. It says here ——"

Andy bellowed in alarm: "I want you to right now distinctly understand that whatever you give I'm not going to be in it. Me, in this Androcles and the Lion we gave, in a nightshirt and a flower hat!"

Mrs. Andy ignored him. She was baying on the track of culture: "I'll make them do it! Way they've put off choosing a play—disgraceful. Bertha Pittelkow and her silly one-act plays! I wish I'd seen a copy of Fingers of Fog, but ——"

Already she was at the telephone, calling up the other members of the play-reading committee. Andy heard her crying to Mabel Tessbury: "Mr. Whipple is one of those rare souls too fine for their generation. Did you see that splendid piece about him this morning? Oh, my dear! It backs up what I've always said. He interprets life. But he lives apart from the vulgar crowd."

"I wonder if the vulgar crowd will interpret golf this morning?" Mr. Andy was reflecting on the porch. He sneaked in a look at his watch and tried to ooze away.

But Mrs. Andy waylaid him. "I have a wonderful idea! Maybe we could get Mr. Whipple himself to coach us in Fingers of Fog. If we can we'll invite him to stay here at the house."

"B-but I'd have to talk to him!" protested Andy.

"Now see here. The Oliphant Ardbiddles have captured every celebrity that's come to Upper Colfax for months. They entertained the French captain and the English suffragist and the Ohio college president, and John Appleton Hogarth, the lecturer. Mrs. Ardbiddle makes a regular system of it. The minute she hears that somebody really worth while is coming she writes to them and invites them to stay at her house. Oh, by the way, have you seen their new garage? It's a horrid little one, just frame. Well, of course celebrities are glad to stay with her and save hotel bills, and she parades them. So when I make the committee decide on Fingers of Fog you can sit yourself right down and invite Mr. Whipple to come to us. To-morrow I'll get a new photograph taken, so when they want it for the social column ——"

VII

THE committee didn't dare approach Bolivar directly. Tactfully, through his publishers, they desired to know if Bolivar could possibly be persuaded to come to Upper Colfax to coach the Little Theater company. They would—er—be glad to pay much—er—remuneration for Mr. Whipple's valuable time. And if he would consent to honor the home of Mr. and Mrs. Andrew B. Sands ——

When he got the message Bolivar shouted at his wife: "Can I be persuaded? Watch me yield! Oh boy! Can you beat this for luck! I was just wondering if I couldn't get that Upper Colfax bunch to invite me out there. Rich town—big new factories—just the bunch to buy a lot of books if they think the books are fashionable. Maybe they'll ask me to lecture, at three hundred a throw. Oh, watch me mournfully creep out of my hermitage! But darn it, honey, I'll have to leave you and the kids here. I'll have to do the lone-lorn soul. But we'll all have a nice trip to Atlantic City when papa brings home the bacon. Oh, dum diddle dum, diddle dum, dee, dee!"

Already, upon receipt of the application for acting rights to Fingers of Fog, Bolivar had conferred with Mr. Hitz, the publisher, about the amount they could get out of the Little Theater. And though Leonard Simplestone had signed it Bolivar had dictated the letter to the most important Upper Colfax bookstores suggesting a drive on all of his books in connection with the play. Bolivar had planned a window display with original manuscripts and enlarged photographs of himself, and through the impassioned efforts of Mike McGogarty, the traveling salesman, the somewhat cynical bookseller had been persuaded to accept this generous gift.

On his last visit to the publisher's office before going Bolivar was taken aside by Mike McGogarty, who suggested: "Say, one thing you ought to do while you're in Upper Colfax. There's a town institution called the Pedersen Lecture Foundation. Old fellow named Pedersen left a hundred thousand dollars to pay some lecturer of national rep. to give a course of three lectures a week for one month each winter. It's a great graft. Reason I know about it—the big book dealer there tells me there's a big call for the books of whoever is chosen lecturer, so if I were you ——"

Bolivar was indignant at being thought naïve. "Look here, McGogarty, as you must know, I'm not interested in money, but do you suppose I was born yesterday? Why do you think I'm so anxious to go to Upper Colfax? Art is all right, but d'you think I'd take two weeks putting on an amateur play for art's sake? I happen to have met this John Appleton Hogarth, the critic that's giving the Pedersen lectures this year, and I'm going right out and pinch the job off friend Hogarth. He's a hunk o' mud. But it's not the money, you understand. It'll give me a rep. among women's clubs in other towns, and open up lecturing as a side line."

VIII

WHEN Bolivar was not coaching the Little Theater company in Fingers of Fog he was being entertained by the nicest people in Upper Colfax. He had a sound appetite for tea, burnt-cheese sandwiches, and being told by women that they just loved his books—uh, what was the name of that one they loved so much?

He received luncheons, musicales, informal teas at the country club, and theater parties at the very best movies. Mrs. Andy Sands was his hostess and manager. She was radiant. Her only trouble was that one Bertha Pittelkow went round insisting that she had discovered Bolivar. In revenge Mrs. Andy didn't take Bolivar to Bertha's exhibit of new-art ironing boards.

Bolivar was interviewed six times. Believing that the best—not publicity, of course, but the best public sympathy with his ideals, could be roused by shocking people, Bolivar asserted to the first lady interviewer that Upper Colfax was not artistic. The men, he said, talked motor cars and business, and never discussed concertos or polychromatic psychotherapy. He implied that in New York no person on any subway train ever discussed anything but concertos and psychotherapy—unless for a moment one drifted into small talk about the ethnology of the Balkans, and the use of the cæsura in Greek poetry.

Upper Colfax rose. By telephone, personal calls and letters to the editor the citizens informed the newspaper that they were cultured, artistic, literary and highly conversational. They pointed out that Mabel Tessbury's picture had been exhibited in Chicago, that five girls from town were now studying music in Boston, and that the retired founder of the laundry trust had a most expensive collection of first editions.

It was disgusting, the way people crowded into Bolivar's limelight. Everybody who could get interviewed got interviewed. The town was divided. Half of it denounced Bolivar, and half supported him.

Meantime, the leading bookstore was wiring to Hitz, Bemis & Jones for hundred lots of all of Bolivar's books, and selling them out as fast as it got them.

In the midst of this round of pleasure Bolivar had to endure one agony: He was dragged by Mrs. Andy to hear John Appleton Hogarth, the Pedersen Foundation lecturer, tell Wells, Shaw, Bennett and Compton Mackenzie how differently he would have written their books if he had only written them. Bolivar had to sit and look agreeable while Mr. Hogarth stalked about the platform like a crow in a frosty November field, his master-of-arts robe flapping about his shanks.

(Continued on Page 102)

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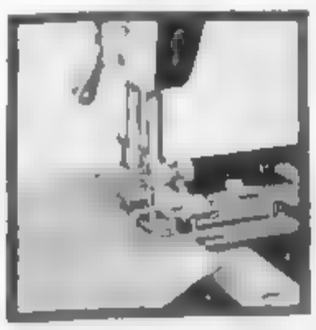

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(Continued from Page 100

The rival masters were introduced afterward. Bolivar and Hogarth had met before, and they didn't like each other. Now, while the intelligentzia of Upper Colfax watched in awed circles, the *maestri* were amused and polite and cutting and witty to each other. Bolivar returned to the mansion of Mrs. Andy, and Mr. Hogarth to the palatial residence of Mrs. Oliphant Ardbiddle, and each of them sat up till one informing his hostess how unimportant the other really was.

Even after this it didn't occur to Mrs. Andy to bestow upon Bolivar the Pedersen lectureship for the coming year. So, regretfully, bravely, he himself took up the battle for reform. During a leisurely Sunday breakfast at the Sandses' he sputtered: "Shame to think of so important a function as these lectures being intrusted to poor Hogarth.

"To keep the shrine of learning from being polluted I'd almost be willing to take the lectureship myself. I'd give a course on contemporary literature that would be sincere, not merely flippant."

"Would you really?" Instantly Mrs. Andy saw herself as successor to Mrs. Oliphant Ardbiddle in lion entertaining.

"Well, I don't quite know. I might consider it. Of course with all my soul-fatiguing creative work ——"

That afternoon, with a bland, perfidious smile and a new round muff, Mrs. Andy called on the six members of the executive committee of the Pedersen Foundation and suggested Bolivar as the next lecturer. They all listened, but they all referred her to the president of the foundation. And the president was Mrs. Ardbiddle.

Mrs. Andy flinched, but by Tuesday she had got up courage to attack Mrs. Ardbiddle, hostess and proprietor of John Appleton Hogarth. She accepted coffee and cakes, she proclaimed that Mrs. Ardbiddle's husband, children, rugs, coupélet and knowledge of French were the best in town, and implied that only they two were able to elevate the low popular taste of the city. Mrs. Ardbiddle beamed, and called her "dear."

Then Mrs. Andy shot: "Don't you think it would be lovely if next year, instead of having the purely critical point of view in the Pedersen lectures, we had more of a glimpse into the creator's workshop? Bolivar Whip ——"

Mrs. Ardbiddle said caressingly: "My dear, Mr. Hogarth says that back East no one ever heard of Whipple. No! I regard the Pedersen Foundation as a sacred trust. To please you, dear, I'd do anything—except vote for Whipple as next lecturer."

IX

IT WAS the first of five presentations of Fingers of Fog. The curtain was prepared to rise—providing the janitor of the E. I. O. E. E. Hall should later persuade it to rise—on a forest. It was not like the forests you and I know. It was a symbolist forest. Mabel Tessbury had announced that she was going to defy the bourgeois taste of Upper Colfax and show them what art was.

The back cloth was black. Between them Mabel and Bolivar Whipple had agreed that a black ground symbolized the Far Unheard. On it were nineteen small blue spots, which stood for the Lilted Laugh Incandescent, and two pretty fair-sized red ones, which were the Scarlet Spiders. No spiders were mentioned in the play, but Bolivar said that they were indicated by one of the characters remarking: "Ah, I shiver!" In the middle of the stage—that is, four feet from the back cloth—two limp strips of white cloth dangled from what Mabel called the grid and what the janitor called the ceiling. These strips were trees. And they were the only trees in that forest.

Entirely invisible there was a theatrical tragedy—Mr. Andy Sands, drafted as electrician.

While the season-ticket holders clattered into the hall tumult rose in the dressing room. Theoretically there were three rooms—men's dressing room, women's and prop closet; but as they were divided only by red calico curtains, hooked out of the primary school, things could be heard.

Standing in the midst of grease paint, make-up boxes, crooked mirrors, cigarettes, typed parts, and advance notices of the play from the society columns of the Upper Colfax papers, Bertha Pittelkow, who played the rôle of the Dolorous Dun One, was being made up by a real dresser hired from the stock theater.

"Oh," moaned Bertha, "I know I'll forget my part. Let's see. Oh! John!"

"Yep?" from a male beyond the curtain.

"When you come R. C. and say: 'Invisible? Yes, that is the truest visible!' do I step back ——"

"What do you mean, 'R. C.'?" grunted Mr. John Barto.

"I'm sure Mr. Whipple never uses such banal expressions," put in Mrs. Andy Sands.

"Now see here!"

The discussion was drowned in the growing chorus of all the cast: "Now stop fighting!"

"Say, you can't wear that cerise scarf, Edna. You crab my costume."

"I told you those trees were too far down stage."

"What are you putting on my forehead? I don't want to look like a corpse."

"Gee, I'm nervous! Anybody got a cigarette?"

"Now for heaven's sake go tell Andy Sands not to use that bunch light."

"That isn't a bunch light, you poor floof; that's a strip."

"Well, anyway, tell him to can it or everybody'll see right through this cheesecloth Mother Hubbard they wished on me. And tell him to fix those dimmers. One of 'em doesn't work, and the dawn comes on as spotty as Liberty measles."

"No, I don't want that Number Two Brown on my chin. It makes me look so old. Huh? Well, I won't have it. I'm not going to look like the Home for Indigent Relicts of the Clergy!"

The weaving voices rose till they were heard by the audience. Martin Gilhooley's chauffeur, who had protestingly been made to come on Martin's ticket, felt recompensed as from the first row he heard Agnes Ardbiddle asserting: "If I'd been Mabel I'd have used a cyclorama and given some decent depth to the stage. Oh dear, this robe is so long! What was the use of my wearing silk stockings?"

Bolivar appeared in the men's dressing room and wailed: "Everybody in the house can hear you! You're ruining the anticipatory atmosphere."

Silence, thick silence. The audience had nothing to do but stare at Mrs. Oliphant Ardbiddle's party. Mrs. Ardbiddle had given a dinner before the show, and her guests were trying to look unconscious of their bare backs and evening clothes. Then three loud raps. The chauffeur hoped that the raps were the beginning of a rough-house. He was comparatively untutored in Elizabethan signals for curtain.

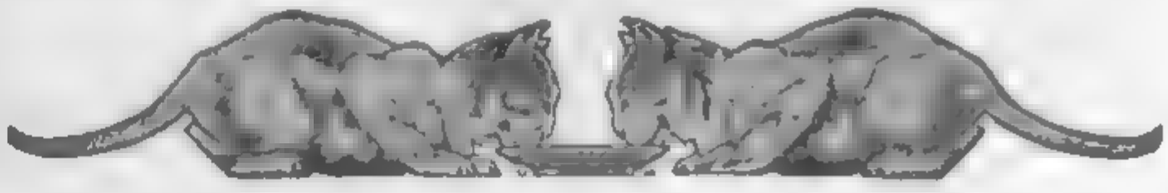
The audience could hear the curtain creaking and the janitor of the hall freely stating that he wasn't supposed to do this extra work, that he guessed he knew as much about curtains as a lot of old hens, and that this curtain rope would work all right anyway if Mrs. Andy Sands hadn't borrowed it to get her electric hauled out of the mud.

The curtain was up. The audience applauded the scenery, and applauded louder as Mabel Tessbury, making her entrance, turned at the wings to shout back: "Andy! Andy! For the love of Mike, switch off the house lights! . . . They are too! They're all on!"

The play was auspiciously begun.

Of that play, of the subtle subtones of the sad September souls, no one could write save J. Bolivar Whipple himself. It is not known that anyone save Bolivar has ever been sure just what any of it was about. The plot seemed to be that a family of ghosts, wandering round and enjoying themselves and working ouija boards and begging the medium to tell pa that "all is well here, Willie is right here with me, and we are so glad you are investigating this great truth"; that such a skipsome company of spooks were in turn haunted by a superspook—a ghost who had died—and were scared to a superdeath.

(Concluded on Page 104)



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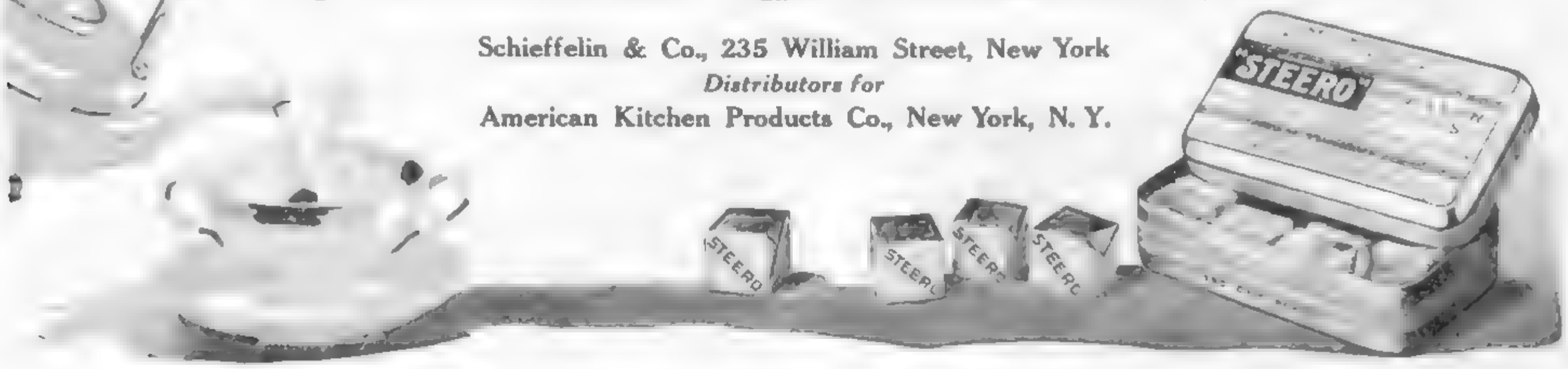

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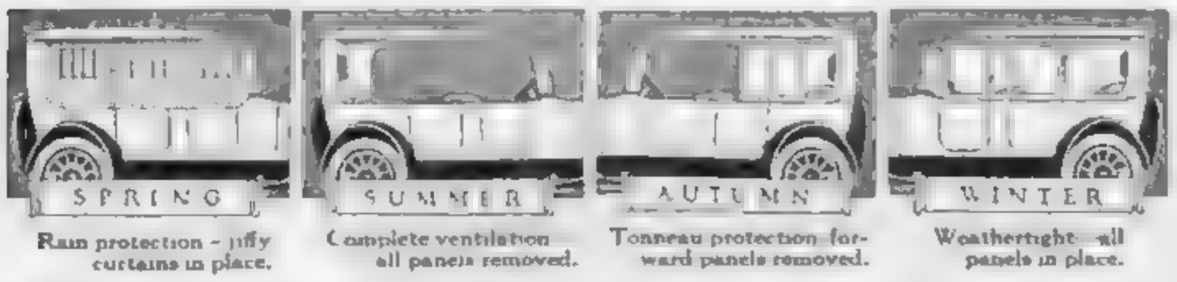

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(Concluded from Page 102)

Like the audience, you may be aided in getting it all plain and clear by a study of the program:

FINGERS OF FOG

A Logos in Three Reactions

PERSONS OF THE DRAMA:

The Dolorous Dun One . . Miss Bertha Pittelkow
The Savory Sun One . . . . Mrs. John P. Barto
The White Wailing . . . Mrs. Andrew B. Sands
The Ragtime Ha'nt . . . . Mr. Eugene Waite
The Quintessential Quiet . . Miss Mabel Tessbury
The Muddy Mortal . . . . Mr. John P. Barto
The Beyond Azoth . . . . Miss Agnes Ardbiddle

Act I: The Forest Fearful
Act II: The Dissonant Dome
Act III: The Place of Sinewy Soul-Strife

The cynical old reporter of the Observer has often maintained that the play was a farce in which the innocent husband was found wearing the overshoes of the president of the W. C. T. U.; but the program shows that he misunderstood.

As the audience listened to the ghosts discussing whether ghosts were mortals or mortals were ghosts or both of them were but echoes of the voice unseen, the chauffeur in the first row settled down, grabbed his hat for steering wheel, and occasionally, as the play skidded round a particularly sharp S curve, jabbed with his foot at an imaginary clutch. It wasn't the first time he had endured a long cold ride. The front rows elbowed one another with care. But the back rows were frankly irreverent. They snickered as each ghost began to speak, and when the curtain was down they all coughed.

"Aw, let's go home," begged Enrique Cavasso, the popular caterer, after the first act.

"We will not. T'ink of what we paid for the tickets," sighed his wife.

"Is it as bad as I fancy it is; or did you give me too many cocktails? Lord, if Hogarth were only still in town to parody this!" choked the feature guest of Mrs. Oliphant Ardbiddle's dinner party.

During the second act four people left.

But with his eye constantly at the peephole Bolivar was delighted. "They are all so quiet—enthralled!"

They were. They were asleep.

As the curtain went down after the second act Bolivar unstraightened his dress tie and was ready for cries of "Author!" But Upper Colfax doesn't call for authors. By the time Road Company D of a play has reached Upper Colfax the author has already given up his attempt to get another play accepted, and has gone back to the job on the newspaper.

The audience were merely scratching their palms and looking cheerful. There was only one act to get through now.

Bolivar rushed to Mrs. Andy Sands, who was simultaneously repinning her costume as The White Wailing, whitely wailing at Eugene Waite to quit giggling with the young lady who wore overalls and handled props, and snapping at Andy that if it wasn't too much trouble she re-al-ly hoped he'd connect up the baby spotlight when he finished his doubtless very necessary cigar.

"I—uh—dear lady, do you think they're going to call for author?" Bolivar implored.

Mrs. Andy looked at him fondly. This was a large moment. A genius had boyishly begged her aid.

"I'll see that they do," she said grimly.

"I don't mean—I mean, the intrusion of the personal on an art form is vulgar, but —— If they call shall I ——"

Mrs. Andy turned on Andy: "You hustle out the stage door and sneak in at the back of the audience and shout 'Author!' Just—just holler!"

Andy didn't want to holler Author! He could get all the author he wanted without even whispering. But he was an experienced husband. He recognized those occasional moments when arguments do not go. He galloped out the back door of the hall, yanking an overcoat over his electrician's jumper as he ran, and appeared behind the back rows blaring: "Author! Author! Author!"

At this clamor the chauffeur in the first row brightened. Maybe there was going to be a roughhouse after all. Anyway here was a chance to make a noise. He bellowed "Author!"

Enrique Cavasso's position as favorite caterer to the hill set depended on his being popular. It seemed to be the thing to roar "Author!" He roared. The cynical reporter joined in—cynically.

By this time perfectly real, paying, independent members of the audience supposed that there were persons who did like the play and did want to behold the author. They became uneasy. Had they guessed wrong? Was the play actually good, after all? Had they shown themselves lacking in culture? They hastily muttered to one another, "But, after all, the stuff certainly is original," and took up the fashionable pastime of yammering "Author!" Having yammered they really believed that they wanted to see him.

The low room clanged. The air grew dizzy with the clashing waves of shouting.

Mrs. Andy Sands, ruddy and panting, crawled out at the side of the curtain and held up her hand:

"Our little company is grateful to you, and I'm sure Mr. Whipple must be. But I cannot persuade him to come out. He is—I hope he can't hear me!—he is one of those rare shrinking souls, too fine for their generation. So we will just have to compel him to take our grateful tribute. And let me seize this chance to make a suggestion: Wouldn't it be wonderful if Mr. Whipple were the next Pedersen Foundation lecturer, and let us know the dear little children of his brain! What do you think about it?"

"Yes!" they thought; and "You bet!" and "That's the idea!"

One member of the executive committee of the Pedersen Foundation, a mere man and therefore not cultural, was seized with remembrance of how often he had been blandly overruled by Mrs. Oliphant Ardbiddle. He rose and looked with a large rolling dislike at Mrs. Ardbiddle, who had been enjoying telling her admirers how rotten were the technic, manners and morals of J. Bolivar.

He roared to Mrs. Andy: "I think you're right. Whipple can't push himself forward—like some lecturers we all know! I shall vote for him for next lecturer! Now all together! Let's shout, and make old Whip forget his shyness!"

They shouted. Behind the curtain old Whip was preparing to forget it.

Mrs. Ardbiddle had also risen. Her thin smile cut the enthusiasm like a razor. She caroled: "Perhaps you are right. It would be especially nice to have Mr. Whipple lecture about those shy little brain children, the Jack Joliffe books!"

Mrs. Andy glared back. She forgot the audience. She demanded in a tone of private back-fence controversy: "Are you crazy? Bolivar Whipple write the Jack Joliffe books? Are you aware that Joliffe's books are read by perfectly ordinary people?"

"Yes," Mrs. Ardbiddle crooned. "And Mr. Whipple is jolly Jack Joliffe. I have here a letter from Mr. Hogarth, who says that Hitz, the publisher, admits ——"

The audience were charmed to see Bertha Pittelkow crawling out beside the curtain to join Mrs. Andy. Bertha was not to appear in the last act, and she had been removing her make-up. She was in an altogether delightful combination of white cheesecloth costume and pink bedroom slippers. The grease paint had been cold-creamed into a wild mauve smear, which covered her face like a displaced sunset.

Bertha was shrieking: "Impossible on the face of it!" The audience, regarding the mauve smear on the face of it, agreed. "Perfectly impossible! Jack Joliffe is neither realistic nor poetic. He doesn't expose a single evil. Why, he believes that married women ought to stay married! Why—why—why, his books sell!"

"Just the same, I will prove ——" Mrs. Ardbiddle began.

"Haw, haw, haw! Gosh, even I like the Joliffe books!" sounded Mr. Andy Sands at the back.

Mrs. Andy was stung into defiance. "I'll bring out dear Bolivar! I'll make him deny this slander!"

She ducked behind the curtain. She was just in time to see the coat tails of J. Bolivar as he fled down the back stairs—forever ruined as the yearners' delight, as the idol of the lecture platform.

"There's a train East at eleven-twenty!" Mrs. Andy howled down the stairs after him.

"But you don't know the real joke," Mrs. Ardbiddle was saying to her admirers. "Bolivar came to me yesterday and hinted round that if he got the lectureship he'd be willing to stay with me instead of with Mrs. Andy!"

Copyright 1919 by The Cleveland Macaroni Co.

Feed up a child in the way it should grow

"Open your mouth and shut your eyes;
I'll give you something to make you wise,
Healthy and happy, big and strong,
And make you sleep the whole night long."

W.S.S.
WAR SAVINGS STAMPS
ISSUED BY THE
UNITED STATES
GOVERNMENT

The Cleveland Macaroni Company
Cleveland, Ohio, U. S. A.
Modern Macaroni Makers

Golden Age Americanized Macaroni with milk or cream

Empty the contents of one 10-cent package of Golden Age Americanized Macaroni into a pot of boiling salt water. Boil for [illegible] minutes only. Drain in colander with cold water. Drench thoroughly. Serve hot or cold with sugar and milk or cream

Write for Calorie Cook Book—it's free. 52 ways of preparing macaroni, spaghetti and noodles. Gives calorie value of each dish.

Style and Quality Combined—Wear

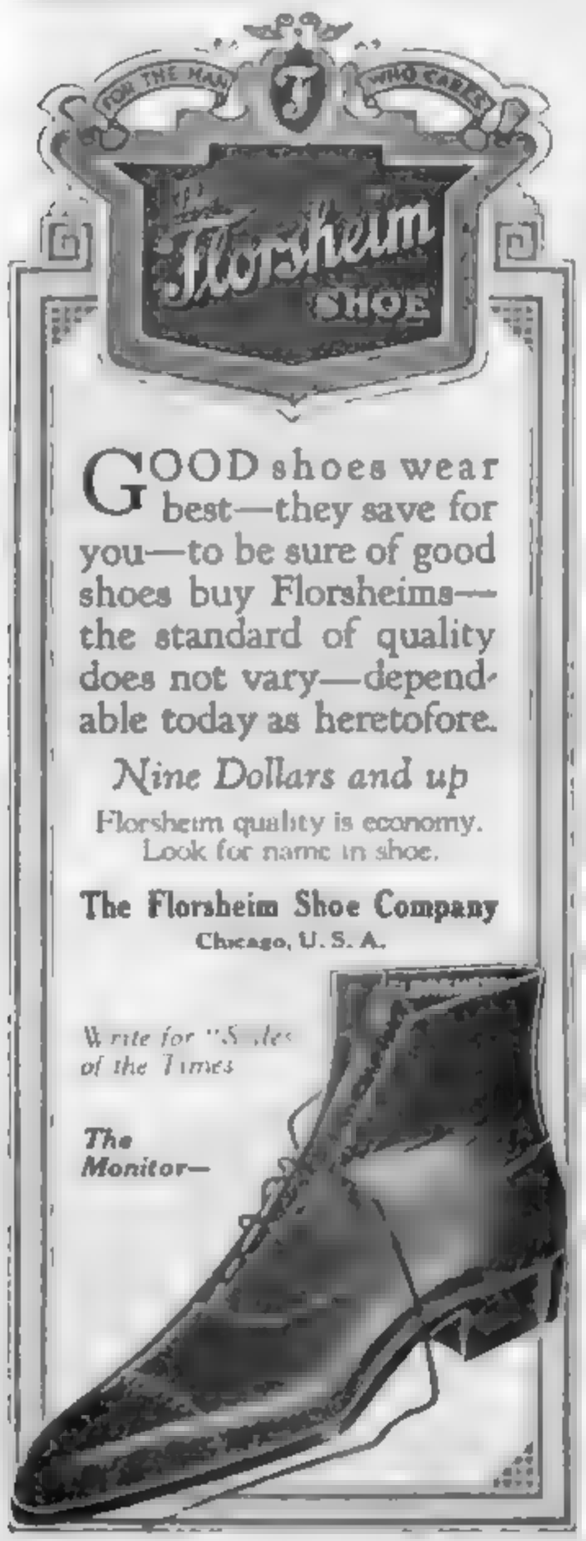
SLIDEWELL COLLARS

YOUR time and temper saved by the Scarf Shield and Graduated Tie Space—Exclusive Features.

Hall, Hartwell & Co., Troy, N. Y.
Makers of

HALLMARK SHIRTS

The line with the "Quality Kept Up."



GOOD shoes wear best—they save for you—to be sure of good shoes buy Florsheims—the standard of quality does not vary—dependable today as heretofore.

Nine Dollars and up

Florsheim quality is economy. Look for name in shoe.

The Florsheim Shoe Company
Chicago, U. S. A.

Write for "Styles of the Times"

The Monitor—

FIVE THOUSAND DOLLARS REWARD

(Concluded from Page 13)

that apologetic, confidential manner which seems to be an abominable attendant on human degeneracy. One may put up with it for a little while, but it presently becomes intolerable.

"'Governor,' he began, when he'd shuffled up, 'you won't get mad if I say a little somethin'?

"'Go on and say it,' I said.

"The expression on his dirty unshaved face became, if possible, more foolish.

"'Well, then, Governor, askin' your pardon, you ain't Mr. Henry P. Johnson, from Erie; you're the Chief of the United States Secret Service, from Washington.'"

Walker moved in his chair.

"That made me ugly," he went on, "the assurance of the creature and my unspeakable carelessness in permitting the official letters brought to me on the day before by the post-office messenger to be seen. In my relaxation I had forgotten the eye of the chair attendant. I took the cigar out of my teeth and looked at him.

"'And I'll say a little something myself!' I could hardly keep my foot clear of him. 'When you got sober this morning and remembered who I was, you took a turn up round the post office to make sure of it, and while you were in there you saw the notice of the reward for the stolen bond plates. That gave you the notion with which you pieced out your fairy story about how you got the dollar tip. Having discovered my identity through a piece of damned carelessness on my part, and having seen the postal notice of the reward, you undertook to enlarge your little game. That's the reason you wouldn't take fifty cents. It was your notion in the beginning to make a touch for a tip. And it would have worked. But now you can't get a damned cent out of me.' Then I threw a little brush into him: 'I'd have stood a touch for your finding the fake tanner, because there isn't any such person.'

"I intended to put the hobo out of business," Walker went on, "but the effect of my words on him were even more startling than I anticipated. His jaw dropped and he looked at me in astonishment.

"'No such person!' he repeated. 'Why, Governor, before God, I found a man like that, an' he was a banker—one of the big ones, sure as there's a hell!'"

Walker put out his hands in a puzzled gesture.

"There it was again, the description of Mulehaus! And it puzzled me up. Every motion of this hobo's mind in every direction about this affair was perfectly clear to me. I saw his intention in every turn of it and just where he got the material for the details of his story. But this absolutely distinguishing description of Mulehaus was beyond me. Everybody, of course, knew that we were looking for the lost plates, for there was the reward offered by the Treasury; but no human soul outside of the trusted agents of the department knew that we were looking for Mulehaus."

Walker did not move, but he stopped in his recital for a moment.

"The tramp shuffled up a step closer to the bench where I sat. The anxiety in his big slack face was sincere beyond question.

"'I can't find the banker man, Governor; he's skipped the coop. But I believe I can find what he's hid.'

"'Well,' I said, 'go on and find it.'

"The hobo jerked out his limp hands in a sort of hopeless gesture.

"'Now, Governor,' he whimpered, 'what good would it do me to find them plates?'

"'You'd get five thousand dollars,' I said.

"'I'd git kicked into the discard by the first cop that got to me,' he answered, 'that's what I'd git.'

"The creature's dirty, unshaved jowls began to shake, and his voice became wholly a whimper.

"'I've got a line on this thing, Governor, sure as there's a hell. That banker man was viewin' the layout. I've thought it all over, an' this is the way it would be. They're afraid of the border an' they're afraid of the customhouses, so they runs the loot down here in an automobile, hides it up about the Inlet, and plans to go out with it to one of them fruit steamers passing on the way to Tampico. They'd have them plates bundled up in a sailor's chest most like.

"'Now, Governor, you'd say why ain't they already done it; an' I'd answer, the main guy—this banker man—didn't know the automobile had got here until he sent me to look, and there ain't been no ship along since then. . . . I've been special careful to find that out.' And then the creature began to whine. 'Have a heart, Governor, come along with me. Gimme a show!'

"It was not the creature's plea that moved me, nor his pretended deductions; I'm a bit old to be soft. It was the 'banker man' sticking like a bur in the hobo's talk. I wanted to keep him in right until I understood where he got it. No doubt that seems a slight reason for going out to the Inlet with the creature; but you must remember that slight things are often big signboards in our business."

He continued, his voice precise and even:

"We went directly from the end of the Boardwalk to the old shed; it was open, an unfastened door on a pair of leather hinges. The shed is small, about twenty feet by eleven, with a hard dirt floor packed down by the workmen who had used it, a combination of clay and sand like the Jersey roads put in to make a floor. All round it, from the sea to the board fence, was soft sand. There were some pieces of old junk lying about in the shed; but nothing of value or it would have been nailed up.

"The hobo led right off with his deductions. There was the track of a man, clearly outlined in the soft sand, leading from the board fence to the shed and returning, and no other track anywhere about.

"'Now, Governor,' he began, when he had taken a look at the tracks, 'the man that made them tracks carried something into this shed, and he left it here, and it was something heavy.'

"I was fairly certain that the hobo had salted the place for me, made the tracks himself; but I played out a line to him.

"'How do you know that?' I said.

"'Well, Governor,' he answered, 'take a look at them two line of tracks. In the one comin' to the shed the man was walkin' with his feet apart and in the one goin' back he was walkin' with his feet in front of one another; that's because he was carryin' somethin' heavy when he come an' nothin' when he left.'

"It was an observation on footprints," he went on, "that had never occurred to me. The hobo saw my awakened interest, and he added:

"'Did you never notice a man carryin' a heavy load? He kind of totters, walkin' with his feet apart to keep his balance. That makes his foot tracks side by side like, instead of one before the other as he makes them when he's goin' light.'"

Walker interrupted his narrative with a comment:

"It's the truth. I've verified it a thousand times since that hobo put me onto it. A line running through the center of the heel prints of a man carrying a heavy burden will be a zigzag, while one through the heel prints of the same man without the burden will be almost straight.

"The tramp went right on with his deductions:

"'If it come in and didn't go out, it's here.'

"And he began to go over the inside of the shed. He searched it like a man searching a box for a jewel. He moved the pieces of old castings and he literally fingered the shed from end to end. He would have found a bird's egg.

"Finally he stopped and stood with hand spread out over his mouth. And I selected this critical moment to touch the powder off under his game.

"'Suppose,' I said, 'that this man with the heavy load wished to mislead us; suppose that instead of bringing something here he took one of these old castings away?'

"The hobo looked at me without changing his position.

"'How could he, Governor; he was pointin' this way with the load?'

"'By walking backward,' I said. For it had occurred to me that perhaps the creature had manufactured this evidence for the occasion, and I wished to test the theory."

Walker went on in his slow, even voice:

"The test produced more action than I expected. The hobo dived out through the door. I followed to see him disappear. But he was not in flight; he was squatting down over the foot prints. And a moment later he rocked back on his haunches with a little exultant yelp.

"'Dope's wrong, Governor,' he said; 'he was sure comin' this way.' Then he explained: 'If a man's walkin' forward in sand or mud or snow the toe of his shoe flirts out a little of it, an' if he's walkin' backward his heel flirts it out.'

"At this point I began to have some respect for the creature's ability. He got up and came back into the shed. And there he stood, in his old position, with his fingers over his mouth, looking round at the empty shed, in which, as I have said, one could not have concealed a bird's egg.

"I watched him without offering any suggestion, for my interest in the thing had awakened and I was curious to see what he would do. He stood perfectly motionless for about a minute; and then suddenly he snapped his fingers and the light came into his face.

"'I got it, Governor!' Then he came over to where I stood. 'Gimme a quarter to get a bucket.'

"I gave him the coin, for I was now profoundly puzzled, and he went out. He was gone perhaps twenty minutes, and when he came in he had a bucket of water. But he had evidently been thinking on the way, for he set the bucket down carefully, wiped his hands on his canvas breeches, and began to speak, with a little apologetic whimper in his voice.

"'Now look here, Governor,' he said, 'I'm a-goin' to talk turkey; do I get the five thousand if I find this stuff?'

"'Surely,' I answered him.

"'An' there'll be no monkey'n', Governor; you'll take me down to a bank yourself an' put the money in my hand?'

"'I promise you that,' I assured him.

"But he was not entirely quiet in his mind about it. He shifted uneasily from one foot to the other, and his soft rubber nose worked.

"'Now, Governor,' he said, 'I'm leery about jokers—I gotta be. I don't want any string to this money. If I get it I want to go and blow it in. I don't want you to hand me the roll an' then start any reformin' stunt—a-holdin' of it in trust an' a probation officer a-pussyfootin' me, or any funny business. I want the wad an' a clear road to the bright lights, with no word passed along to pinch me. Do I git it?'

"'It's a trade!' I said.

"'O. K.,' he answered, and he took up the bucket. He began at the door and poured the water carefully on the hard tramped earth. When the bucket was empty he brought another and another. Finally about midway of the floor space he stopped.

"'Here it is!' he said.

"I was following beside him, but I saw nothing to justify his words.

"'Why do you think the plates are buried here?' I said.

"'Look at the air bubbles comin' up, Governor,' he answered."

Walker stopped, then he added:

"It's a thing which I did not know until that moment, but it's the truth. If hard-packed earth is dug up and repacked air gets into it, and if one pours water on the place air bubbles will come up."

He did not go on, and I flung the big query of his story at him.

"And you found the plates there?"

"Yes," he replied, "in the false bottom of an old steamer trunk."

"And the hobo got the money?"

"Certainly," he answered. "I put it into his hand, and let him go with it, as I promised."

Again he was silent, and I turned toward him in astonishment.

"Then," I said, "why did you begin this story by saying the hobo faked you? I don't see the fake; he found the plates and he was entitled to the reward."

Walker put his hand into his pocket, took out a leather case, selected a paper from among its contents and handed it to me. "I didn't see the fake either," he said, "until I got this letter."

I unfolded the letter carefully. It was neatly written in a hand like copper plate and dated from Buenos Aires:

"*Dear Colonel Walker:* When I discovered that you were planting an agent on every ship I had to abandon the plates and try for the reward. Thank you for the five thousand; it covered expenses.

"Very sincerely yours,

"D. MULEHAUS."

The Thief of Your Coal!

DURING the cold spell a man was showing a visitor over his new house. "It's too bad we are so cold here to-day," he said. "That's our only trouble. I have a big heater, run it hard and burn lots of coal, but on a cold day we do shiver."

Then opening a closet, where a steam-riser ran up, "But you see this closet is hot. I wish I had that heat somewhere else."

They went down to inspect the heater outfit. The visitor, who was an engineer, made some quick observations and said:—

"I see your trouble. Observe, this basement is the hottest place in the house. You've lots of heat where you don't need it and not enough where you do. The trouble is that your boiler and steam-risers are not properly insulated, and you lose your heat before it gets to the radiators.

"Remember that if heat can pass out of metal radiators it passes out of the *unprotected* boiler and risers just the same—and more, because the heat gets to them *first*,—and that *heat wastage is the thief of your coal.*

"Cover your boiler and pipes with '85% Magnesia', and you will get double the heat with half the coal and half the work. Then *all* the heat you now waste in this basement, in the partitions, in that closet upstairs, must get to the radiators."

"Magnesia, you say? I thought that was a medicine," said the host.

"In one form it is," replied his engineer visitor, "but long ago magnesium carbonate was also discovered to be the best possible heat-resistant. It is full of infinitesimal cells of dead air which check the passage of heat. '85% Magnesia' is composed of about 85% of these natural air-cells, with just enough mineral fibre to bind them together. Those millions of magnesia air-spaces make an impenetrable barrier against the escape of heat."

He concluded, "So, cover your boiler and pipes with '85% Magnesia' and you will save enough coal in a few months to pay for the installation. Your basement will be cool but your rooms will be warm as toast."

These Caught the Coal Thief—

IN the goodly fellowship of users of "85% Magnesia" Uncle Sam is a charter member; for he has specified it for his Fleet since 1888; the U. S. Shipping Board followed suit, and the U. S. Fuel Administration recommended it to the public.

All our powerful locomotives are protected by "85% Magnesia" under their planished iron jackets. The greatest power-plants and unnumbered smaller ones protect their steam by it. In the biggest skyscrapers, public buildings, hotels and in thousands of private residences it is now saving the heat and saving the coal

Write us for Table of Coal Saving in Dollars and Cents by the use of "85% Magnesia" prepared by the Mellon Institute of Industrial Research. That same Institute has also compiled a Specification for the scientific application of this insulation, to be sent to any engineer or architect.

MAGNESIA ASSOCIATION *of* AMERICA, Bulletin Building, Philadelphia

EXECUTIVE COMMITTEE, Wm. A. Macan, *Chairman*

George D. Crabbs, The Philip Carey Co., Cincinnati, Ohio — J. R. Swift, The Franklin Mfg. Co. Franklin, Pa.
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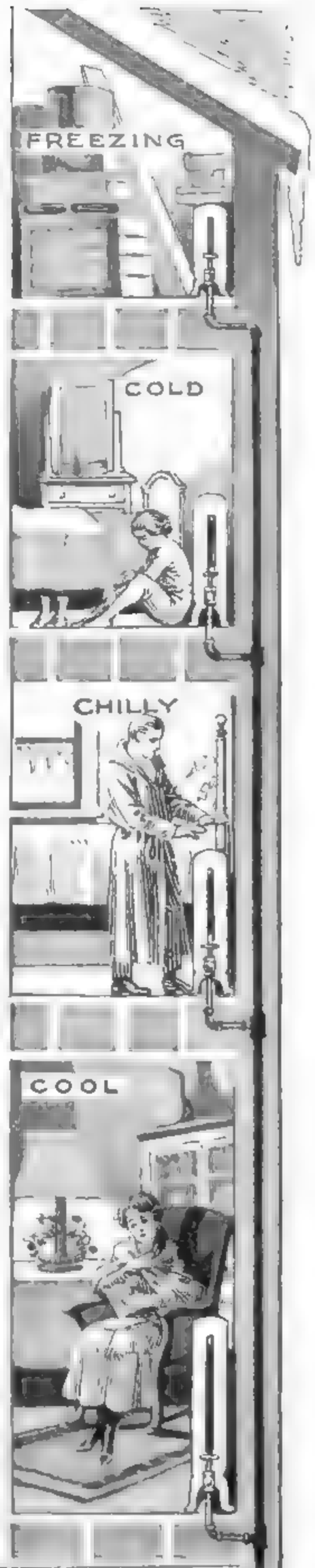

In this house the heater and steam piping are covered with "85% MAGNESIA" insulation. *Result:*—every room is warm all winter, on half the coal required if heater and pipes were left bare.

But in this twin house the heater and steam piping are LEFT BARE. *Result:*—Chilly rooms on double the coal used in the house where heater and pipes are insulated with "85% Magnesia."

Does victory make a difference?

IT DOES—*decidedly*.

Just before Christmas, in these pages, we gave the American public important facts about the winter underwear situation.

We set forth frankly the difficulties that confronted us—the problems of labor, fuel, raw materials and transportation—which were induced by the great war; which seemed almost hopeless to rectify quickly.

So, last December, we did *not* know when Mayo underwear would be plentiful again.

Now we *do* know!

We did not know *then* when we could again say to the thousands of Mayo wearers—"Go get your new Mayo 10-rib-to-the-inch (instead of the usual 8-rib) undergarments. You need not stretch one underwear season into two."

Now a big new Mayo Mill is working at Mt. Airy, N. C.—making hundreds of dozens of Mayo suits a week—in addition to the output of the big Mayo Mills at Mayodan.

So Mayo promises its wearers, dealers, and jobbers full and unlimited deliveries by next fall. This is definite.

Even now, your dealer may have warm, snug, 10-rib-to-the-inch (instead of the usual 8-rib) Mayo in stock—the kind that staunch, out-o'-doors men, from Alaska to the Gulf, love to wear.

Remember Mayo with its diamond-shaped trademark in the neckband—the mark that stands for the utmost in warmth, comfort, fit, long wear and quality in pure-cotton undergarments.

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UNION SUITS • SHIRTS • DRAWERS

THE MAYO MILLS, MAYODAN, N. C.

Sales Office: 346 Broadway, New York City

THE YELLOW TYPHOON

(Continued from Page 19.

through that alert cordon; and yet this woman had done it. The pity of it! Brave and fearless and beautiful—and absolutely lawless. He could not stir up a bit of hatred. She had broken Bob Hallowell's heart; and yet John Mathison could only admire her strength and cunning -the admiration a brave man always pays a fearless antagonist. Somehow he knew she would be free for a long while. But how would she use this furtive freedom? Seek to injure Hilda and himself? Like as not. But he had in mind a solution for this problem. It would depend, though, upon the woman waiting downstairs.

Entering the room again he confronted the man he had outthought and outfought. Mathison was dizzy, but he could navigate alone. The blond man had to be propped between two operatives. He was in a bad way. Mathison produced the manila envelope.

"Observe those photographs? That is why you did not succeed. We idiotic Yankees! They will hang you by the neck, Lysgaard. What! You believed I would risk carrying Hallowell's specifications in an ordinary manila envelope, depositing it when I stopped at a hotel, letting everybody know that I was carrying an important document? Your method, perhaps; but not mine. And the irony of it is that the prints were always within easy reach of your hand. This manila envelope was merely a noose; and you drew it yourself. It is a forerunner of what your nation will receive at the hands of mine."

Mathison ripped open the envelope and displayed the contents—a dozen sheets of heavy blank paper.

"You will never see your woman again, Lysgaard. I had no evidence. I compelled you to furnish it. A man hunt, and you never suspected! Take him away, gentlemen; and thanks for your assistance."

XVII

DOWNSTAIRS Hilda waited with growing wonder and anxiety. When she finally saw Lysgaard lurch from the elevator, supported, her anxiety became terror. What had happened? Where was Mathison? She wanted to rush forward and ask questions; but she dared not. The value of her services would always depend upon the fact that her activities were practically unknown. So she sat perfectly quiet and watched the remarkable procession file past and vanish round the corner of the corridor.

The sight of the blond beast naturally brought back the thought of Berta. She, too, was now a prisoner. Prison! A cell with bars and filtered sunshine, interminable monotony and maddening thoughts. It was horrible. And she, Hilda, could do nothing. Berta merited whatever punishment an outraged nation might see fit to visit upon her. Flesh and blood—or was there something in the psychology of double birth?

Was there really an invisible connecting link? Yet, if so, why had she not felt that Berta was alive? Why had she shed tears over the poor unrecognizable thing in Berta's clothes that she and the mother had buried eight years ago?

If only something occult had warned her! The mother might have borne up under such a blow—the return of the wayward. But to her Berta was dead; and a return under the present tragic circumstances would without doubt result in a death shock. Ah, if Berta had come back a penitent the news might have been broken gradually! But a lawless Berta, predatory, vengeful ——

And to-morrow night Norma Farrington would romp across the stage, now tender, now whimsical; now making her audience laugh, now bringing it to the verge of tears. And all the while Hilda Nordstrom's heart would be breaking. She would complete the run because her word had never been broken. She could not possibly find it in her thoughts to be disloyal to loyal Sam Rubin.

Love! It was not enough that Berta should return to life. She—Hilda—must give her heart unasked to a man who appeared to be quite satisfied with friendship. She hadn't even fought against it. Nonresistant she had permitted this crowning folly to creep into her heart. She had forgotten that to him Mrs. Chester was an old woman, and that he had sought her society because he was just humanly lonesome. She hadn't had her chance. With the physical attributes of a Venus and the mental attainments of an Aspasia a woman might not win the heart of a man in three short hours. Love at first sight! She trembled. He had used that subject merely to pass the time and to keep the conversation away from dangerous channels. She was very unhappy.

She heard the elevator door rattle in the groove. Mathison stepped forth, Malachi's cage bobbing against a leg. He paused for a moment—truthfully, to get his sea legs, for he was still groggy—and brushed his forehead with his free hand. The movement left a bloody smear.

She flew to him and cried in passionate anger:

"The beast has hurt you!"

"Banged me up a bit; but my teeth are all sound and I can still bite. He got loose somehow; and —— Well, I went berserker. I'm a sight! Malachi did a fine thing to-night. I was killing that man, when Malachi spoke up. I'll see you home."

"Indeed you shall—straight up to my apartment, where I can take care of those cuts and bruises"

"At this hour?"—tingling.

"What matters the hour? Wouldn't you prefer me to the hotel physician?"—raising the veil and letting him look into her eyes, which were full of sapphire lights.

"All right! You may do with me as you please."

Day after to-morrow was now very far away. At no time in his life had he craved so poignantly for the touch of a woman's hand—to be ministered to, coddled, made much of; a memory to take away with him to the high seas, from which he might never return.

She ran back for his greatcoat, held it for him, and noted the grimace as he stretched his arms backward for the sleeves.

"What is it?"

"Ribs, head and shoulder—all in the sick bay. Lord, but I'm a wreck!"

She picked up the cage and grasped his sleeve. Her heart sang. For an hour or two, to use all her arts in making the episode unforgetable to this man! To mother and coddle him. For an hour or two, all, all her own!

In the taxi he told her briefly what had happened and brought the Odyssey to an end by disclosing the fact that Berta had escaped the net.

"But don't worry; I've an idea she'll be too busy to trouble you. She's keen. By now she must understand that the game is up. She will be concerned with little else besides her efforts to get clear of New York. Ten to one she'll strike for the Orient. I'm sorry—not that she has escaped but that she was able to hurt you. We're all riddles, aren't we?"

"Berta, free? . . . I'm glad. I can't help it. It may be the turning point. In all these years she has never met with any serious defeat. Who knows? For if she is her father's daughter she is also her mother's. God bring her vision to see things clearly! That blond beast's evil influence removed, who knows?"

In the cozy living room of the apartment a fire burned low. Hilda threw on a log, then helped him off with his coat. As a matter of fact he really had to be helped. Obsessed with the idea of getting his hands on the man Lysgaard's throat he had laid himself open to many terrible blows. He was going to be very sore and lame tomorrow.

She swung the willow lounge parallel to the fire and forced him to lie down.

"Back in a moment!" she said, flying away.

He lay back and closed his sound eye; the other was already closed. And as he lay there awaiting her return the idea came. He could never win this glorious creature by simply telling her he loved her. He would have to take her by storm, carry her off her feet; and he was only a mollycoddle among the women. Still, he knew what he knew. Presently he smiled; at least it was meant for a smile. How the deuce would he be able to kiss her when the time came, with his lips puffed and bleeding? The glory of her! Obliquely he could see Malachi.

"The little son-of-a-gun! And he hasn't the least idea that he saved his master from being as beastly as the Hun! . . . Close shave! . . . Bob's voice calling out the

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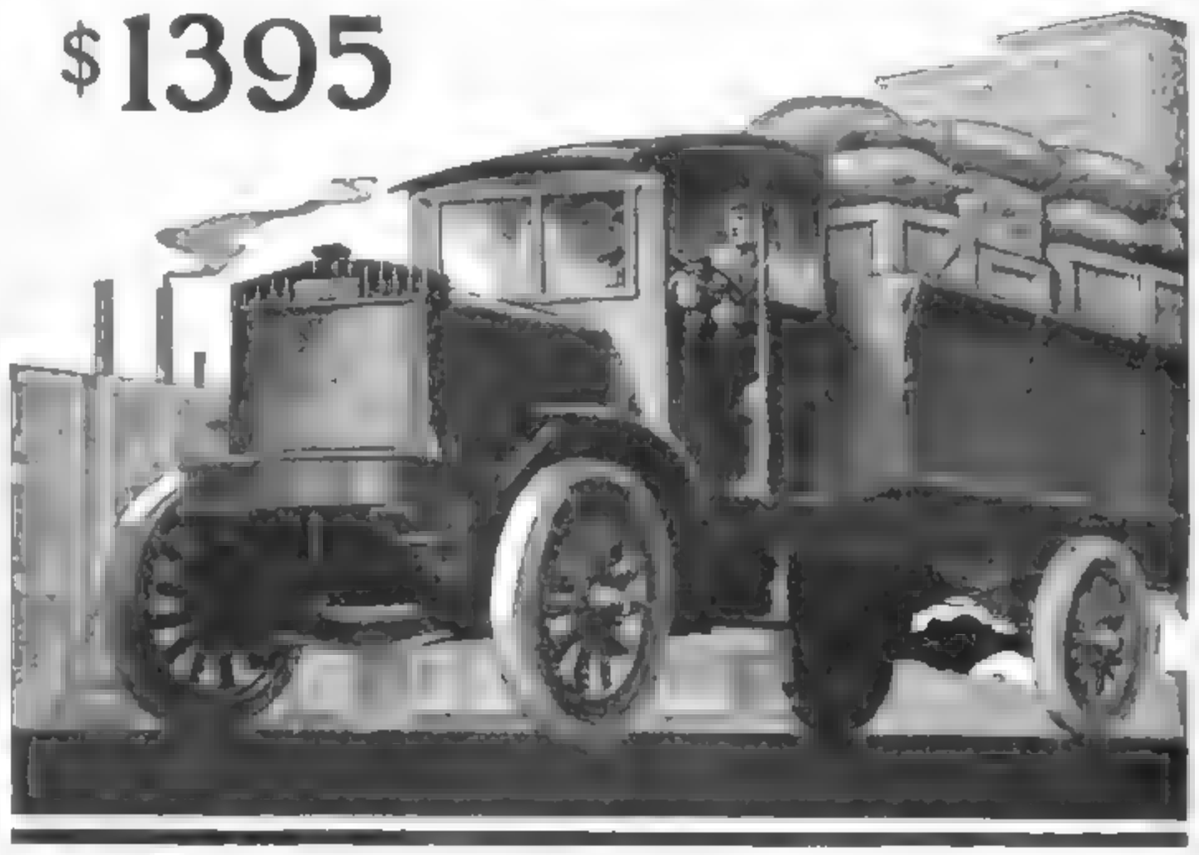

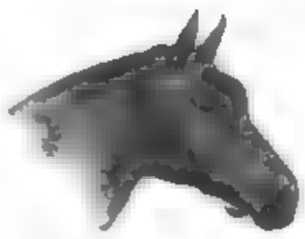

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Watson E. Coleman, *Patent Lawyer*, 624 F St., Washington, D.C.

name of the man who had killed him—like that! . . . I'll be a trig-looking individual when I strike Washington to-morrow!" ruefully.

Hilda returned with basin, alcohol, lint, bandages and salve. And he let her have her way with him. After she had bandaged the gash on his forehead and his raw knuckles she wet her finger tips with alcohol and ran them back and forth through his hair. Not since his mother's death had this happened; and never had he experienced such a thrill. He longed to seize the hand and kiss it; but he conquered the desire. By and by he spoke.

"The blue prints, with Number Nine, are in the hollow under Malachi's basin. They are in a rubber sack such as you roll up slickers in. I'll take them out when I go. Be sure you talk a little to him every day. He likes it. He's a gossip. Rice and fruits and nuts; he's frugal. It will buck me up to know that he is in good hands."

"The funny little green bird! I'll take care of him until you come back."

"That's odd. Somehow I know I'm coming back. . . . Where's this man Rubin live?"

"Rubin? He has an apartment near by." Rubin? What had Rubin to do with this hour? she thought resentfully.

"What's a successful week amount to?"

"We'll probably draw from ten to twelve thousand." What in the world was the meaning of such irrelevant questions?

"About thirty thousand in two weeks!"—ruminatingly. "I am, even in these days, a comparatively rich man. Lots of ready money, bonds and stock. It's been piling up for years. And now I'm glad it has."

She understood. He had been struck a dangerous blow on the head and his mind was wandering. She patted his hand reassuringly. He went on:

"The old home—which I haven't seen in nearly ten years—is upstate, on the edge of the North Woods. The man who farms the estate keeps up the house. A day's work would make it habitable. Just now it must be wonderful! Skating and snowshoeing. Lord, how I've hungered for the snow! . . . I wonder whether that extension phone will reach over here?"

"Yes." Poor boy! Did he expect to get his farmer on long-distance at this hour?

"Splendid! Now suppose you bring it over?"

She did so. She knelt beside the lounge and held out the telephone.

"No, you're going to start it. Call up Rubin. He'll be asleep; but what I've got to say will wake him up."

"What in the world ——"

"Call him up! I'm an invalid and must be humored."

For a moment her fingers seemed all thumbs. She succeeded in calling the number. There came a long wait. She stole a glance at Mathison. He might have been asleep, for all the interest he evinced in this extraordinary proceeding. What could he want of Rubin?

"Hello! Is it you, Sam? This is Hilda. . . . No, no! Nobody's dead. . . . There's a gentleman here. . . . Oh, it's perfectly proper! . . . He wants to speak to you. . . . I don't know. . . . He is not a dub! . . . Yes; the flowers and the note. . . . You knew it! What do you mean? . . . All right!" She turned to Mathison. "I have him."

Mathison managed to lift himself to a more comfortable angle.

"This Mr. Rubin? . . . Ah! . . . I'll break it gently. Hilda and I are going to be married in the morning. . . . Keep your hair on! . . . Then we are going to Washington. On our return we are going to spend the honeymoon at my home in the North Woods. . . . Contract? What the deuce is that to me? . . . No; you can't talk to her until I'm through. . . . Contract! . . . Listen to me! You will announce that she is ill. She will be if she goes on to-morrow night after all she's been through. . . . Hang it! She and I have a right to two weeks of happiness. To you it's business; to me it's love. I will give you fifty thousand dollars in cold hard cash for these two weeks, which is about twenty thousand more than you would ordinarily make. I'll even give my permission to make a feature story out of it. And, if I know anything about human nature, on her return you'll pack the house all summer. If you refuse my offer not a bally copper cent! I'll break her contract for her and you may sue from Maine to Oregon. . . . What's that? . . . Well, by George, that's handsome! I thought you were a good sport. Buy out the house for exactly what it would be worth. Come round in the morning and be best man! . . . Oh, about nine-thirty. Good night!"

Mathison turned to the stupefied Hilda. There was a short tableau; then she laid her head on the arm of the lounge and cried softly.

"Girl, I can do only one thing well at a time. I couldn't tell you verbally I loved you until I'd cleared the deck. . . . Sounds! Remember? When you came in through that window it was your voice; but I couldn't place it then. I opened that red book and one of Malachi's feathers dropped out. That recalled the old lady who called me 'Boy'. I wanted to write something and couldn't find my pen. It was in my cits. And then I found that photograph of you. That's how I learned there were two of you. When you talked on the stage to-night I shut my eyes. Then I knew. That's how I came to laugh out loud. Sheer joy! Fourteen years! You've got to love me! You've got to marry me! God is just. He won't deny me now. Didn't you tell me I'd find her? . . . Sounds! That's what I meant—your voice. I didn't know why I came to you every morning on board the Nippon Maru; but my heart did. My eyes saw only a queer, whimsical old lady; but my heart saw youth and beauty and love. Will you marry me?"

A nod.

"You are going to try to love me?"

"No!"

"What?"

"You—you can't go to do something when you already do!"

"Wabbly rhetoric; but I understand! . . . Hilda, I love you with all my soul! Love you! Love you! I've been saying in my heart all night: 'Love me! Love me!'"

"So have I! . . . But I'll never forgive you."

"For what?"

"You told Rubin before you told me!"

"Lord, Lord! I've been telling you all night with my eyes that I loved you." He brushed her shining hair with burning lips. He couldn't even put his arms round her! "Now there's just one thing I've got to hear to make this the most perfect hour in my life." He raised her head. There was a violent stab in his side; but he considered it negligible in this supreme moment. "Say it!"

"Boy!" she whispered.

The way she had always dreamed of being loved—berserker love! To be swept off her feet and carried away to an enchanted palace! That little magic green feather! Malachi's! She pressed her cheek against this wonderful lover's and her hand instinctively found his.

"Mat! You lubber!" grumbled Malachi from the rosy hearth.

XVIII

THE Mathison estate was in the foothills of the Adirondacks. There were farm lands, pulp mills, forests and streams. At the northern extremity of the estate there was a small lake. The manor proper stood on the south shore of this lake, four miles from the village and the railway station. It was a lonely habitation in the winter.

The house was of limestone, beautifully weathered, and was dated 1812. Here Mathison had been born; here he had spent his early youth. With the father almost constantly at sea the mother had preferred the quiet of the woods to the noise and bluster of New York.

Hilda went into ecstasies over chairs and sofas that had become antique in these very rooms. She saw the mother's hand everywhere, the quiet artistry of a hand guided by a noble mind. Hilda romped about the rooms with the eager curiosity of a child; and it might be truthfully added that Mathison romped with her. They were so completely in love that they saw beauty in everything, in the hard brilliant sunsets, in the northern lights, in the yellow dawns. Every day they skated or snowshoed; and there was always a roaring chestnut fire to greet them.

And yet there were shadows, deep and somber shadows, that fell across the sunshine of their happiness. They never said anything about these shadows to one another; but always during the hour that comes before candles the shadows pressed in and down. Hilda could not shut out the thought of Berta. Where was she, what was she doing? Berta might deny the blood, but Hilda could not. Berta was her twin. During this twilight hour she saw the beautiful counterpart of herself moving furtively, flying by night, hiding by day, alone, alone; perhaps penniless and hungry. When the thought of the wayward one became too strong Hilda sought the piano, which she played exquisitely.

Mathison's shadow lay upon him perpetually, but more keenly when he and Hilda sat before the fire waiting for the lights. The man Lysgaard had escaped. Free! Beaten and to all appearances broken he had escaped on the way to the Tombs. A forced pause before a fire in a chemical establishment had opened the way for him. The crowd, the noise and confusion, and the insatiable curiosity and overconfidence of his captors had given him his chance. The strength of the rogue, after that beating! They had left one man in the patrol with him, and Lysgaard had suddenly dashed his manacled hands into the man's face and then choked him into insensibility. He had coolly taken the operative's hat and overcoat. The latter he had wrapped across his shoulders, holding it together from the inside. He had then stepped into the seething crowd and vanished completely. Search for him had been in vain. He had probably known where to find a haven.

The real menace in his being at large lay in the fact that undoubtedly he did not know that Berta was a twin. He would have means of finding what had become of John Mathison. He would learn that a woman had accompanied his enemy. A trifling description of that woman would be enough.

Being a Prussian there would be only one idea in Lysgaard's head—Berta had run away with the man who had beaten him. Vengeance, before they found him and dropped the noose over his head.

There was a third shadow, and they shared this mutually if silently—Mathison's inevitable departure for English waters.

"John," she said one afternoon, "I'm so happy that it hurts."

He laughed and swung her into his arms, which never ceased to be hungry for her; and there was always a sharp little stab when he let her go. The hour was fast approaching when he would have to let her go perhaps forever.

"Glorious up here, isn't it?"

"But why do you bar the windows and doors so carefully at night? There can't be any burglars in this wilderness; at least not in the winter."

"You never can tell. Sometimes there are mighty high winds round these diggings. You heard how the windows rattled last night." Mathison reached for his cup of tea. So she had noticed?

"How your mother must have loved this place!"

"What makes you think that?"

"Why, it fairly breathes of love; the beauty of all the furnishings, and the way they are arranged. What fun it must have been—and you toddling round after her! Come; I want to show you something." She led him over to a corner, and there in a heap were rows of battered leaden soldiers, twisted leaden swords and forts of wood. "War, battle," went on Hilda soberly; "even as little children. What has happened to the souls of men, that from generation to generation the male child's toys must be these? Must women always suffer to see these things about? I found them in the garret."

"Instinct, little old lady. From the day one, man has had to protect himself and his woman, bloodily. We are still doing it, on a more terrible scale than ever. Odd, I haven't laid eyes on these in twenty years."

"How often your mother must have watched you there on the floor before the fire, playing at war, and your father facing death at sea. But, oh, lover, lover!" She caught him fiercely to her. "In so short a time! I haven't said anything, for I did not want to mar your happiness. But it is hurting so! Dear God, bring him back to me!"

"Honey, I'll come back. There isn't a shell or a U-boat in the world with my name on it. I know it. I hate to have you return to the stage; and yet it will be the best thing. You'll be busy. Idleness never bucks up a person's courage."

"Hark!" She stepped back from him swiftly. "I hear sleigh bells." She stiffened. Sleigh bells and yellow envelopes; for she knew that Mathison had left order at the station to send out telegrams immediately they were received. There was no telephone. *(Continued on Page 113)*

Build a Home First

NOW THAT war has ended, we once again may freely turn our attention to our personal affairs and, having done our share in defending the right of humanity to life and liberty, take up the pursuit of happiness for ourselves.

And so, the year 1919 promises to be the beginning of the greatest era of constructive development in the history of America. Confident of a prosperous future, we all may well gratify our "heart's desire" in some particular way. What shall it be?

Build a Home First!

The human heart has no affection more enduring or more profound than the love of home. No normal human being knows the full measure of contentment until he becomes a dweller within a home of his very own. The boys who have borne the brunt of war's hardships are coming back with a new and deeper veneration for "Home." If the question were put to them they would answer unanimously, "Build a Home First."

There could be no better time than the present in which to build a home. Compared with the prices of other staple commodities, the cost of building materials is extremely moderate. That is true especially of

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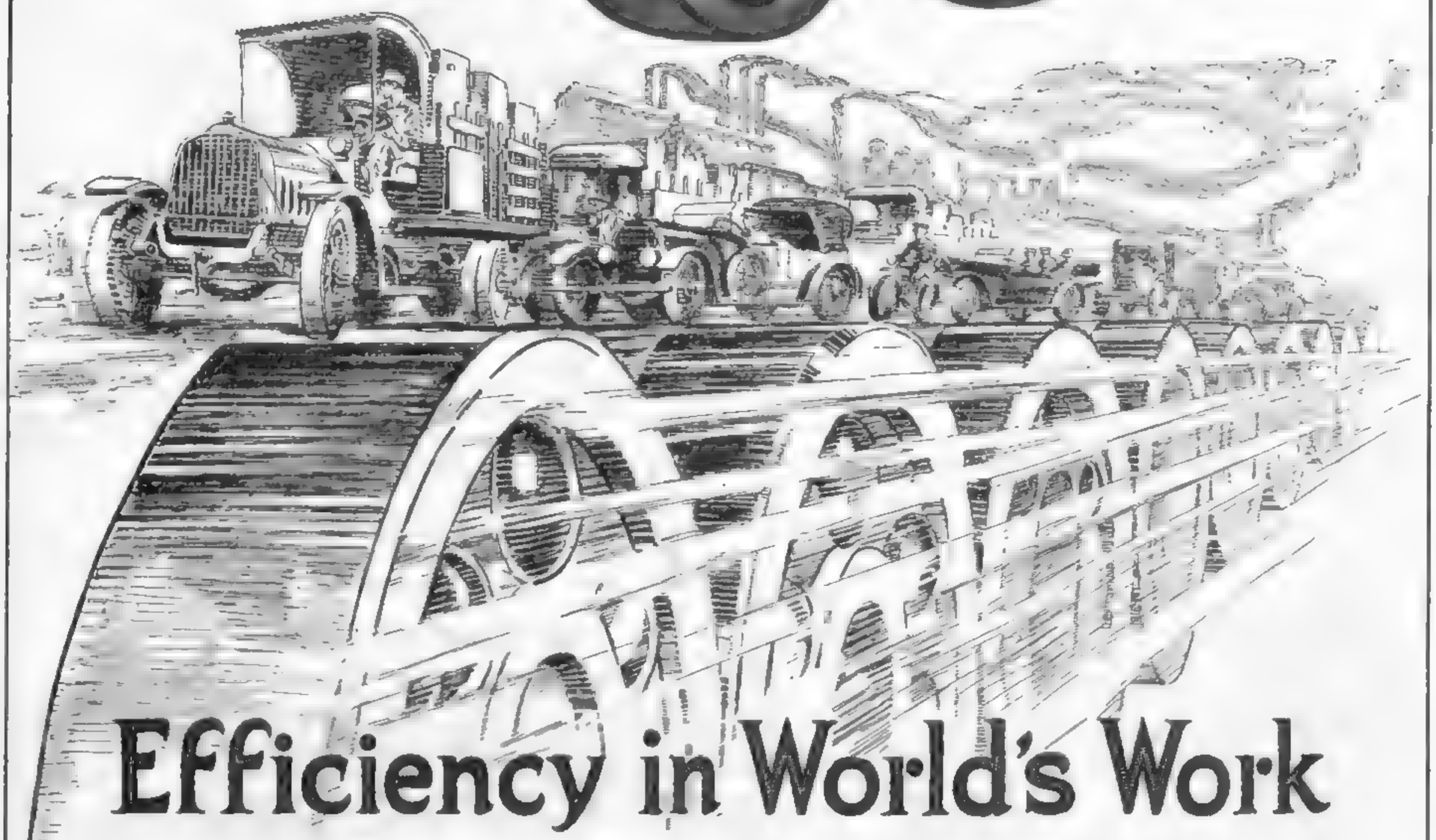

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Ball bearings overcome friction evils by preventing wear and saving power to maximum degrees.

Ball bearings make possible greater load carrying capacities and higher speeds without injury to the mechanism.

Ball bearings, therefore, economize time, labor and money.

New Departure ball bearings are made of chrome alloy steel and are uniform in all their highly developed qualities.

Bristol, Conn. THE NEW DEPARTURE MFG. COMPANY Detroit, Mich.

(Continued from Page 110)

"The village grocer, maybe," suggested Mathison, himself receiving a shock at the sound of the bells.

"No; he always drives out before noon."

Hilda ran to the window to peer out, but it was too dark for her to see anything distinctly.

As for Mathison, he shifted his automatic to the right-side pocket of his jacket. Merely precautionary; for the man he was expecting would not approach the front door with such boldness. Yet the man was infernally clever in some ways. He was likely to do the unexpected. Of course there was always a chance that Lysgaard might try to put to sea and put over his hour of vengeance until later. There was an odd trait in Mathison's character. He was always suspicious when events ran along too smoothly. His very happiness was almost a warning. He had often thought of having a Secret Service man come up and watch the four trains that passed daily; but being a man of red blood he hated the idea. If Lysgaard succeeded in getting through the cordon he would try to find John Mathison. Backed as he was by a powerful secret organization and no doubt having John Mathison's *dossier* in his pocket or in his memory he would not have much difficulty in locating the dovecot.

"Why, it's a woman!" cried Hilda.

"A woman? All right. You stay here and I'll go to the door."

He reached the door just as the bell rang. The visitor entered without a word and raised the thick veil.

"Well, brother-in-law!" mockingly.

"Berta?" came a startled voice from the doorway leading to the living room.

"Yes, dear sister, Berta—the ghost who wants to return to her tomb and can't find the way. I smell tea. I'd like a cup."

Berta passed into the living room and stopped before the burning logs, stretching out her hands. The sable coat, once so magnificent, was matted and torn, the hat bedraggled, the shoes water-soaked and cracked; but the fire in Berta's eyes and the beauty of her face were still undimmed. "What a woman!" thought Mathison, thrilled in spite of his vague terror.

Hilda, however, saw only the hunted woman, the desperation, the cold, the hunger. A sign, and she could have opened her arms. But Berta was still The Yellow Typhoon, harassed but unconquered. She tossed her hat and coat upon a chair and helped herself to a cup of tea. There was evil mischief in her smile. After she had drunk the tea she selected a cigarette and lit it.

"Ah, that is good! I haven't had a decent cigarette in four days. The driver thought I was you, Hilda. What a Godforsaken hole! But it was not so hard to find. In your *dossier*—I read it while we were entering New York—it was recorded that you were born here, that it was the only home you had. Where would two sentimental fools like you two come for their honeymoon? The north is in the blood of you both. A ghost, Hilda; and with a wave of your hand you may evanish me. I want a passport to Denmark. It will not be wise to refuse me. I haven't tried to see the mother. We are dead to each other; let it be so. But there are other ways by which I can twist your heart, my beautiful Norma."

"Don't mind about me, John. You cannot hurt me, Berta."

"I can try. Arrest me and see what will come of it. You two have sent to his death the only man I ever cared for."

"He was a murderer!" cried Hilda.

"No; it was war. What he did was in the interests of Germany, and that absolves him."

"You are not a Prussian; you are a Dane."

"My sympathies are with Prussia; and that is enough for me. I am the daughter of a noble. I did not come here to discuss the war. I came to demand help."

Mathison sighed with relief. The woman did not know that her man was at large. He played a card in the dark.

"I purpose to give you up to the authorities at once," he said coldly.

Berta laughed. "Try it. Do you think me such a fool as to come unarmed?"

"And how might you be armed?"

"Ask my sister."

"She is right, John; this would kill my mother. But if we secure you a passport, what is your bond?"

"The word of Berta Nordstrom. I never broke that when once I gave it. Back there in New York you spoke of the tomb. All I want is to return to it. Let me get to Denmark, and I shall never bother either of you again."

Mathison began pacing, his hands behind his back, his chin down. Berta eyed him with cynical amusement, letting the cigarette smoke drift up her nostrils. By and by she tossed the cigarette into the fire.

"If I make threats it is because I have to. I am tired. Wait!" She made a passionate gesture. "This is no sign of weakness. I shall hate you both as long as I live. You have forced me to walk alone. I don't want to go on fighting any more. I want peace and quiet. I shall find it where I was born. Get me a passport and I shall vanish. I have plenty of money. Much of it is in the banks of Copenhagen. I had always planned to return there some day. I can establish proofs of my identity and my right to the inheritance our mother denied us. Until the passport arrives I must abide here, however distasteful it may be to you. Do you believe it will be pleasant to me? Your food will be wormwood, your water lees, and your bed will burn me. Odd that I should wish to go on, that I should care to live. I shan't disturb your cooing. Your maid, who doubtless knows by this time that there are two of us, can bring me food. I was a fool not to tell him that there were two of us; and he may go to his death believing that I betrayed him. But I have written a letter to Manila explaining. Hate you? With every drop of blood in me! But get me the passport and I promise to leave you both in peace."

"Very well," said Mathison, facing her; "you shall have it. But for Hilda I would not stir a hand. You are an alien enemy. You are dangerous and merciless. You have no mercy for your sister, who tried to save you; and the word 'mother' means nothing to you. You ruined—or tried to—the dearest friend I had. And the man of your choice murdered him in cold blood. There is a black score against you. But because I love your sister beyond ordinary man's love I am going to let you go."

"Because you are afraid of me," tranquilly.

"Frankly, because I am afraid of you."

"I hate you. If I had the time and the opportunity I would do you all the evil I could. You defeated me. But for all that, you are a man; and I know men. Hilda, will you know how to keep him?"

"Yes!"

"After all, you are not my sister for nothing. Show me to my room. Have your maid bring me up something to eat. I am starved. It was such a place to find. Cooing doves in a bleak cage like this!"

The chamber assigned to her was directly over the living room. After dinner that night they heard her walking, walking, walking. "The Snow Leopard," thought Mathison; and because she was the twin of the noble woman whose hand was locked in his he would have to cheat his Government, commit his first dishonorable deed! For he would have to lie and cheat to secure a passport for Berta Nordstrom.

"John!"

"No! I wouldn't go to her, honey. Honestly, I can't help it, but I do not trust her. I'm afraid of her. The blood no longer links you. Forget that part of it. She's forgotten it."

"Will there be trouble in getting her a passport?"

"The trouble is nothing. I've got to lie and cheat."

"We were so happy! My sister, my own flesh and blood! I just can't understand it!"

"No more can I. But the fact remains that she is still The Yellow Typhoon. And God send she leaves no wreckage here when she passes. But what a woman!"

"That is it. If we could only save her, make her see!"

Mathison stared at the ceiling and shook his head. The light thud of shoes continued. He walked over to the stand at the side of the fireplace and eyed Malachi, who was dozing.

"What a jogging I've given the poor little beggar! Malachi!"

The little green bird opened one eye belligerently, and the feathers at the back of his neck became ruffled.

"John, why should she tramp like that?"

"Go to her, honey, if you wish."

But Hilda's knock on the door was not answered.

Berta remained in her room all the following day. The maid reported to her mistress that the unwelcome guest spoke no words, not even a thank you. She no longer walked the floor, however.

STETSON HATS

IT may be news to you that nearly half a million of Uncle Sam's men with the Colors thought enough of *Stetson quality* to buy Stetson Service Hats for themselves.

By experience they have learned, as few men in civil life ever have the chance to learn, how hat *quality* shows itself in enduring style and service.

They will remember Stetson quality when they come to buy hats for civil life.

It is a thing for every man to realize and remember. Never was the time-tested stability of the Stetson Organization so important to the well-dressed citizen as it is today.

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Remember this name "Stetson"—your assurance that you really are getting the *quality in your hat.*

NOW if you want to know the inside facts of hat quality, we shall be glad to send you the little book, "The Making of a Stetson Hat"—and with it "A Little Journey to the Home of John B. Stetson," written by Elbert Hubbard, just before he went down with the Lusitania.

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About eight o'clock that night she came unexpectedly into the living room. Mathison was putting on a fresh log. Hilda was in the music room playing Rachmaninoff's surging Prelude

"I was cold," said Berta unemotionally.

Mathison drew up a chair for her, rather clumsily. She sent him a wry little smile as she sat down, spreading her fingers. After a while she raised her head attentively. She was listening to the music. She held this attitude for several minutes, then propped her elbows on her knees and rested her chin in her palms. Hilda played on, Chopin, Grieg, Rubinstein. Stonily Berta stared into the fire.

"She plays well; in the dark too."

"She does all things well," said the lover. "You are fond of something, then?"

"Music? Yes. I am fond of many things; but I except human beings. You are trying to solve the riddle? Don't waste your time. I'm a riddle to myself. But for Hilda I should have beaten you. Do you know, if Hallowell had been weak I should have gone out to your villa. I wonder what would have happened?"

"He would have been alive this day," answered Mathison grimly; "for we both of us would have vacated the premises. Typhoon. They named you well. And yet ——"

"Ah, and yet?" Berta looked up.

"Why not become a friend instead of an enemy? You say you want peace and quiet after all this stormy life. Why not melt a little? I know my wife. She would take you in her arms with half a chance."

"Thanks. Oh, I am not ironic; I mean it. But it is impossible. I cannot change my nature. There is too much behind me. I chose the road I came by. Regret? Remorse? No. To you I am bad; to myself I am only free. . . . Tell her to play that Russian thing again. . . . No; I must go my chosen way. I am like your parrakeet. Sometimes I can be forced to do things, but always I am untamable. Get me that passport and I will vanish. I have never known what it is to be sorry. The faculty isn't in me. I am an outcast. I prefer it. But I am not a hypocrite. I did not come here to whine; I came to demand. But I'll soften that. Get me out of this country, which I despise, and I'll thank you. I was not implicated in the killing of your friend. Besides, it was war."

Mathison shook his head. A pagan; that was it. He stopped to stir a log, and got a glimpse of her eyes. They were dry and hard. A passport? Or was she up to some deadly mischief? However quickly he might obtain a passport he knew that it would not arrive until after he himself had put to sea. Berta free and Hilda alone? He leaned against the mantel wondering what the end would be.

There were French doors on the south side of the living room. On the north side were the original deep-set windows with broad seats and heavy shutters. Mathison locked up only when about to retire for the night. His back was toward the south, so he missed the forewarning of the menace. The brass knob of one of the doors was turning with infinite slowness, a small fraction of an inch at a time. If there was any sound it was smothered by the magnificent chords of Rachmaninoff's melancholy inspiration.

Suddenly Berta stood up, covered a yawn and started toward the staircase. She had reached the middle of the room, when a rush of cold air caused Mathison to turn. He saw Lysgaard, his blue eyes burning with madness, his cheeks hollow and white with fury. There followed two shots, but Mathison's was a second too late. Berta's hands flew automatically to her breast; wide-eyed she stared at Lysgaard for a space, then an expression of deep weariness settled upon her face. She swayed, her knees doubled and she sank in a huddle upon the rug.

Lysgaard leaned against the wall, gripping his bloody hand.

"She had to die! She betrayed me!" His voice was like that of a spent runner. "You! She came to you! I meant to kill you too! . . . *Gott!*"

For Hilda was standing in the doorway to the music room clutching the portières hanging literally to them in fact, struck by that hypnosis with which sudden tragedy always benumbs us. She saw the crumpled figure on the floor; her husband, tense of body, his weapon ready, his face hard and merciless; the blond man, sagged against the wall, staring with pathetic bewilderment not at the woman he had shot but at her. With a supreme effort Hilda threw off the spell, ran to her sister and knelt. Berta, the little one whom she had always tried to shield, for whom she had accepted many a buffet, shouldered the charge of many a misdeed!

"Berta, Berta!"

One corner of Berta's lips moved upward - a touch of the old irony. "My passport has come! . . . The mad fool! . . . As much as I could love anyone! . . . Hilda, the ghost returns to the—tomb!"

The beautiful head sank grotesquely against Hilda's shoulder. The Yellow Typhoon had slipped down the far horizon.

"Two!" whispered Lysgaard thickly. "Two! . . . *Gott!*" He staggered across the room. "Two! . . . And she never told me!" he babbled in German. He dropped to his knees, thrusting Hilda aside; put his sound arm under the warm limp body of the woman he had called his own. "Berta, Berta, little one, I did not know! Ah, God, why didn't you tell me? I thought you had betrayed me, left me for this Yankee swine! . . . Two!"

Mathison sprang to Hilda, raised her in his arms and pressed her face against his shoulder. A miracle had happened. Berta's presence here had saved Hilda. That was the chief thought in Mathison's mind. Closely he pressed the loved one to him, so that she might not see the second tragedy, should Lysgaard turn upon him. But even as he made the movement he saw a strange action take place. Berta's body slid slowly from Lysgaard's arm. The man's shoulders pinched themselves together convulsively and his head went back with a spasmodic jerk. Then he fell across Berta's body. Mathison thought he had fainted, but later he learned that the bullet that had shattered the hand had ricocheted and plowed completely through the body. But for his tremendous vitality Lysgaard would never have reached Berta.

"Mat, Mat!" shrieked Malachi, across the tragic silence.

A month later—on a Friday afternoon—Sam Rubin stopped his limousine before a handsome apartment building and got out briskly. Under his arm was a portfolio. He rushed toward the entrance and popped into the elevator. As he was a privileged character in the Nordstrom apartment the maid, Sarah, admitted him at once and indicated that her mistress was in the living room. Rubin stepped jauntily along the corridor, but he stopped at the door. By one window he saw the star's mother. She was knitting, but her glance was directed toward her daughter.

"Sailorman," said Hilda.

"Sailorman," repeated Malachi, soberly if huskily.

"Husband, lover!"

But Malachi rocked belligerently and fell to grumbling.

"I can't make him say that, mother."

"He has more serious things on his mind," interrupted Rubin, entering.

Hilda whirled. "Sam Rubin, what have you got under your arm?"

"A bully new play for you! Fit you like a glove."

"I'm so glad! Something new and fresh that I can throw myself into!"

"Well, I've got it right here. What's the news?"

"Safe. He's with the convoy." Hilda caught her manager by the sleeve and drew him over to one of the front windows. "The star in the window—mine!"

"You're the finest woman in all this world!" said Rubin soberly.

Hilda put her hand under the little silken banner and raised it to her lips.

(THE END)

The Longest Beat in the World

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Officer Lehrman has just completed the following test of Korry-Krome.

While walking his beat on regular duty he wore best quality oak sole leather on his left shoe and Korry-Krome sole leather on his right. Both soles were of the same thickness.

At the end of 114 days three oak leather soles had been worn out by the left foot and the original Korry-Krome sole had just given out

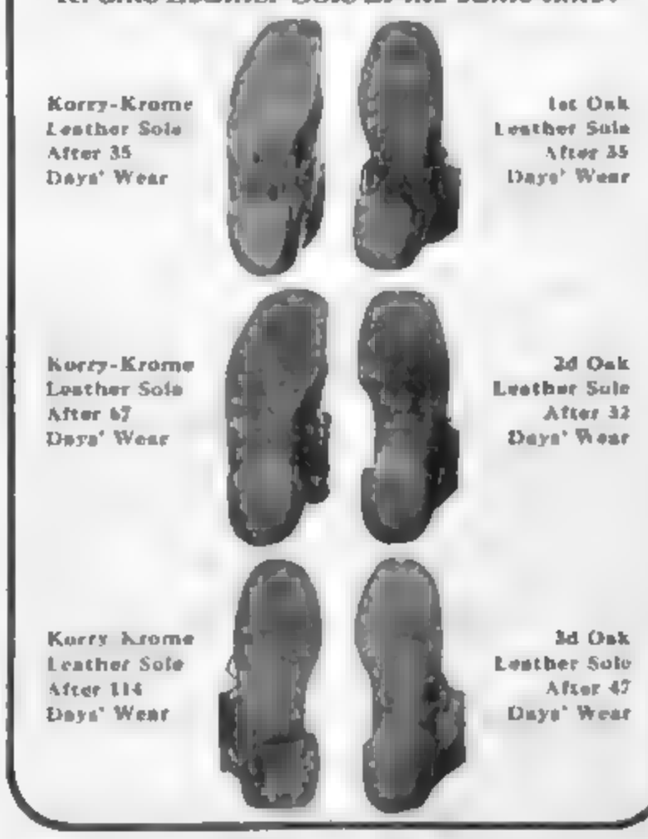
The Korry-Krome sole had outworn three of the very best quality oak leather soles obtainable.

It will do the same for you, or anyone. It has already given this service to thousands.

We guarantee a Korry-Krome Leather Sole to outwear any two other soles

Besides being durable, Korry-Krome is permanently waterproof, comfortable, will not slip on wet pavement and gives thorough protection to the feet. It costs but little more than the best quality oak tanned leather.

These reproductions of unretouched photographs show condition of each ordinary leather sole when it was worn out and the condition of the Korry-Krome Leather Sole at the same time:


Korry-Krome Leather Sole After 35 Days' Wear
1st Oak Leather Sole After 35 Days' Wear
Korry-Krome Leather Sole After 67 Days' Wear
2d Oak Leather Sole After 32 Days' Wear
Korry-Krome Leather Sole After 114 Days' Wear
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Korry-Krome is for every one who wants durable soles, dry and unbruised feet—particularly good for all who give shoes hard use, such as business men, sportsmen, salesmen, policemen, letter carriers, romping children, outdoor women, etc.

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Ask your shoe dealer for Korry-Krome Leather Soles on the next pair of shoes you purchase. If he doesn't have them, tell him to have them next time.

Insist on Korry-Krome when you have your shoes resoled. Most shoe retailers and repairmen have a supply, but if yours hasn't, he can secure it in a day or two from any leather supply house.

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A WOMAN'S WOMAN

(Continued from Page 7)

out of town on business until Monday, Densie was unmolested in her planning of the revolution.

She ran up the attic steps eagerly, closing the door with a careless bang. It seemed good to be alone, to be able to sit and think first of herself and then of others as affecting her not of others first and of herself as helping them. As she glanced about the roomy old place heaped with conglomerate trash and treasures it occurred to her there must be many other women in America in the year of 1901 who would be glad to come to such an attic, and leaning on the crutch of the past find themselves! The first thing Densie decided upon, with a bit of a smile on her firm little mouth, was that the only place for the new woman to plan her revolt was in a stereotyped Victorian attic bespeaking the old-school wife, mother, housekeeper—all combining into the phrase of "unthanked drudge." In an attic one gathers irrevocable evidence of past wrongs or misunderstood deeds, munitions for the coming fight of reform and reconstruction.

She drew up a rocking-chair, an old-style black-walnut monstrosity that had belonged to Aunt Sally's mother, and sitting in the middle of the floor, the June air making her slightly languid even as to thoughts, she began to relive the past.

She was a pretty thing in her quaint way as she sat there rocking to and fro, nodding or shaking her head, smiling or wiping away a tear with her reddened little hand decorated only by a plain gold wedding band. The dark blue eyes had turned purple just as if she were in a novel, and were half closed, their thick lashes shading the exact expression. Her house frock of crisp blue was without style, but it made a pretty splotch of color, and who ever heard of modishness prevailing in an attic? Besides, the long skirt hid her ungainly house boots, at which her daughters laughed and urged her to discard.

The entire memory was like a delicate painting on yellowed ivory! She began with the consistency with which she had been both endowed and taught from the very beginning. It was a rare, sad pleasure to remember it all again; she wondered if many women did so, especially after they had been called old ladies.

To begin, then: There had been two of the most delightful persons in the world—Sally and Herbert Plummer—"just as if they had stepped out of a story-book," Maude Hatton used to say; and though they had everything else in the world they could desire, after waiting many years they realized that no child was to come to take their name and prove worthy of their love. So it happened that when Sally Plummer's widowed younger sister Densie died, leaving a little daughter, also Densie, Sally and her husband adopted her, giving her their name and loving her as if she had been their own.

From the earliest of earlies Densie remembered Aunt Sally's charming self bustling about in order to make everyone a little happier if she could, and Uncle Herbert, poet-dreamer and owner of a great and mysterious warehouse, to which she was taken on rare occasions. She recalled some of the thousand and one beautiful happenings and possessions, but she restrained the actual memories until John Plummer came into Aunt Sally and Uncle Herbert's keeping—in 1870; a handsome lad of eight, Uncle Herbert's nephew, whose parents were lost in a shipwreck off the Bermuda coast and who was welcomed by Aunt Sally as little Densie had been welcomed.

She remembered hearing her aunt say the evening the news reached them of the wreck and little John's survival: "Herbert, God has given us a son!"

And her uncle had taken Aunt Sally in his arms and told her that even in his grief he was happy.

There was one old chair—why, it was the identical one in which she was rocking!—that had always held a vital memory for Densie Plummer. She had been doing wool crochet—a lamp mat for Ellen Porch, the hired girl. There were hired girls in those days. She had been sitting in this big chair, her copper-toed, red-leather boots in a horizontal line with her chunky little self, rocking serenely and crocheting industriously, wondering if Ellen Porch so much as suspected that a lamp mat was being made for her benefit. Aunt Sally came bustling in—she never walked and stood before her, her pretty face all smiles, and tears in her big bright eyes.

"Densie-daughter, if you could have your choice of anything in the world—what would it be?"

Densie had drawn a deep breath—she had been a deliberate little creature even then—and had shut her eyes tight until they crinkled in order to concentrate properly. After wavering a long time between black-lace mitts like Aunt Sally's best and a baby doll and a pink cradle such as Uncle Herbert said he had once seen in Paris, she finally let mercenary desires die away and the big wish of her heart be voiced:

"A brother."

Then she opened her eyes to see if Aunt Sally was concealing such a personage in the voluminous folds of her peachblow silk.

Aunt Sally laughed, striking her little hands together and almost jumping up and down.

"You shall have your wish," she said like the veritable fairy godmother; "a real big brother, named John—a handsome lad, they say—two years older than you; so you'll have someone to fight your battles. Come, let's go upstairs and see to his room, for Uncle Herbert has gone to New York to fetch him."

Ellen Porch's mat forgotten, Densie had scrambled to the floor and dashed upstairs, planning to place her worldly treasures as a welcome to the new brother.

As she had heard thirty-one years ago of her new "brother" while rocking in the old walnut chair, so she sat rocking planning her revolution!

Then came the happiest day of her life—the very happiest. It so often occurs when one is no older than six or seven! Never again could that first fine careless ecstasy return—nor would she want it. She would not have the child's innocent faith with which to enjoy it.

It was on just such a warm June day—a few weeks after John had come to them—and Ellen Porch was doing her Saturday-morning baking while Aunt Sally prepared to drive to market with Uncle Herbert. Their red-wheeled cart with its two fat ponies, Shag and Baba, waited impatiently at the curb. Aunt Sally wore a wood-brown wool dress with regiments of funny shiny buttons and a bonnet with plump little roses flopping all about. On one arm was a huge basket and a beaded purse was on the other, and she was warning Ellen Porch about enough sweetening in the pies. Ellen Porch, tall, gaunt and calico clad, was arguing a trifle—Densie could not remember it connectedly; then Ellen Porch began to declaim about face powder and cold creams and said that the young misses were greasing themselves like sausages and what sort of skins would they have when it came time to wear caps, she'd like to know.

And then Aunt Sally had looked down and spied Densie, and said with one of her quick lovely smiles: "Ellen, I believe you are ready for an assistant. If John can have a pony, Densie ought to help bake."

At which Ellen Porch grinned and agreed. Then she lifted Densie onto a chair and gave her a bit of dough and an imitation rolling pin, some cinnamon for ornamentation and a few raisins; and Aunt Sally left, promising to taste the concoction she should make. As she sat in the chair demurely patting the dough and feeling the world was really the heaven of which Aunt Sally and Uncle Herbert talked so often—though she would never dare mention their error—she looked out the window into the kitchen garden and saw her new and worshiped brother John astride his pony, old Barney leading him up and down, John in a brave plaid suit, a wooden sword at his belt, killing vicious lions, which he declared skulked about the lettuce bed. There was a smell of roses and honeysuckle; and the hot sweet odor of Ellen's cake just turned out to "sweat," and the pungent fragrance of baking bread. There was the clean old-time kitchen with its rows of pots and pans; and Ellen, kindly genius, helping Densie make a star out of her dough.

Well, she did not know just wherein lay the great joy—was it John keeping guard over the garden, or the garden itself, or the little pat of fast blackening dough? It was all of it or perhaps none of it. She knew Ellen Porch told Aunt Sally, "That child's eyes were stars and her cheeks as red as roses—just over a mite of dough." She had

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thought she would like to stop living, to have herself and John and Ellen—and the dough—all step into a picture frame and stay just so; and have Aunt Sally and Uncle Herbert come and coax them to step out; and perhaps, if they felt very bad about the matter, they might do so after they had become too happy to be able to stand still in the frame!

That day of all days—her very wedding day even, and the birth of the children—stood out in Densie's memory. She had known the joy of the very heights. Scattered—like raisins through a pudding, as she whimsically fancied—were other momentous occasions. Ranking in sharp contrast with the supreme joy was the time John confided that he was about to die—it must have been a year or so later; that he knew he was going to die, and he left her his sword, his love and his speckled hen! At which Densie tore into the house to upset Aunt Sally's sacred whist club with the news—"John is adyin' in the shed!" Followed a stampede of rustling silk petticoats and tapping feet to where John lay in state, groaning in agony.

After he had been brought, muddy boots and all, into the drawing-room and lay on Aunt Sally's lap Ellen Porch stalked in to dispel the threatened tragedy. In one hand was that dread and familiar bottle; in the other the pewter medicine spoon.

"Mis' Plummer," she said briefly, "don't get upset. That child has been stuffing himself at the Wild West Show. Densie, hain't he told you all he had? Tell the truth! He's just brim full o' bile. Set up, John! Open your mouth quick—or it'll spill on the carpet!"

"Isn't there any cake to take the taste away?" he had wailed as he prepared for the castor oil.

"Quite enough cake," Aunt Sally answered, laughing in spite of herself and ordering him off to bed. "Densie, I believe you've lost a whole year's growth—you look frightened to death. Go lie down, dear; and the next time your Uncle Herbert takes John to a Wild West Show I shall have a word beforehand."

Then there were the wonderful summer evenings when Uncle Herbert hitched up the ponies and took the old family carriage for a drive, everyone singing hymn tunes or Willie, We Shall Miss You, and upon their return lining up in the kitchen for milk and drop cookies.

So much had changed so subtly—where had vanished the old-time habit of blowing tobacco smoke in ears to cure an ache? It had been almost a treat to have an earache if one had that method of treatment. Densie remembered sitting on Uncle Herbert's knee of a Sunday afternoon while he diligently puffed into her pink ear and said "Better, daughter?" turning to Sam Hippler, then a dashing beau, to continue:

"I can't agree, Sam, that there aren't useless miracles of our Lord. Take the walking on the water—what can that teach or inspire? Call me heathen if you like—I—er—would not mention this to Sally—but I cannot grasp the intent of the miracle. . . . Now, daughter, is that better? Lay your head down ——"

And Aunt Sally bustled in with a little silk pillow for Densie's brown head, pausing to say, "Herbert, were you mentioning useless miracles of our Lord? Out with it, Sam—you two boys caught talking heresy!"

"At least admit it is a proper topic for Sunday afternoon," Uncle Herbert would protest, while Sam, whose whole soul was concentrated on his yellow-flowered waistcoat, would give Densie a rakish wink; and that made the ear stop aching altogether.

"I'll take to the Pale Jade Mountains, Sally, dashed if I won't," Uncle Herbert would tease, while Aunt Sally in her summer Sunday frock of pale yellow would admonish soberly:

"There are no useless miracles of our Lord, Herbert and Sam. It is a sign to us that it is good to attempt the impossible—just as he walked upon the water."

Then she remembered Aunt Sally's saying, just before her death, that this was coming to be the age of purple plush and white poodles instead of lavender lawn and little children. For some reason the two sayings struck her forcibly just now. Aunt Sally's spirit seemed to hover over the attic—helping her to remember so vividly that it almost seemed reality. She could even recall the smell of the eau de cologne that Aunt Sally used on Sundays or for parties—perfumes were not considered proper for every day. But then—there had been gentlewomen then, and not genteel!

Uncle Herbert seemed standing in the doorway saying: "Well, children, shall I tell you all about the broomsquires? Sure you won't be afraid when you go to sleep? Your aunt said I must not tell you about them any more."

At which they would fling themselves at him, demanding the tales of English broomsquires and their mysterious thatched huts on lonely moors—no matter if they shuddered themselves to sleep in stoical silence.

Or Uncle Herbert's Latin phrases when he wished to be impressive—Aunt Sally was quite proud of them—his *de gustibus non est disputandum* when something with which he disagreed came to his notice; or *semper paratus* when Aunt Sally met some emergency; or *humanum est errare* when a fellow brother fell by the wayside. He was also given to the language of flowers and gems, the names and origins of states and territories, and was even guilty of trying to conduct the postage-stamp flirtation with Aunt Sally when away on a business trip!

His favorite way of teasing Aunt Sally was in answering her questions as to the prospect of to-morrow's weather, for he would invariably begin Doctor Jenner's—

The hollow winds begin to blow,
The clouds look black, the glass is low.
The soot falls down, the spaniels sleep,
And spiders from their cobwebs peep.

"I Shall Never Marry," She Told Him Seriously. "Some Women are Meant for Homebodies and Some are Not"

Last night the sun went pale to bed,
The moon in halos hid her head.
The boding shepherd heaves a sigh,
For see, a rainbow spans the sky.
The walls are damp, the ditches smell,
Closed is the pink-eyed pimpernel.
Hark! How the chairs and tables crack!
Old Betty's joints are on the rack.

And so on to:

My dog, so altered in his taste,
Quits mutton bones on grass to feast.
And see yon rooks, how odd their flight!
They imitate the gliding kite,
And seem precipitate to fall,
As if they felt the piercing ball!
'Twill surely rain, I see with sorrow!
Our jaunt must be put off to-morrow!

"I take it," Aunt Sally would say, her mouth twitching with amused impatience, "you think we ought not to go!"

Yet Herbert and Sally Plummer had been Darby and Joan to the end, Sally a keen-minded woman of charm and brains, a housewife first and last, but with rare understanding of the world and its ways—the world of her time, however. In the two children, John and Densie, utterly different yet equally interesting, she had found her greatest joy.

Their house, The Evergreens, had been a square red-brick affair with numerous green shutters, pine trees closing in on four sides, leaving only a narrow flagstone walk by way of entrance. It had been a wedding gift to Aunt Sally from her parents, and was situated in what was then a remote part of a growing Eastern city, and safe from encroaching commerce, they estimated.

Their ideas in house furnishings resolved into a generous compromise, for in those days homes were large enough to permit freedom of ideas as well as large families. To please Aunt Sally there were long mirrors in black-and-gold frames, Dolly Varden lounges with plum-colored damask cushions, endless whatnots and china shepherdesses on the tall mantels; while Uncle Herbert boasted of his Persian vases, a rare edition of Molière, white-marble bowls in which he kept his sentimental bouquets of pansies—offerings to the gods, he called them; at which Aunt Sally retorted they reminded her of smacked cats' faces.

There were old satinwood, mellowed furniture, carved sandalwood boxes, embroidered fire screens and crotch mahogany. It was the day and age when accumulating both the trash and treasure of past generations was the proper caper. Crowding into steam-heated apartments with a small packing box in a janitor's locker was an unknown blight on civilization. Densie could visualize the long entrance hall with its Adam console table, Heppelwhite chairs and a seventeenth-century clock. Black Wedgwood urns were Aunt Sally's pride, while Uncle Herbert comforted himself with Whieldon ware, agate and tortoise-shell teapots brought him from the Orient, and which he kept in a green-lacquer cabinet with ormolu mounts.

Three things about The Evergreens impressed one: First, that, though it was spick and span through the efforts of Aunt Sally and Ellen Porch, it was neither stuff nor formidable; second, that a generous air of plenty pervaded even the four stately guest chambers with their cross-stitched towels and towering wooden beds; last, that no pains were ever spared to make this so—no hurried modern methods of cleaning and cooking were ever tolerated; that here was all of Aunt Sally's life and career, to make and keep a home, just as Uncle Herbert, lovable dreamer that he was, looked to his warehouse as his sole *raison d'être*.

From Uncle Herbert's collection of white-jade animals, which he gathered on his wedding journey through the Orient, to Aunt Sally's dining room glistening with old plate, Jacobean pewter, blue-and-white china, luster ware, and the cupboards bursting with their fat jam and conserve pots—the house was a home. Outside there had been a gleaming white pergola surrounded by splashes of brilliant color and clipped bay trees at either side; here blue, pink and yellow snapdragons and the gayest phlox in the world were made to bloom for little Densie's pleasure. There was a lily pool aglow with loveliness and glimmering with dragon flies, while soft yellow roses twined a latticework, with the sun shining down in approval. Over the flower garden and croquet court Densie and Uncle Herbert ruled supreme, while Aunt Sally and John commanded the kitchen and vegetable garden, the dovecot, the stable with its fat ponies, and a certain antique washtub, where John's turtles swam at leisure.

Just as Aunt Sally looked out for colds and hurts, overruled Ellen Porch in matters of housekeeping, bought or made the clothing for her family and had Sam Hippler,

(Continued on Page 121)

Mr. Grocer—Protect Your Customers' Food Investments

AMERICAN women have patriotically responded to the Government's appeal to preserve fruits and vegetables.

They have invested millions of dollars in produce, sugar, time, heat and labor.

Next year this will be still greater.

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As a distributor of this nation's food supplies you can perform no greater patriotic service than to sell only 100% perfect rubber jar rings to your customers. Do not let any other consideration influence you than that you buy the very best jar rings that the science of rubber making can produce.

USCO KOLD PAK Jar Rubbers are the product of the largest rubber manufacturers in the world. They are the result of the combined knowledge of the foremost rubber scientists and famous cooks. They contain a special quality of rubber specially prepared for this one special purpose. They have been tested by every conceivable test and have responded with 100% perfect results under all known conditions.

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United States Rubber Company

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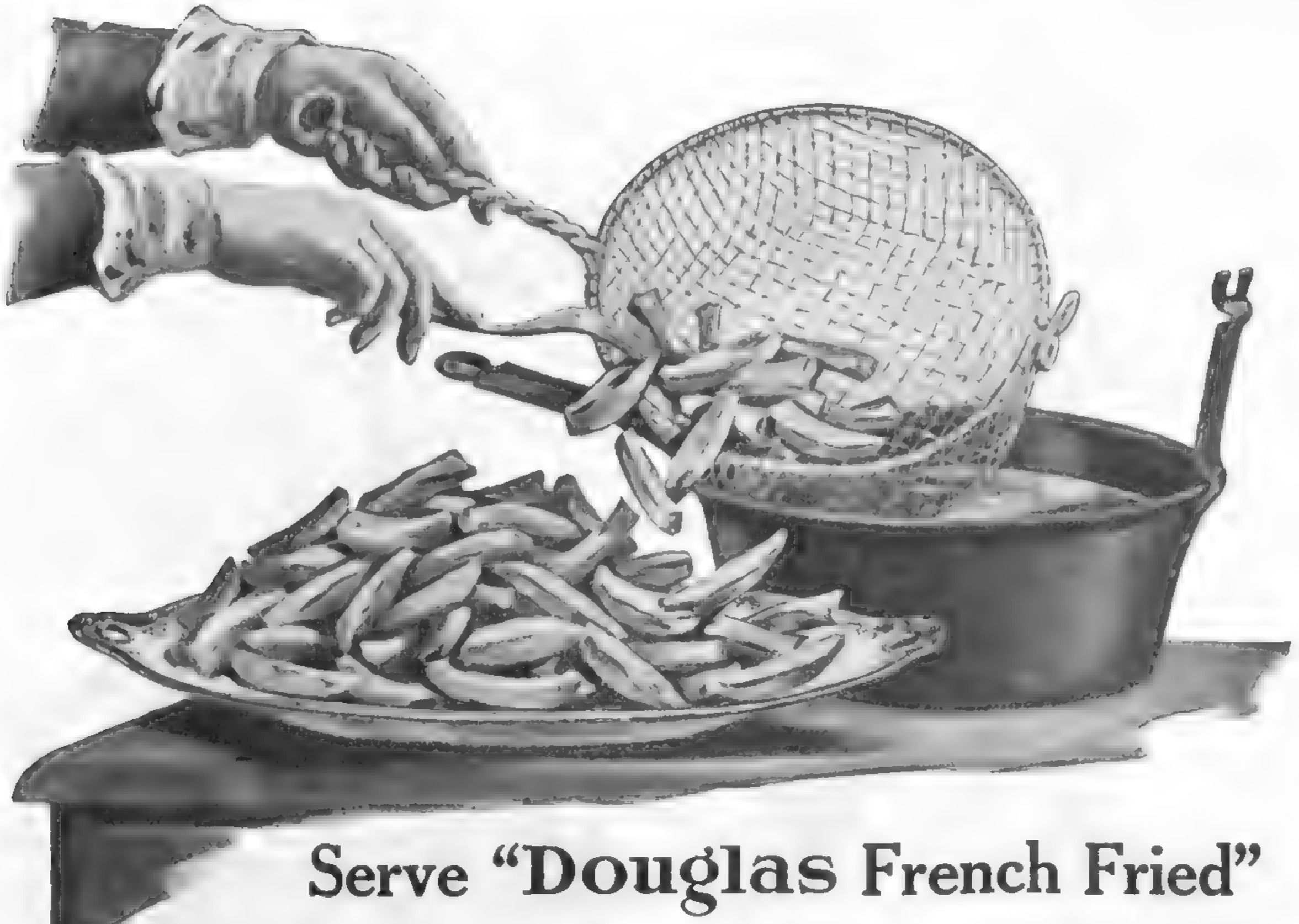

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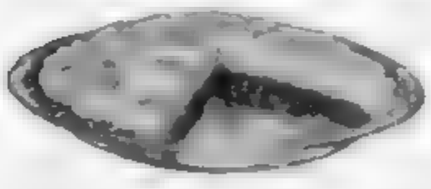
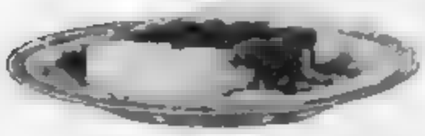


Douglas Corn Starch Makes Superb Chocolate Pie



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(164)

Douglas Oil

for Salads—Shortening and Frying

(Continued from Page 118.

Uncle Herbert's confidential clerk, tell her as to the real status of the business—so Uncle Herbert had seen to it that John and Densie knew the proper fairy tales and took them on woodsy expeditions and to the pantomime; in general serving as a court of appeal when Aunt Sally's discipline threatened.

In the drawing-room of The Evergreens was everything imaginable, from Uncle Herbert's flute with his old music rack and its tattered Italian serenade and opera scores—he was one of a quartet meeting during the winter season—to Aunt Sally's square piano with its embroidered cover and stool and the Snowdrop Waltz or Ever of Thee in prim invitation on the rack. There were a chessboard and backgammon set, an open fireplace with a pile of fagots and great brass firedogs—everything at once homy and delightful yet properly in order through the magic of housewifely fingers.

There was everything in the way of art, from still-life paintings by Dutch artists, family portraits, war engravings of enormous size framed in walnut, to useless fancy heads, bronze plaques and dried flowers under glass. There was no definite, maddening scheme of things to crowd out personality and swell the interior decorator's bill. There were horsehair chairs and tapestry chairs and the huge leather one where Uncle Herbert napped on a Sunday when both sermon and dinner had been a trifle ponderous. In the tall bookcases were volumes of history offset by frivolous novels concerning wasp-waisted heroines who fainted conscientiously on each page; the latter Aunt Sally read the year she graduated from the Young Ladies' Seminary at Athol Springs, Virginia. There were poetry books, Shakspere, the Bible in various editions; Densie's special shelf with her Dotty Dimples and Little Colonel stories—all the absurdly virtuous infantry for her rather skeptical blue eyes to read; and John's special shelf containing Rollo, Sea Fights, Life of General Washington, Tales from the Alhambra, Tom Jones, Robinson Crusoe, and so on. Everything had its fair chance at representation.

Massive curtains and drapes adorned the drawing-room windows, awesome and much admired when Aunt Sally's afternoon clubs met. There were dotted, frilly, ball-trimmed things in Densie's room and lacy affairs in the guest chambers, while in the apartments of Aunt Sally and John were amusing crisscrossed panels, so starched as to make one waken with energy at the mere glancing at their rigor.

The day of the woodshed and the fence was rampant. The woodshed was where John had his trapeze and endless flutterbudges, as Aunt Sally indulgently called them; where the neighborhood boys met for secret pirate clubs at which Densie was a despised and rejected member, and where the old-style appliances for the garden found a dignified resting place; where Ellen Porch and Barney found time to exchange the gossip of the day, and where the trapdoor opened into the vegetable pit through which John, playing kidnaper, had thrust Densie too roughly for her peace of mind and her white apron. Here was where John carved a cradle as a peace offering and presented it to Densie's youngest "child"; and where he likewise kept her sitting on the top of the coal bin while he teasingly demanded: "Would you rather be a bigger fool than you look or look a bigger fool than you are?"

In this atmosphere of home—with its slowness of action resulting in a sureness of result—the two children had grown up, with Aunt Sally's delightful practicability and wit and tender heart—besides her wonderful cooking!—and Uncle Herbert's poetical, scholarly self as excellent guides.

After the conventional education of a girl of her time, so carefully shielded from the world, Aunt Sally took her just before her sixteenth birthday to the Young Ladies' Seminary at Athol Springs where Aunt Sally had attended, and at eighteen John was sent to Europe to see the world, as befitted a young man about to take up partnership in the house of Plummer & Plummer.

When Densie said good-by to this brother-boy he had whispered, contrary to the years of careless play: "Don't forget me, Densie. I'll have something to tell you when I come home—if you'll let me."

She must have been rather pretty, she thought as she recalled the incident—for she had worn a creamy flowered challis and a broad leghorn hat loaded with violets, and John had taken her in his arms and kissed her gently, as he had never done before.

She was only sixteen—a year younger than Harriet, who seemed a child in all save her books; a year older than Sally, who was as precocious as a girl of twenty. It seemed a lifetime past instead of a matter of years!

With John's words in her heart and the memory of his strange kiss on her lips she had gone dutifully to the seminary and had done her aunt credit, with John writing from Paris and Berlin, now Florence, where he waxed sentimental and proposed way ahead of time—"the young scamp!" Uncle Herbert tried to scold—and from London just before he was sailing home, after he had Densie's little note saying "I love you, John."

To their uncle and aunt's delight they decided to wait until Densie was eighteen and John was twenty—not unusual ages then—to be married. Young again in their romance Aunt Sally began the usual preparations for a wedding while the usual romantic courtship took place, Densie being somewhat of her aunt's make-up and John a trifle of his uncle's, tinged, however, with a more forceful and magnetic personality and a rare personal beauty, much to his annoyance. Densie was not beautiful—a small apple-dumpling sort of girl with her dark blue eyes and thick brown braids, tilted delightful features that were made to be kissed, John assured her.

Aunt Sally and Ellen Porch took Densie in hand to teach her housekeeping, housekeeping from the front porch to the woodshed, from the fruit cellar to the attic cupola and all that goes therein.

"I want you to be able to stuff new cabbage with country sausage and have it taste as mine does," Aunt Sally warned her, "and cook a piece of brisket until it tastes like the finest cut, and make bread like Ellen Porch, and do up your winter preserves and dry your corn and apples—those things are tests of a good housekeeper. Never mind showing me a woman's parlor—let me see her kitchen waste pail and I can tell you whether or not her husband has made a mistake."

After Densie had accomplished this—and more—Aunt Sally and Uncle Herbert confessed that their wedding present would be the "Little House on the Hill—just as Aunt Sally's parents had given her The Evergreens. It seemed to be a little house in comparison, and The Evergreens would seem twice as large, now that both the children would be gone. But then, as Aunt Sally insisted, her eyes kindly yet misty, they would be back at the old house probably more than was good for them, and no one would realize they had really set up an establishment all their own.

So they named it the Little House, whereas it was a good-sized brick dwelling, also square and practical, and built on the hill so Densie could look down at the roof of The Evergreens whenever she grew lonesome. Already business was beginning to creep about The Evergreens and Uncle Herbert looked aghast at the incoming shops, which sold hides and harnesses or made cheap clothing, their owners living in rooms at the rear.

Aunt Sally had declared she would do nothing toward settling Densie's house, while all the time her basket of mop cloths together with Ellen Porch's awaited her pleasure in the woodshed. From the time of Densie's formal announcement—at seventeen—she actually neglected The Evergreens for the settling of the Little House.

Outside the Little House Uncle Herbert planted a magnolia tree for good fortune, and a garden something like the one at The Evergreens. Inside Aunt Sally did not allow him to be admitted. Every room in the house had an open fireplace and a cupboard, and the walls were tinted instead of papered. The living room was in bronze and gold and tawny shades with stone-colored curtains attractively stenciled, and soft carpets, armchairs and many cushions, samplers framed in rosewood together with family portraits.

An upright piano of carved ebonized wood with candle brackets came for Densie and a mahogany secretary—"for John to figure up Densie's extravagances," Sam Hippler declared—while odd pieces of curly maple with a hint of French blue in their upholstering found their way quite naturally about. They named their rooms—it was only decent, according to Aunt Sally,

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Serve like other breakfast cereals, but in other ways as well.

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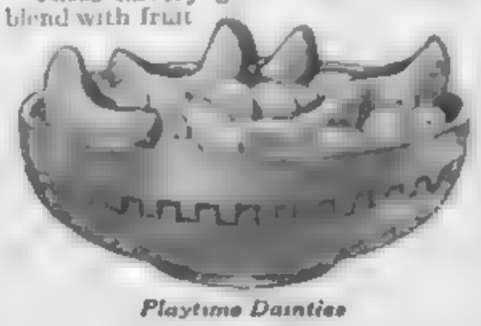

Playtime Dainties

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Use Like Nut Meats in Candies

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Sole Makers

as any respectable woman names her child before it is twenty-four hours old—Jungle and Peep o' Day and Moonshine, in accordance with the romantic tendency; a step in advance from North Chamber and South Chamber but, as Aunt Sally further said, "I suppose in keeping with the age!"

Lavender bags found their way between the piles of snowy linens, the shelves were filled with preserves and there was a good-sized woodshed in the Little House and a white fence about the generous yard.

Then——

"Mother! Where in this world are you?"

It was Sally rushing up the attic stairs!

III

DENSIE jumped up from the chair and pretended to busy herself over a packing box. "Yes, my dear. Did you want anything?"

Smiles and frowns all in one Sally bounded into the attic.

"What are you doing here? I've shouted my head off for you. Ken is home and hungry as a bear, and so am I. Harriet is going to stay at Miss Blake's for supper." Miss Blake was her favorite teacher. "I came up here"—Sally looked her most bewitching—"to ask about the dance at Nelly Morgan's on Monday. Dean wants to take me."

Densie pushed a wisp of hair back and wondered if Sally knew how her hand trembled. It is hard to be called suddenly out of the past without warning and to have to conceal the fact.

"Why—I don't know, Sally, you've been to so many parties lately, and you really are a little girl——"

"But everyone goes, and school is out, and it is only Dean—you know you trust me with Dean. I promise not to stay late."

"You stayed late at Harriet's graduation. I told you not later than eleven o'clock."

"But that was father's fault; he was having such a good time he wouldn't come away," Sally dimpled. "You ought to have stayed, too, mummy; you're such a quiet dear." She came and slipped her arms round her waist. "Please say yes; I'll be terribly good, and go to church to-morrow."

"You ought not to be bribed to go to church, Sally," Densie told her gravely. "I went to church because I loved it and it was part of my life. I have tried to make it part of you children's lives, but I seem to have failed."

The curly chestnut head was laid lovingly on Densie's shoulder.

"I know, mummy darling, but that was long, long ago—'before de wah'—now wasn't it? We can't always go on doing just the same. If no one did differently we'd be cannibals just as we used to be—wouldn't we?" She raised her head audaciously and laughed. "Your eyes say yes—there's an old trump! Harriet is smart enough for the family. I'm just silly Sally, and I have to dance—I have to! My feet can't keep from tapping whenever I hear music. I dance in my dreams, mummy. Didn't you ever?"

"Why, no, not that I remember."

"Then I can go? And you'll be a perfectly adorable angel-duck and finish my cherry-silk frock?"

Densie frowned. "What is the matter with the one you wore last night?"

"It is so old-fashioned, mummy. I do wish you'd buy better patterns!"

"It is beautiful material and the lace is real. My Aunt Sally had that lace when she was a bride."

"But Aunt Sally is dead and gone," Sally insisted flippantly. "I'd rather have my cherry silk even if it is cheaper—and have it made like other girls' dresses. Please, mumsey, I'll do the dishes so you can have time to sew. Oh, I'd like a different dress for every party!"

She began dancing round the attic, her head nodding joyously.

"Will you ever simmer down, Sally, and apply yourself at school?"

"Tra-la-la, I don't know nor care—tra-la—oh, mummy, I hate attics! Old, musty things! Why don't you have a bonfire?"

Densie smiled. "Perhaps I will. Now we'll go downstairs. I did not realize how late it was getting."

"But you will finish the dress?" Sally was not going to descend the stairs until she had a promise.

"Yes," Densie said briefly, but she was not thinking of the dress but of her interrupted retrospection; she would wait and finish it that night as she sat up to sew and wait for Harriet. Densie never went to bed until the girls were home unless they were with their father. She used to sit up for John until he began being away so often and until so late. She had forced herself to grow used to his absence.

After supper, Sally having made Kenneth trot to and fro with the dishes and then rewarded him by cutting out soldiers and mounting them on cardboard, Densie took her sewing up to her room and prepared to finish her retrospection.

She fitted the dress on Sally first, Sally standing impatiently first on one leg and then on the other and twitching nervously as her mother dallied in the adjustment of the flounces.

"There—that looks better," she said with unconscious patronage. "The silver sash just makes it —— Oh, mother, I can't wait until I'm twenty! Twenty must be a wonderful time! What were you doing then?"

"Harriet came to me at twenty, so I was very busy—with my housekeeping and my new daughter."

"But you had a maid, didn't you—that Renie Smith?" Sally smiled at her pretty self in the glass.

"Yes, but there is a great deal of work in a house this size, and Harriet was colicky."

"Oh." Sally began to plume her skirt and try a different angle of adjustment regarding the sash. "I want to be married when I'm twenty, but I want to travel and wear beautiful clothes and just be admired. Harriet doesn't; she is terribly queer, mummy; she wants to do funny things. I can't understand—I wish we didn't have this big house with such old-fashioned things in it, don't you?"

"It was my home, Sally; I cannot help but love it."

"I know, but we haven't hardwood floors or electric lights or a telephone—like other people have; and it is so far away from downtown. I should think you would have died of loneliness."

"I was happy." Densie unpinned the dress and took it off.

"Thanks, mummy."

Sally carelessly kissed the tip of Densie's ear for a good night and pirouetted to her room to try, in deadly secret, the effect of some rouge. When she was twenty she would rouge all she wished; one commands the world at twenty—except funny, old-fashioned mummies saddled by housework and babies and who seem terribly ancient though they are not yet forty!

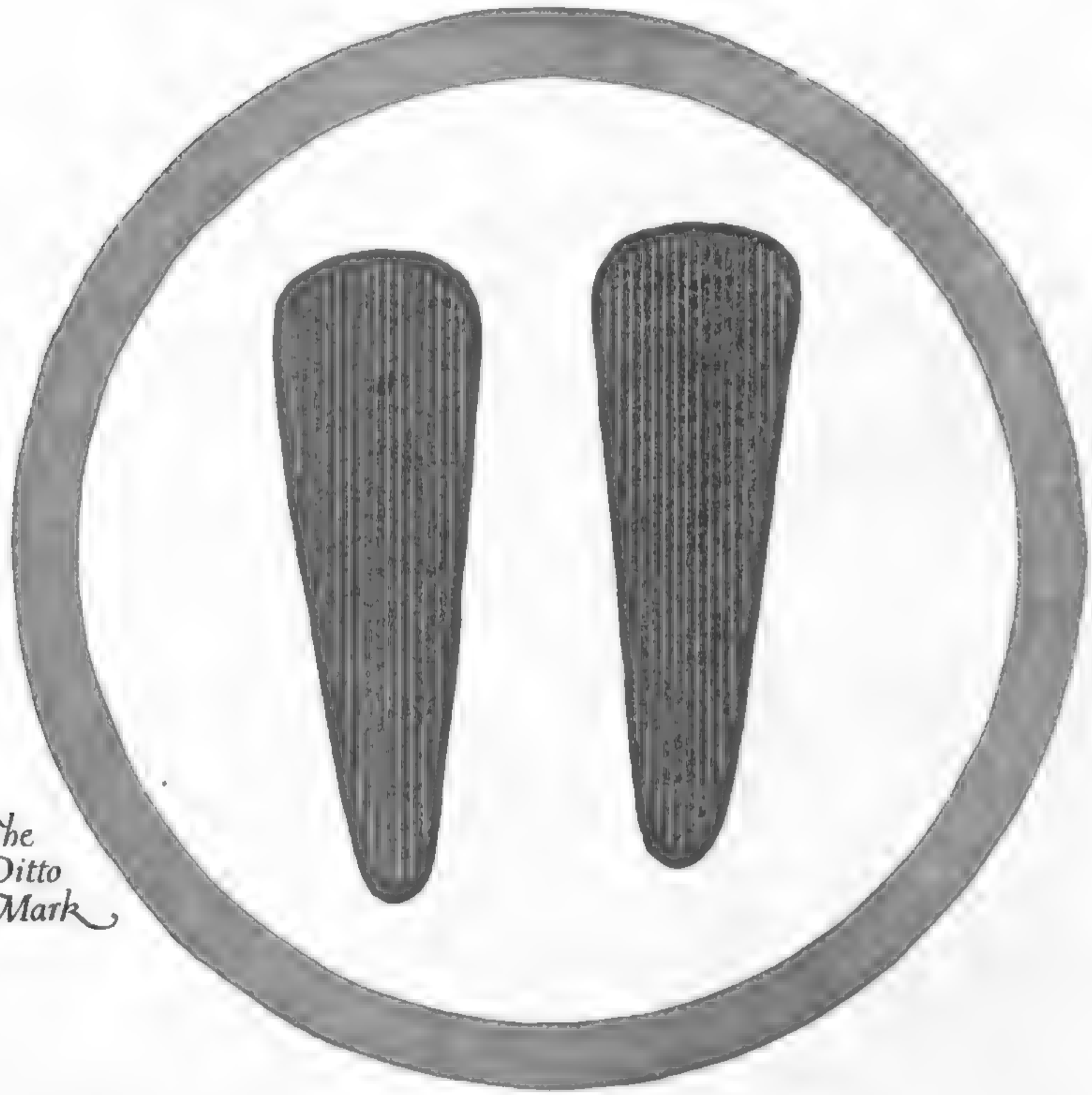
Sitting beside her oil lamp Densie took up the threads of memory just where she had dropped them. She had been thinking of the wedding at The Evergreens at which Aunt Sally had distinguished herself in a darling combination of black satin and white velvet and Uncle Herbert, due to his emotion, had knocked over two vases filled with flowers, which stood at the head of the bridal aisle!

They had gone on a genuine wedding tour—New York, Philadelphia, Washington and Niagara Falls—Densie in her going-away gown of dove-colored broadcloth quite hopelessly labeled bride. She made a quaint 1882 profile, all pouts and tilts, curves and fussy little rosettes, a small flyaway love of a bonnet with an abrupt slant, and a discreet high coiffure, a white mesh veil dotted with black chenille, and high-heeled bronze boots, Size Two A! Her trousseau had been in keeping with this bridal frock—even as John had been the properly sophisticated young husband returned from seeing the world, and boasting of a high silk hat, a double-breasted green paddock coat and a budding mustache—all proof of his worldly experiences!

Returning, the Little House was the scene of a proper housewarming, after which John and Densie settled down according to custom as married members of the community and followed their elders in the matters of orthodox church-going, a Dickens supper club, occasional formal dances, sailing and picnics in the summer, afternoon calls, painstaking housekeeping and sewing and charities—with Aunt Sally dressed in her characteristic black satin and ermine tippet driving up the hill to call for Densie to go a-marketing. Cakes were still made with the whites of twelve eggs and three-quarters of a pound of butter, and one washed one's oilcloth with sour milk so as to preserve it properly—while the rest of the home and cuisine was conducted on an equally slow lavish scale.

John had been a devoted lover-husband then, doing well in the business and affording his uncle leisure for flute

(Continued on Page 125)



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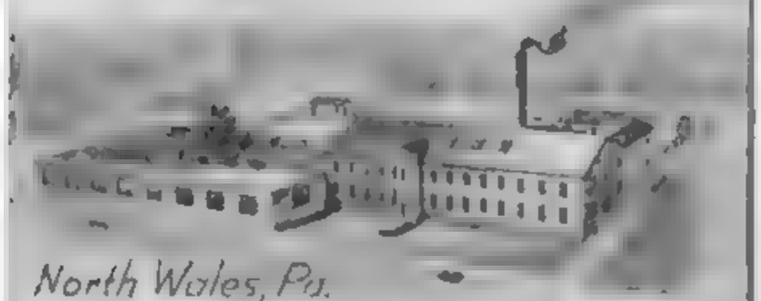
How Gilmer "Patched" His Belt

Above: Gilmer Factory 1903

Below: Gilmer Plants 1919

Allentown, Pa.



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L. H. Gilmer Co.
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(Continued from Page 122)

practice, garden, surreptitious candy making during Aunt Sally's absence, his harmless hobby of postage-stamp collecting. Uncle Herbert spent more and more time in his study, clad in a scarlet quilted dressing robe and balancing Southey's Common-Place Book on his knee. Sam Hippler piloted the youthful and daring John and kept business afloat, and Aunt Sally had superintended Densie and her little world, her one obsession being a pessimistic faith in the devil, a personal devil at that, who was menacing civilization with his modern and tempting ideas.

Then on a memorable June night in 1884 Aunt Sally had returned from the Little House at midnight, surprising her husband in an arrangement for which he had fought for many months—half a mince pie, an ash tray and a tattered copy of Don Quixote on her best tea table—while she told him that John and Densie had been given a little daughter, "bound to be clever—long black hair and well-defined eyebrows. They are to call her Harriet, after John's mother, which is quite right, though Densie did want a Sally in her family."

Harriet's advent brought even a deeper joy to the family circle than had been before, and two years later came another daughter—Sally this time—round and dimpled and given to much excessive laughter for apparently no reason at all, while Harriet was still a pale quiet baby with dark glowing eyes and "bound to be clever," her great-aunt declared.

There was no denying but what the babies narrowed Densie's life! She dropped the cherry-silk frock to recall just how it had started, just when John's loverliness had not been so marked—business engrossed him, men's-club meetings, he was becoming well known and respected, and his interests took him outside of his home. Besides, Densie was always too busy to go to places with him or to sit and talk—since she would trust no nursemaid. She would make a slave of herself, John declared, and then, finding it of no use to protest, he joined a card club that met downtown, and became president of the wholesale merchants' association.

It was then Densie realized that the romance of marriage depends upon small attentions; whereas courtship is such a stupendous and breath-taking affair that it holds nothing but prophecies for a rosy and unreal future.

The small attentions were not discontinued all at once—not for years, to be fair—there were certain pleasant customs that were continued. The good-by kiss, the welcome, the bit of a nosegay on Sundays, the not forgetting anniversaries—bane of any man's existence, no matter how dearly he may love!

But married life became a shade monotonous to John, and to Densie it seemed a never-ending task of teething babies and cooking meals and of having no time to herself in which to sew or read or dream. John was far from rich—Uncle Herbert was spoken of as being "just comfortable"—but he was too much of a dreamer to stay so. And Densie had been taught always to live well within one's income rather than beyond it.

So she managed with turned silks and made dishes, which take time rather than expense, and when the carpets were turning shabby she hooked rugs to cover the thin places.

It was in 1893 that the house of Plummer & Plummer suffered a temporary failure; it had been an old house with honorable methods, and tea, coffee and spices its line. Uncle Herbert refused to include anything else; he said he did not feel competent to do so, though John had seen the mistake of this attitude and argued hotly against it. After a very uncomfortable period Uncle Herbert found himself gently slipped out of harness, so to speak, free to wander in the study and garden at will or go to play with Densie's daughters. Sam Hippler remained in charge because Aunt Sally wished it, but it was John who plunged into the business in a new and forceful fashion, finding himself engrossed in the game of commerce and really irritated by petty household details. He had an opportunity to enter politics—how well Densie remembered the night he had come home and told her!—and how glad she was when the successful campaign had ended and John was elected assemblyman. Ethics had become a trifle dulled in so doing; Densie discovered this as she ransacked the old secretary looking for a bill and had found others that quite surprised her.

Politics absorbed John; it was the way to keep his business afloat, he said, and he began to blame his uncle for not teaching him some profession save selling tea, coffee and spices wholesale and being too high-minded to "cheat fairly," as he insisted.

Harriet and Sally had started school—as different as day from night, even then. Harriet all for books and theories, a veritable interrogation point; while Sally stood for beauty, the mere joy of living, without questioning the ifs and whys of existence.

John dropped out of church work; he was never free to attend or else he was too tired, and Densie shouldered the double burden because of the girls. She joined a modest sentimental mothers' club and substituted sewing a fine seam for crochet doilies and crêpe tissue-paper work.

In 1895 Kenneth was born—named Kenneth for Densie's father—and that same year, while Kenneth grew plump and rosy and his mother hardly acknowledged to herself that this third child was closer to her than her girls, Aunt Sally failed. She was more timid and slow of manner, and in 1896 she went to sleep, as it seemed, leaving The Evergreens a lonely house wedged between foreign rooming establishments, and Uncle Herbert a mourning child.

Densie knew that she must take Aunt Sally's place as well. She bravely dismantled The Evergreens, with twinges of memory and sentiment, transferring all she could of it to the Little House, fitting up Uncle Herbert's two rooms as duplicates of his old study and bedchamber so he might feel more content to stay. She remembered she had had a dim wondering as to the wisdom of this passing of fashions and customs, and as to whether she belonged with the old régime or was she destined to hurry until she became one of the new? John had shaved off his mustache—he looked a boy, he was told at the club—he was drinking a trifle. "Just enough to be sociable, my dear," he had told Densie; "you've got to come to it if you're to stay in the game."

They had sold The Evergreens to a clothing manufacturer, who gutted the inside and rebuilt according to business plans. Densie never passed the house if she could avoid it; John said she was supersensitive, and the children wondered why she never talked about when she was a little girl at Aunt Sally's without crying.

The three children had developed along individual lines, Harriet a strange scholarly girl, cold of heart, clever of head, but without interest or aptitude for domestic interests. Sally was eternally bubbling over with the joy of existence—unless her will was crossed—too generous, too intense and really too beautiful, even then. To John's annoyance Kenneth proved a gentle nature, which was Densie's secret solace and delight.

And then—here Densie forced herself to pick up the cherry-colored frock and begin work—Uncle Herbert became a burden! There was no denying it—saddest of age's punishments—for he began to dodder about asking inane and inappropriate questions, meddling, inquisitive, sensitive, sulky. Neither Densie nor Kenneth found him a trial, but the girls and John said it was awkward to have him about and it would be a blessing were he taken. Only Densie really bore with the old gentleman, humoring his whims and treating him as gently as he had once treated her, shielding him from impatience. But it tied Densie in her home, since paid service will not do such things for feeble old strangers.

To a great extent Densie withdrew from the church and social interests and John began to gamble in stocks; there was a good chance of becoming really wealthy, he assured her. He drank rather to excess now—in a dangerous, steady sort of way, and was actively interested in all things outside his home. He said it was too bad Densie did not have a half dozen maids—"but you will when I make my ten strike." And he thought no more of the matter.

Eight months before Harriet's graduation Uncle Herbert had died, thinking that Densie was his wife Sally, and telling her that "white pink, canary grass and laurel mean your talent and perseverance will win you glory, my dear," gallantly trying to kiss her hand.

It was a relief—more of a relief for Densie than the others, though she missed Uncle Herbert as time went on, for there was no one to whom she could go and still be petted—even if feebly petted.

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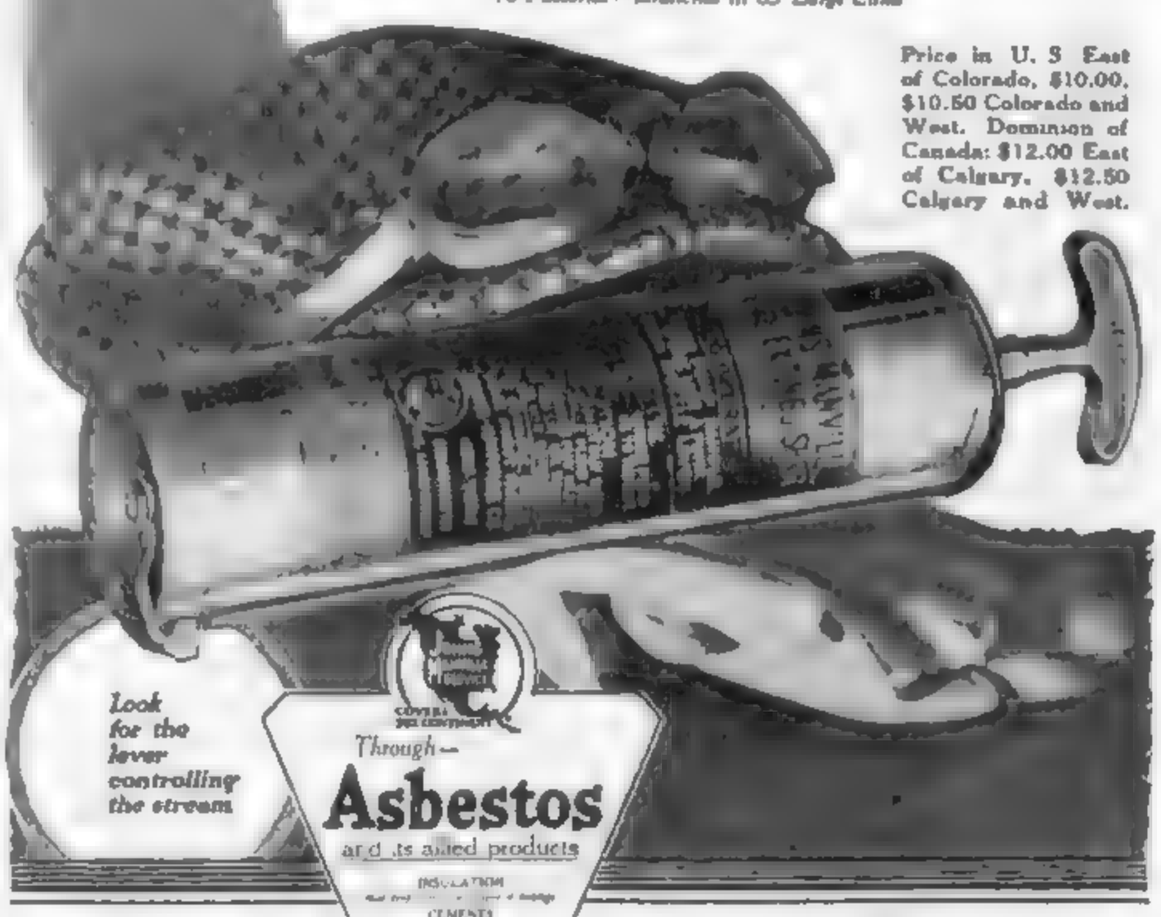

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Now Harriet had won, unbeknown or confided to her mother, a scholarship for a New York social-service school—at seventeen her daughter was convinced she had a mission in life and was planning on a career—a trained statistician, aloof from contact with the poor, but with a cold-blooded theorist's ability for endless figures and undeniable deductions!

Harriet regarded her mother as a nice little thing who said grace before meals and prayers night and morning, keeping Sunday as a day of rest and worship, and who would stir her lady cake a hundred times just as Aunt Sally had taught her. The Little House was an eyesore to Harriet; it was too large, too absurd. She longed to be alone; her secret plan was for the life of a bachelor girl, a pioneer feminist—and to Densie she was a clever but cruel stranger who had strayed far from her tender heart.

Densie had finished the little dancing frock and hung it on her wardrobe door. She looked at it a moment—since it brought to mind at the close of this long retrospection the fact that Sally at fifteen was an equally distressing problem, always in disgrace at school, where she could not or would not apply herself, besieged with boy admirers, wheedling whatever she liked from her father and spending her time in flippant dressing or reading highly colored romances and running off to matinées with her hair dressed like a woman's.

There was Dean Laddbarry. "Bless Dean!" murmured Densie, for she saw in him the elements of a valuable man, and used to the old-time fashion of casting ahead for young people she wished they might marry as she and John had married, when each was young and fired by ideals.

She must take herself to task for the general condition of unrest and estrangement; she must change with the times as John had changed. To do this she must break up the home! She had finished her thought cycle since she had justified her resolve. It was very clear to Densie just what had brought this all about. John had the responsibility of his family, but Densie had the cares! Responsibilities deadened one to cares and cares made one noncomprehensive of responsibilities!

Therefore, it was high time to shake off cares.

Harriet had come in and was standing in the doorway smiling superciliously. She was contrasting Densie's weary-looking self in a house dress to Miss Blake's well-groomed, athletic person in a rose-silk dress and a rope of seed pearls. Miss Blake was forty-five, yet she seemed a girl. She had a pink-and-white complexion and hands as white as any débutante's, and her gray hair was always marcelled and faintly scented with violet. Harriet adored Miss Blake—it had been she who had urged Harriet's aiming for a career, impressing on her that she was meant for something above a house drudge. Miss Blake laughingly admitted that she never darned her stockings or made a cup of coffee. "I'm a bachelor girl, Harriet dear," she had said; "so I'm excused!"

"Mother, I want to ask about New York. Miss Blake is going there the first of August, and she wants me to come with her so she can introduce me to her friends. Do you think daddy will let me?"

"Have you thought well about it?" Densie turned to look at her eldest rebel-daughter. "It is a grave decision; it means five years away from home. We thought you would stay with us and take up something like kindergartening."

Harriet smiled. "As if I could! But you don't understand, mother; it is all so changed since you were a girl. I must go, even if you say no. I've worked alone to win the scholarship—and there were many who tried for it."

"I know, dear, you were very brilliant. Only I'm not reconciled to your leaving us ——"

"There are vacations," she urged.

"But daddy isn't rich, and things cost so much more; and business has changed too."

Densie loyally forgot the club bills and the fiascoes on the stock market.

"Well, I can coach someone perhaps and earn my vacation money. I don't want clothes like Sally—just plain things."

"I must talk it over with your father Monday."

"But if he says no?" Harriet's eyes narrowed dangerously.

"Would you disobey him?"

The old-school beliefs flared up in Densie's bewildered heart.

"Certainly! First of all I am a human being. That is what Ibsen's Nora said."

"I have never read Ibsen."

"I understand that you haven't; but I have and do, and I've the right to my own life."

There was a pause, after which Densie said: "When would you want to go?"

"The first of August," Harriet repeated sharply.

"I see. Would my trunk do?"

"Splendidly. Mummy, can I have all new underwear to start with? I've grown so much taller, and Sally can use the old. She likes to patch things with lace and embroidery. I want plain things—and new; because I won't have time to mend."

"When I went to boarding school we had to account for every missing hook and eye!"

"Boarding school! Mummy, this is a social-service course. It is utterly different." Harriet laughed indulgently. "Miss Blake has told me how wonderful it will be. She took a summer course there and won a fellowship so she traveled in England doing research work." Harriet's eyes glowed.

"Yes, you may have new underwear," was all Densie answered, turning away. After all, the cares will not take themselves off one's shoulders without a deal of hard pushing. No one will voluntarily stand ready to assume them.

IV

DENSIE and Kenneth practically spent Sunday with each other, the girls going to some friends for the day and John not returning until Monday. It was with a sad sort of pleasure that Densie ordered her son's actions, knowing that he too would presently turn to demand his own rights of speech and action. Even now as she showed him the colored Bible plates his eyes wandered in the direction of the forbidden pea shooter and cardboard soldiers, and his answers were monosyllabic and lackluster.

When John came home for luncheon the next day—he had gone directly to the office on his return—Harriet confronted him with the news that Densie had agreed to her going to New York in August.

"Well, my dear," John began, hardly knowing what to say and being engrossed with a new gambling tangle which promised either success in a large measure or disaster, "I suppose your mother understands what is best for you. We thought you would stay at home with us, Harriet. It is such a big old house it needs a crowd." He was sitting on the porch smoking, Harriet perched on the rail. Sally and Dean and Kenneth were quarreling good-naturedly over croquet on the lawn, and Densie was within clearing off the luncheon débris.

"It is too big a house; mummy has to slave too much. You cannot get help as you once could. This is a new order of things."

Harriet's patronizing manner was most amusing.

"No, but your mother will not stop slaving. I've tried to tell her."

John felt irritated, yet he did not want to woo a domestic harangue. He paid the bills and that ended his part in the home. He was always courteous to his wife and the children and seldom questioned anything they did or said, yet he was becoming a stranger to them though he did not intend it to be that way.

"You're so young looking, daddy," added Harriet thoughtfully, "and Miss Blake is so young looking, and mummy seems old. Yet she isn't old—she was married young, wasn't she? And she has never read." Harriet was thinking out loud.

"Come, come! We mustn't criticize our betters." Her father dropped his cigar into an ash tray and stood up hastily. "I'm going downtown now. Was there anything else you wanted to ask? I'll be seeing you in New York next, I suppose, when I'm there on business."

"It will be heavenly!" Harriet answered with unusual enthusiasm for her. "Think of not having to bother with housework, but study all I want."

"And what will you do when you marry? Feed your husband with Latin verbs and French history?" He smiled down at her.

"I shall never marry," she told him seriously. "Some women are meant for homebodies and some are not. If I were not interested in social service I should read law."

Holding up his hands in mock despair her father went in to find Densie. Harriet dropped into the hammock and began a

(Continued on Page 129)

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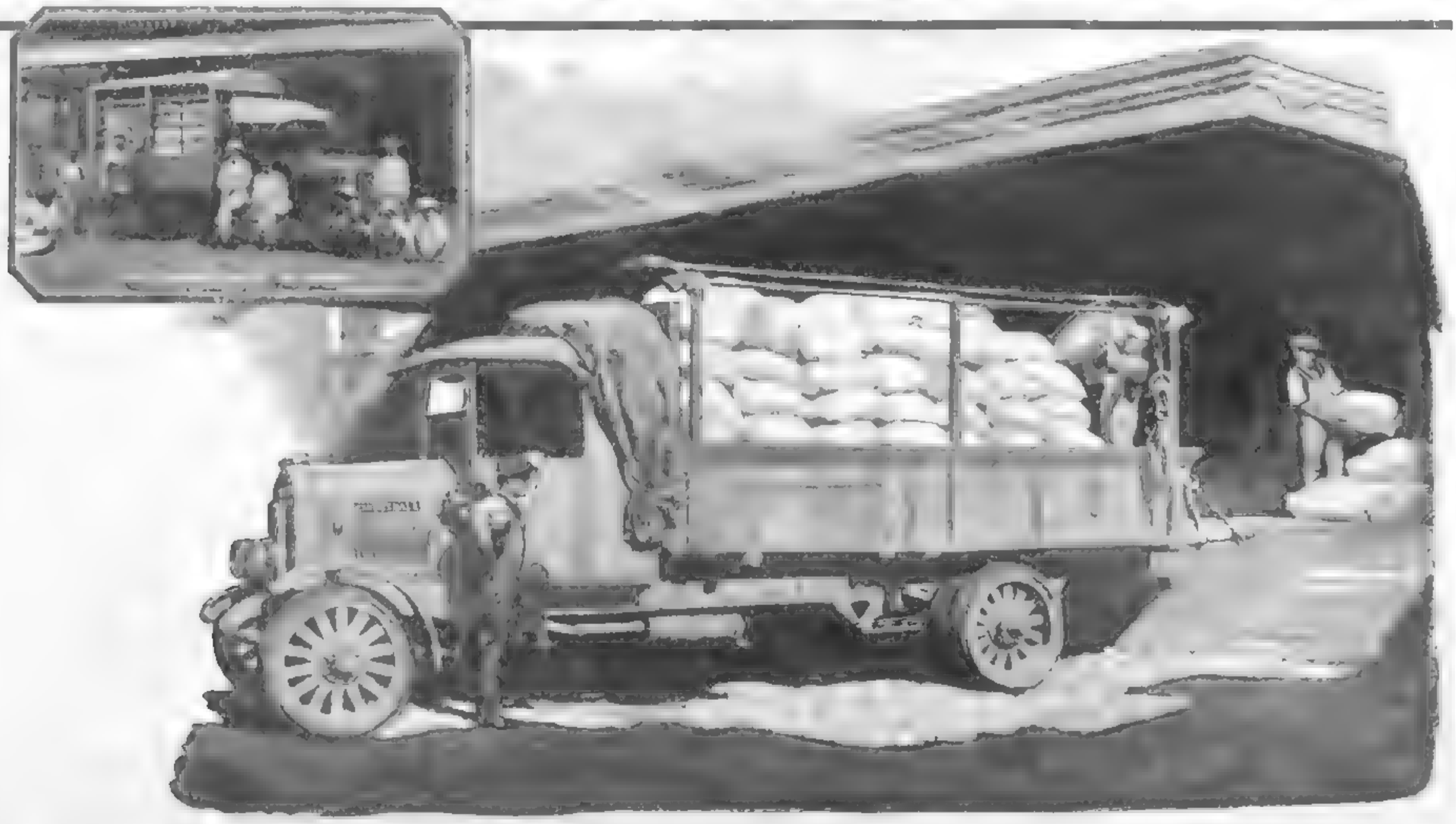

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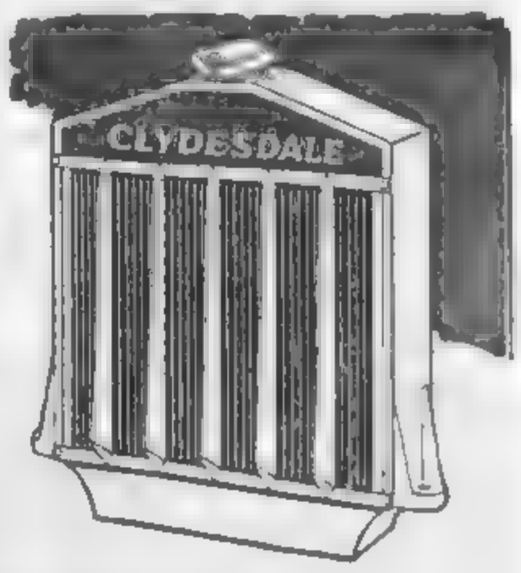

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(6)

Good Roads and Motor Trucks Will Reduce the Cost of Living

(Continued from Page 128)

delightful vision of her future, her freedom as a superwoman, her intended reforms, yet her aloofness from humanity as a mass. She would always be kind to her parents, oh, very kind—and to pretty, silly Sally, who was going to be foolish enough to marry and become a work slave unless she happened upon a millionaire. In fact, Harriet planned to take care of her family in a sense, and send Kenneth to an English school so as to make a man of him. She felt he would never be a man so long as his mother was about. She would also read every novel she wished, revolutionary or otherwise; she would join the suffrage movement; she would not go to church, she would deny the absurd old teachings and adopt the new ethical religion with which Miss Blake had allied herself. Musty Bible logic was only for past generations and helpless orphans shut up within four walls. She would dress like Miss Blake as soon as it was possible, in severe yet expensive things made by good tailors, and small untrimmed hats which cost fabulous sums; and she would have an arts-and-crafts ring, massive and masculine, and would wear no other ornament save a watch. She would rent bachelor rooms and furnish them as Miss Blake had furnished hers—with eccentric colors and furniture, limp-leather-bound books and Jap prints. She would always, always live in New York. After the five years at school she could easily see her way to never coming home. She could never stand it; she must have freedom to cut away from her family and to live unhampered by a home!

Meantime, John had surprised Densie in the act of washing dishes. She wore a blue work dress and her hair was a trifle awry.

"Can't those girls do this for you?" he asked gently, an almost dangerous gentleness which betokened a guilty lack of interest.

"They won't do it my way," she explained. "I've tried showing them, but they rattle through without rinsing and use my glass cloth for the pots and vice versa, and Sally has nicked every china dish I have. I would rather do it alone and have it as I wish."

"It seems too bad women get so set on methods." He sat down at the kitchen table to watch her painstakingly make a soap suds.

"It is the only way to do if you are going to have system. I haven't had time to speak to you alone. Did Harriet tell you her plans?"

"Um. Funny youngster. I suppose we may as well let her try it. She will be so homesick before Christmas she will never mention it again. Fancy, Densie, telling me she never intended to marry. At seventeen you and I were engaged, weren't we?"

He leaned his elbows on the table and smiled at her. He seemed a boy, quite out of place in the kitchen with this slightly faded woman.

"Yes, but everything seems changing. I presume Harriet knows her mind. It would do no good to contradict her. Only I'd rather she did not stay away for five whole years ——"

"She won't stay a year," her father declared. "She'll come back and fall in love and make a bigger goose of herself than our Sally wait and see."

Densie shook her head. "Not Harriet—you remember what Aunt Sally said, 'bound to be clever,' and"—she drew a deep breath as if forcing herself to repress emotion—"you can't be very clever, John, when you have babies and have to stand over a cookstove and haggle with shopkeepers. It wears away the fine edge of keenness."

"Perhaps women will come to be more sensible and stop working so hard and so endlessly. In your day—or Aunt Sally's, rather—there was nothing else expected of them. It was their world. And it is the same in business—it has changed. Sam Hippler would not countenance an adding machine if I did not throttle him into accepting it, and he dislikes the modern stenographer, and automobiles are to his mind odious evidences of the younger generation. You cannot make him see light. All my life I've been hampered by an old-fashioned setting. I would sell anything from canary birds to shotguns if I had my way; and if we had done so we might have been rich to-day. But Uncle Herbert had a ridiculous notion that books should be sold in a book store and shoes in a shoe store and so on ——"

"Still, he never gambled in stocks," said Densie quietly as she began to wipe the glasses.

"Better men than I gamble in stocks." His face flushed and he looked at her defiantly.

"It is not honestly earned money ——"

"Don't, Densie. You sound like a motto calendar." He rose abruptly. "I'm off now. I don't mind how you run your house and children, but business is my domain."

"Aren't they your house and your children?"

"Of course—only you've always taken to yourself the authority."

"And the labor."

"And the labor," he conceded ungraciously. "But for my business and myself I must ask for freedom. I'm like Harriet. I must do things my own way. If I choose to drink a cocktail and plunge on the curb it is no evidence of degeneracy. Come, be fair! Be as old-time as you like in your heart, but let us outwardly keep pace with the present-day pulse."

"Will you be home for dinner?" she asked awkwardly, really for the lack of something more appropriate to say.

John took it as a rebuff. "No," he answered shortly; "I'm staying downtown to see the end of a three-cushion tournament."

Barely brushing his lips against her cheek he left her, stopping in the hall to gather a light modish overcoat and a Panama hat, which he rakishly tilted over his grizzled head.

Sally came running toward him and hung on his arm.

"Daddy darling," she began, "what are you going to do for me since you've said Harriet could go to New York? Don't you think I ought to have a whole scad of new dresses?"

"Scad? Is that another of Dean's slang words?"

John looked at her admiringly. If Harriet was clever, Sally was beautiful, and John, like most of mankind, preferred to look at Sally!

"Yes—scad means six, I think. A white organdie, a pink poplin, a yellow silk, a——"

Sally kept on hugging his arm and laying her curly head on his coat sleeve.

"Why don't you help your mother more?"

"She says we can't suit her. Mummy would let me have the dresses if you would. You know I'm going to be your home girl, and I think you might."

"You're only a little girl, Sally. You better finish school and not think of dresses ——"

"I shan't let you go unless you promise me two—the pink one and the white one, please—daddy, you're such a dear." Sally knew how to tease.

"If your mother says so," John finally conceded, bending to kiss her; "and now please take yourself off before you've borrowed my watch and chain."

He did not go near Kenneth. A barrier which John could not explain existed between the two. The boy's gentle nature irritated him; he claimed that Densie spoiled and mollycoddled him and he would turn out an inefficient dreamer unable to make his way in the world. It displeased him really, because Kenneth went to his mother with his woes and avoided his father as much as possible, thinking in his childish way that he was a handsome brave person who despised him because he could not fight the Kelly gang on the corner!

He left the gateway, forgetting, as was usual, to latch it, and left cares behind, after the way of men. Just as when the panic came it was necessary for John to go into politics to retrieve himself, and Densie to do without a maid.

That night, having finished her tasks, Densie sat up for Sally according to custom and glanced through some Sunday papers that John had happened to bring home. She came across a section entitled Woman's Realm, and this she selected for careful consideration. Buried in the accounts of beauty culture and wardrobe secrets she found the report of an address that was delivered by some eminent man before a federation of women's clubs. In part he had said to them:

"For the past few years some of you have been feverishly active in two directions: With the mechanism of living and getting a living. The habit is more or less fixed, and I believe you should all relax for a time, take things as unseriously as possible and get all the joy you can from merely being alive, seeing, breathing, smelling, feeling in a physical sense. If you could accomplish this you would recreate within

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yourselves the power to do, which has been rather used up in these other directions. No one realizes to-day the drudgery that falls to the lot of conscientious middle-class American women—yet no other class produces such wonderful men and women as a result of this condition—truly the backbone of the nation! But is it fair to these homemakers? Are time and tide going to allow this condition of drudgery and care to continue unaided or are we approaching a new era? I believe in the latter—and advocate it.

"The sense life has a biologic origin, but I believe it also takes on a spiritual significance and function, and there is a profound truth in the old Greek myth about the hero who drew fresh strength and power from the very contact with the mother earth. When physical conditions of living are not to one's liking there is a great temptation to say 'Life is not worth living!' But the very fact that we are alive proves to me we must make life worth living. Asceticism is essentially wrong, and just as a tree must have deep roots in the ground so our spiritual growth must be firmly based on the beauties of the sense life. Air plants orchids, they are rarely beautiful but fragile parasites after all. Remember that there are three great imperatives—self-preservation, self-perpetuation, and finally self-justification, or the *raison d'être*. To achieve these three successfully one must be honestly friends with oneself ——"

Densie dropped the paper. She had added the final plank in her platform!

V

THE family accepted the rental of a new home—an upper flat and extremely modern for 1901—with applause.

"Sensible little woman," John said, delighted at the prospect of electric lights, hardwood floors and the nearness to downtown. For some time he had rebelled at having to work in the garden, though it used to be his greatest joy. He would now be able to sit comfortably on an upper veranda and view the passing throng—serene in his lack of duties!

Harriet and Sally also rejoiced, but for diverse reasons: Harriet because she had determined to leave her family except for compulsory vacations, and she had a Puritanical conscience which rebuked her and made her hasten to add to herself that she intended doing very nice things for everyone at home. She could now go away feeling more foot-loose if mummy was in a cozy flat with hardly any work at all. Why, she would be in the way, for there were only three bedrooms!

To Sally the flat meant less work and a more pretentious place to entertain her friends—particularly her boy friends. She planned to rig up the attic room as a studio for her art, and it would be very glorious to be able to run downtown every day inside of a half hour. She planned also on waxing the floors so she could have a small dance, and she would make her mother throw away all the old junk and coax her father to buy modern furnishings.

Only Kenneth did not enthuse. It meant a strip of yard shared with the people downstairs, and his pigeons must be sold and the croquet set given away. There would be no place to establish an Indian camp or a Kit Carson lodge. Though, boy-like, all he said when they told him of the change was "We won't have a woodshed."

The old friends, Maude Hatton and Lucy Parks, came to help Densie pack.

"Are you sure you won't feel sorry?" Maude Hatton demanded.

"Yes; I'm getting too tired to do the work here."

Lucy Parks cleared her throat meaningly, at which Densie hastened to add: "Of course, Harriet is going away, and Sally is a trifle young. Besides, she seems to dislike housework. Then John travels so much, and Kenneth and I are left here alone."

"But it's breaking up a home," Lucy Parks said gravely as she looked at the piles of things awaiting verdict from the secondhand man. "Densie Plummer, you aren't going to sell your Aunt Sally's old warming pan? I remember when she nursed your uncle through pneumonia and I used to heat the iron for her. Maude, will you see this extravagance—all these dresses? There's enough to make Sally a dozen frocks."

"But Sally won't wear the old things," Densie defended. "Take them for yourself if you like."

"And hats!" Another pile was pointed out.

"And books!"

"Sally says you aren't going to take a carpet!"

"We shall have hardwood floors."

"And those dishes—they were Sally Plummer's wedding set." Maude Hatton held up the cover of a soup tureen in accusation.

Densie felt as if she had rifled a shrine.

"I know, but the children want something new—Japanese blue-and-white things."

The old friends exchanged glances.

"I live in one room," Maude Hatton said to Lucy Parks that night as they walked home. "So do you. But our hearts don't live in that room. Tell me the truth, don't you spend your happiest times dreaming about the farm or Sally Plummer's house or your mother's?"

Lucy Parks nervously assented.

"If Sally had lived Densie would never have done this. I'm afraid she's going to regret it."

"Who ever heard of a Plummer living in a flat—in a crowded part of town! Densie who was brought up at The Evergreens, and who went from there as a bride to her own blessed home!"

"There's nothing we can do to stop it," Maude Hatton decided philosophically; "this day and age is not one to ask advice of elders. I'm saying that Densie is giving up her home, but it is neither her own inclination nor her fault. She looks like a grandmother, and she's a young woman. And John, bless his heart anyway, is like her son! Does John spend his time with Densie? No, indeed; I hear of him—he has Densie saddled down with the house and children and off he goes skylarking. Oh, nothing wrong, but he doesn't seem to care for her as Herbert did for Sally, in that steady, settled way."

"They've lost money, so Sam Hippler said."

"Then it is John's gambling." Maude Hatton shook her head. "It hurt to see the old things laid out for sale—it was the children who did it. They are all for the new. Poor Densie, she's her hands full with that family—particularly Sally."

"Harriet is quite as much of a problem. Kenneth is her only joy."

Maude Hatton, who Sally said spent the best part of her life sniffing and wearing huge black bonnets, sniffed in disdain. "A lot a boy cares when he gets him a wife; and a lot a husband cares when his wife skimps to save in order that he may spend. I'm telling you this present way of living in flats and hotels and such places—with the mothers younger-looking than the children, and the grandmothers younger-looking than the mothers—it is neither fish nor flesh nor good red herring!"

Sally did persuade her father to buy new things to some extent, followed by a terrific battle with her mother because the mission furniture sneered at the black walnut, the new rugs were disdainful of the hooked ones, which Densie stoically placed in the bedrooms, deaf to the torrent of complaints. The steel engravings of Lord Nelson and General Washington were quite out of harmony with red passe partouts of bulldogs and Gibson girls, and when Densie would not sell the piano or trade it in for a player or a talking machine Sally pouted for a day, and declined to take any interest in anything but her meals.

When she saw how white her mother looked and how very little energy she seemed to have left she repented in her quick storm-sunshine fashion and tried to do her part.

"It isn't as if we wanted to be known as the ark, mummy," she reproached late the first night they were in the flat. "You'll come to see the difference."

"I suppose so. But after all, do things mean so much—just things?" asked Densie wearily.

She had been preparing temporary beds for her family, and was partly relieved, partly disappointed, when she had a wire from John saying he would not be home for a week!

It was so much easier to return, smiling and complimentary, to a new and settled household than to endure the discomforts of sleeping on the floor and eating off a corner of the sink!

Sally sat up in her cot bed, her red-gold hair hanging round her face in artistic confusion.

"Yes, mummy dear, things mean everything to me—just as ideas mean everything to Harriet. Everyone has to have

(Continued on Page 133)

THE SECRET OF BEING A CONVINCING TALKER

HOW I LEARNED IT IN ONE EVENING

BY GEORGE RAYMOND

"HAVE you heard the news about Frank Jordan?"

This question quickly brought me to the little group which had gathered in the center of the office. Jordan and I had started with the Great Eastern Machinery Co., within a month of each other, four years ago. A year ago, Jordan was taken into the accounting division and I was sent out as salesman. Neither of us was blessed with an unusual amount of brilliancy, but we "got by" in our new jobs well enough to hold them.

Imagine my amazement, then, when I heard:

"Jordan's just been made Treasurer of the Company!"

I could hardly believe my ears. But there was the "Notice to Employees" on the bulletin board, telling about Jordan's good fortune.

Now I knew that Jordan was a capable fellow, quiet and unassuming, but I never would have picked him for any such sudden rise. I knew, too, that the Treasurer of the Great Eastern had to be a big man, and I wondered how in the world Jordan landed the place.

The first chance I got, I walked into Jordan's new office and after congratulating him warmly, I asked him to let me "in" on the details of how he jumped ahead so quickly. His story is so intensely interesting that I am going to repeat it as closely as I remember.

"I'll tell you just how it happened, George, because you may pick up a pointer or two that will help *you*.

"You remember how scared I used to be whenever I had to talk to the chief? You remember how you used to tell me that every time I opened my mouth I put my foot into it, meaning of course that every time I spoke I got into trouble? You remember when Ralph Sinton left to take charge of the Western office and I was asked to present him with the loving cup the boys gave him, how flustered I was and how I couldn't say a word because there were people around? You remember how confused I used to be every time I met new people? I couldn't say what I wanted to say when I wanted to say it; and I determined that if there was any possible chance to learn how to talk I was going to do it.

FREDERICK HOUK LAW

As educator, lecturer, executive, traveler and author few men are so well equipped by experience and training as Dr. Law to teach the art of effective speaking. His "Mastery of Speech" is the fruit of 20 years' active lecturing and instruction in Eastern schools and colleges preceded by an education at Oxford Academy, Amherst College, Columbia University, The Teachers College, Brown University, and New York University. He holds the degrees of A. B., A. M. and Ph. D.

Dr. Law is the author of two novels, two books of poetry and editor of six school text-books. At present he is Lecturer in English in New York University, Lecturer in Pedagogy in the Extension Work of the College of the City of New York, Head of the Dept. of English in the Stuyvesant H. S. and writer of the Weekly Lesson Plans for The Independent.

"The first thing I did was to buy a number of books on public speaking, but they seemed to be meant for those who wanted to become orators, whereas what I wanted to learn was not only how to speak in public but how to speak to individuals under various conditions in business and social life.

"A few weeks later, just as I was about to give up hope of ever learning how to talk interestingly, I read an announcement stating that Dr. Frederick Houk Law of New York University had just completed a new course in business talking and public speaking entitled 'Mastery of Speech.' The course was offered on approval, without money in advance, so since I had nothing whatever to lose by examining the lessons, I sent for them and in a few days they arrived. I glanced through the entire eight lessons, reading the headings and a few paragraphs here and there, and in about an hour the whole secret of effective speaking was opened to me.

"For example, I learned why I had always lacked confidence, why talking had always seemed something to be dreaded whereas it is really the simplest thing in the world to 'get up and talk.' I learned how to secure complete attention to what I was saying and how to make everything I said interesting, forceful and convincing. I learned the art of listening, the value of silence, and the power of brevity. Instead of being funny at the wrong time, I learned how and when to use humor with telling effect.

"But perhaps the most wonderful things about the lessons were the actual examples of what things to say and when to say them to meet every condition. I found that there was a knack in making oral reports to my superiors. I found that there was a right way and a wrong way to present complaints, to give estimates, and to issue orders.

"I picked up some wonderful pointers about how to give my opinions, about how to answer complaints, about how to ask the bank for a loan, about how to ask for extensions. Another thing that struck me forcibly was that, instead of antagonizing people when I didn't agree with them, I learned how to bring them around to my way of thinking in the most pleasant sort of way. Then, of course, along with those lessons there were chapters on speaking before large audiences, how to find material for talking and speaking, how to talk to friends, how to talk to servants, and how to talk to children.

"Why, I got the secret the very first evening and it was only a short time before I was able to apply all of the principles and found that my words were beginning to have an almost magical effect upon everybody to whom I spoke. It seemed that I got things done instantly, where formerly, as you know, what I said 'went in one ear and out the other.' I began to acquire an executive ability that surprised me. I smoothed out difficulties like a true diplomat. In my talks with the chief I spoke clearly, simply, convincingly. Then came my first promotion since I entered the accounting department. I was given the job of answering complaints, and I made good. From that I was given the job of making collections. When Mr. Buckley joined the Officers' Training Camp, I was made Treasurer. Between you and me, George, my salary is now $7,500 a year and I expect it will be more from the first of the year.

"And I want to tell you sincerely, that I attribute my success solely to the fact that I learned how to talk to people."

*****

When Jordan finished, I asked him for the address of the publishers of Dr. Law's Course and he gave it to me. I sent for it and found it to be exactly as he had stated. After studying the eight simple lessons I began to sell to people who had previously refused to listen to me at all. After four months of record breaking sales during the dullest season of the year, I received a wire from the chief asking me to return to the home office. We had quite a long talk in which I explained how I was able to break sales records—and I was appointed Sales Manager at almost twice my former salary. I know that there was nothing in me that had changed except that I had acquired the ability to talk where formerly I simply used "words without reason." I can never thank Jordan enough for telling me about Dr. Law's Course in Business Talking and Public Speaking. Jordan and I are both spending all our spare time making public speeches on war subjects and Jordan is being talked about now as Mayor of our little Town.

So confident is the Independent Corporation, publishers of "Mastery of Speech," Dr. Law's Course in Business Talking and Public Speaking, that once you have an opportunity to see in your own home how you can, in one hour, learn the secret of speaking and how you can apply the principles of effective speech under all conditions, that they are willing to send you the Course on free examination.

Don't send any money. Merely mail the coupon or write a letter and the complete Course will be sent, all charges prepaid, at once. If you are not entirely satisfied send it back any time within five days after you receive it and you will owe nothing.

On the other hand, if you are as pleased as are the thousands of other men and women who have used the Course, send only $5 in full payment. You take no risk and you have everything to gain, so mail the coupon now before this remarkable offer is withdrawn.

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London, England	St. John, N. B.

(Continued from Page 130)

something that means a great deal to them—don't they? What means the most to you?"

Her gold eyes were wide open and curious; it had occurred to Sally that underneath this upheaval and removal from the old home her mother must have some definite motive.

Densie smiled. "I don't know, Sally. I've just given up the things that used to mean a great deal—and now I'm going to find something else."

Harriet worked more conscientiously than Sally in the settling; it mattered nothing to her whether a picture was hung here or there, a certain ancient vase placed on the mantel or an old-fashioned book on the table. If Densie still wished the curtains looped back with bows, despite Sally's outburst of temper, Harriet calmly and unfeelingly looped them back. She was going away very soon—there was no point to be gained by arguing. So she was a temporary comfort to Densie even though she smiled to herself at the rather conglomerate result of the moving.

After all, one cannot stop being of the past era and become one of the new without a reconstruction period, and Densie, after the flat was settled and John had returned with bad business news and rather bloodshot eyes—Densie found that the people eternally tramping downstairs or playing on a talking machine or having late card parties annoyed her beyond measure. She felt as if she were only temporarily located, that she must take Kenneth—she always thought first of Kenneth—and return to the Little House, opening the old doors of the big front hall and breathing in its heavenly peace—and cleanliness! She never felt the flat was properly clean. This new way of mops and dust rags bewildered her. Reaction had set in. The sight of the old belongings jostled together with the new made her homesick. She had to admit, as she sewed on Harriet's underwear between her other duties, that she was still too emotional to be really efficient in the carrying out of her original intention.

The old home had lent a certain poise and dignity which soothed her. Here she was continually contrasted with the woman downstairs—a bride, though nearly Densie's age. John and Sally both liked Mrs. Sullivan. She knew how to make the most of herself with her clothes and looks; she was always pleasant and ready for a jolly afternoon, she cooked carelessly but lavishly; her waste can made Densie long to take her to task even as Aunt Sally would have done. It was nothing for her to throw away half of a loaf of bread or half of a stale cake or the remains of a good roast. She was fond of telephoning a hotel to send up sandwiches and salad, and then she would make coffee and thus round out a meal. Her husband adored her—they had been married only a year—and life seemed cast in pleasant channels for Densie's neighbor.

Of course, there was nothing to worry or annoy Mrs. Sullivan. She went out a great deal, very fashionably dressed, and was even talking of buying an automobile as soon as they became a little cheaper.

John used to talk about her to Densie. "She's such a good fellow," he would say. "I can't see why you don't like her. Sally does. And did you know she gave Kenneth a plate of ice cream?"

"Yes," Densie would concede; "she is a kind neighbor, I suppose."

"She isn't much younger than you," he would begin.

"She has never had a family. She has never worked in her life except in an office. Her house is always uncleaned ——"

"Well, it's livable, and Sullivan looks well fed. Sometimes I think housework spoils a woman's ability to enjoy life. We're asked down there for a game of cards tonight. Will you go?"

And rather than seem ungracious and refuse Densie would go, wearing an old-style dress, her hair combed tightly back, while Mrs. Sullivan in frilly white, her pretty hands just manicured, a suggestion of Parma violets about her hair and skin, would play partners with John and make great eyes at him, enjoying the discomfiture of her husband and of John's wife.

After they would come upstairs John would say, "Why don't you get a dress like hers—and let her fix up your hair?"

"If I fit Harriet out and let Sally take painting lessons and you get the fall clothes you say you must have—where can I afford such a dress? I will make my old things do a little longer."

During the summer the women's clubs were suspended from meeting save for a basket picnic, so Densie was stopped from her intentions of joining, but she modestly selected the Progressive Thought Club, the Opera Reading Club and a course in punctured brasswork, then the fad, as her winter's program. She was quite shy about it even to herself, but she used to lie awake nights planning how she could attend the meetings and not neglect her housework, and how, after a little, John's business would be better and she would buy some new clothes and then he would be proud of her.

It cost a great deal more to live in the flat than at the Little House, which was another disappointment. The Little House had been sold at a sacrifice; it was already mortgaged. Somehow Sally had more friends in for small parties, and John felt they must entertain the Sullivans and like people, and their requirements of food and ice and help all seemed to multiply in mysterious fashion. Whenever Maude Hatton or Sam Hippler or Lucy Parks came to supper the children would fidget rudely, and even John was a trifle curt. Twice he made Densie telephone them that they had another engagement.

"It means so much to them," Densie had protested; "they never have a home supper except when they come here."

"Then send up some stuff. Maude Hatton gets on my nerves. She's always quoting Scripture," he answered lightly. "If it wasn't for my uncle's wishes I'd have discharged Sam a year ago."

Meantime the piles of underwear for Harriet mounted high and snowy, with Harriet marking the tapes H. Plummer, in her firm, cramped little writing. She sewed as many dreams and visions into the fastening on of the tapes as does a bride embroidering her wedding gown. Densie suspected that Harriet's extreme obedience and affability came from the fact that she had not much longer to stay at home. She made several futile attempts to win her daughter's confidence, but they were all of no purpose. Harriet was polite and gentle, even very tender with her mother—the mother who could not understand; but she had a way of shutting outsiders from her heart as if she actually closed a well-barred door in the face of a would-be visitor in her home.

With her father she was remarkably polite and aloof. John rejoiced in the fact that Harriet never bothered anyone. Manlike, he saw no more of what was taking place in his elder daughter's heart. He was proud of her brain, proud of the scholarship, and he thought very little of the years ahead. Of course, she would marry; and that was all there was to it.

Sally was a more direct problem, though he loved Sally in a different fashion. But she annoyed him. He had watched her unawares when she was downtown, walking with boys, her head coquettishly tilted, her eyes sparkling, the finesse of a famous coquette.

When he remonstrated with Densie about it—of course he came to Densie she told him: "Why don't you talk to Sally?"

"She'd bankrupt me for a frock before we were through," he admitted.

"She is only a little girl, and she ought to mind. But since I've moved so near to downtown she cannot be kept from going there, I suppose."

"If she only marries the right man early enough," John said soberly. "Now Dean Laddbarry would never do. He's a plodder."

Densie lent herself to Dean's defense. "He's Sally's exact opposite," she insisted; "just the sort she ought to marry. He'd be her ballast. Why, I would take Dean's word before I would Sally's—and Sally treats him shamefully."

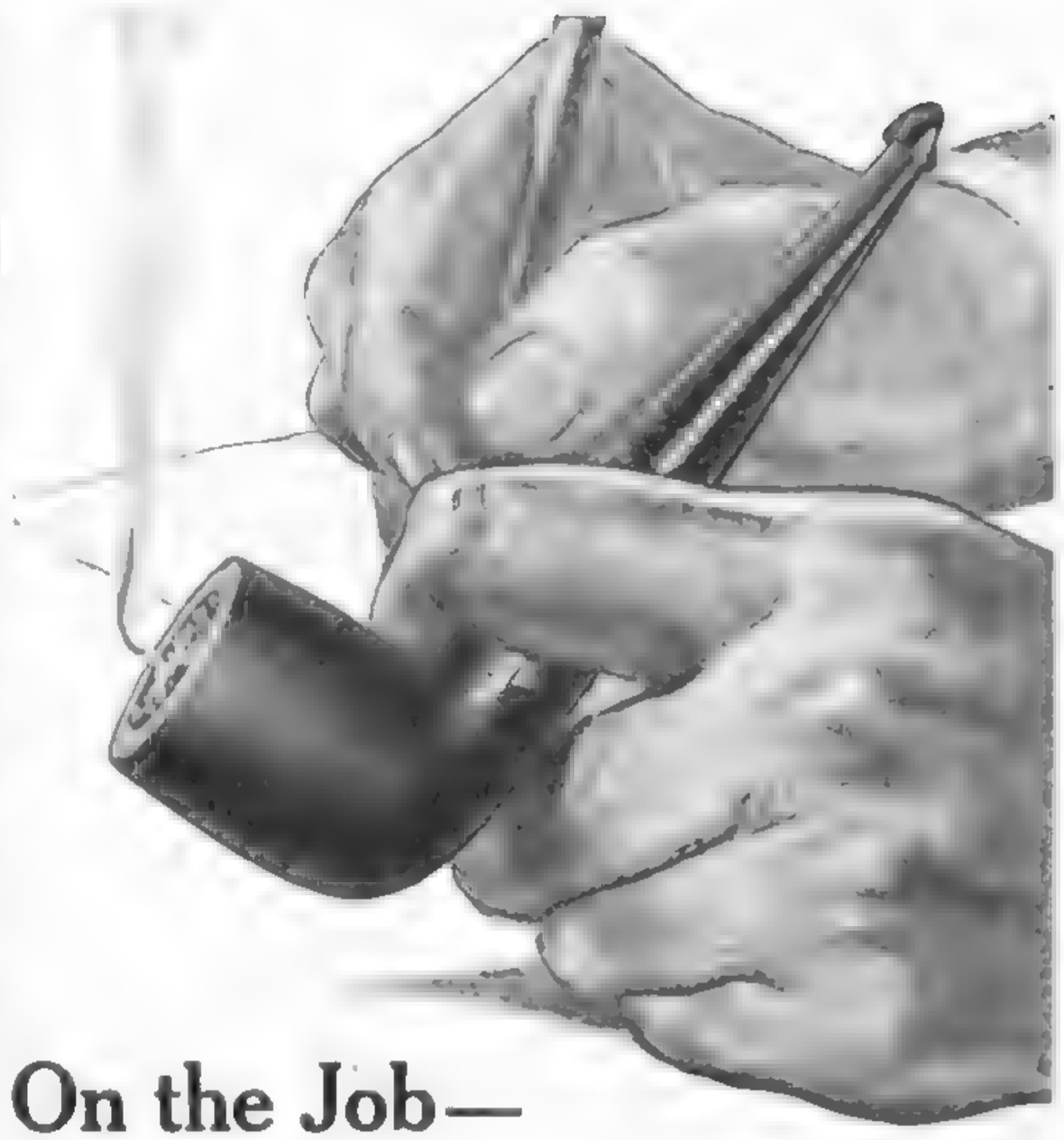
"Don't go match-making, mother," he teased. "And for heaven's sake make Kenneth stop being a mollycoddle! I won't have it!"

"How does Kenneth displease you?"

Densie used to feel as if he were striking her inside—on her heart—she had so many of these complaints. John reasoned that Densie having brought them up she was the one who should take the blame for displeasing results. He paid the bills and that was sufficient.

"Too much like a girl," John declared. "When he gets into school he'll have it taken out of him."

"If you were with him more he might improve." Densie was partly Scotch; she had that dry humor which makes even the



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gayest temporarily ill at ease. "I'm afraid he is hardly acquainted with his father."

The day before Harriet left for New York she and Sally came to a noteworthy battle of words which Densie overheard as she packed Harriet's trunk.

"I'm glad you are going, Harriet Plummer," Sally declared, her tempestuous self flouncing about the room in a great pretense at dusting, "for you think yourself too good to live with us. Well, when you get to New York you'll be sorry—and miss mummy—and the home. You don't think so; you're always talking of Miss Blake—Miss Blake—Miss Blake! Who wants to be a Miss Blake? She looks a fright; everyone laughs at her."

"Indeed?" said Harriet with cold insolence, trying to contain her rage. "You ignorant little thing, I really am sorry for you, Sally, for I don't know whatever will become of you if mummy should die."

"Don't you? I would never bother to write and tell you."

Sally's face was crimson and she brandished the dust cloth viciously in the air.

"You seem to have no brains," Harriet further analyzed; "or else the brains you have are all used for vain purposes." There is nothing like youth for final decisions. "At least I can never remember your ever doing anything that was at all worth while."

"Perhaps not—but I'm not sneering at my mother and father and going to New York to turn into a fossil. You think I don't see through you—well, I do. You want to get away without any trouble and have your delightful career. I'm the one to stay home. Well, if I don't like what my mummy and my daddy do I out and tell them so and we have a big row—but I love them hard afterward and we always kiss and make up. You hate kissing your family—you don't even like to have mummy's fingers in your neck when she fits your dresses. You're deceitful and mean and selfish, and you needn't worry as to what will become of me. I'm going to paint pictures and be a human being with—with a different dress for every dance and lots of kisses for everyone. I'll wager you fifteen years from now you'll be a wreck—a wreck—a wreck——"

Little Sally completed her intentions by knocking over a pile of Harriet's books accidentally, at which primitive instincts were stirred in Harriet to the extent of forgetting her scholarship and the purchased railway ticket, and the two sisters became on the verge of actual combat when Densie appeared in the doorway to act as mediator.

It was a relief when Harriet left them. Densie felt more at home with Sally, selfish and unreliable though she was; she did have plenty of kisses, and in her warm-hearted way she tried to make her mother less trouble. Harriet never spared her mother. She would do a share of the work but no more, no matter what emergency might arise. After she had done her tasks she retired into her own world of books and thoughts and cared not what happened elsewhere. Emergencies were no concern of hers. Sally stood ready to prop up the house should it begin to fall down!

Densie never could understand Harriet's logic—which prompted the actual blackening of Miss Blake's boots and the leaving of her own for Densie to blacken!

September brought the clubs into session and Densie, unbeknown to anyone, joined the Opera Reading Club, the Progressive Thought Club, and prepared to puncture a set of brass candle shades. Sally was clamoring for candlelight at dinner. "It is quite the thing," she had said more than once.

The first clubwoman of prominence with whom Densie came into contact was Mrs. Naomi Winters, a pygmy satellite who was guilty of thin crinkly paper lined with tartan plaid and scented with lily of the valley, and who always signed herself, except to her sister-in-law, "Yours with a heart full of love."

She pounced upon Densie as a new and innocent booster for herself, and flattered her by giving her pencils to sharpen before the ballot was cast as to whether Rigoletto or Il Trovatore should be the first opera to be studied.

Densie looked at the room filled with women with a sort of awe. They were so totally different from anything she had expected; some were dowdy, some amusingly dressed, one or two quite smart—these were the leaders. Each talked of her own self and ideas, and everyone stared at her or smiled patronizingly, and it was not until the club came to a deadlock as to who should make ten dozen light tea biscuit for the first "eating meeting" of the season that Densie became an important member! Everyone crowded to lend silver candelabra or silk prayer rugs, and Mrs. Naomi Winters panted to be asked to read a paper on Sea Shells—but the biscuit—ah, that was a different matter!

Here Densie found herself timidly rising—a shabby little person with serious purplish eyes and an old-time hat hiding her pretty hair—and saying: "Madam President, I—I will make the ten dozen biscuit!"

There followed a soft pat-patting of hands, and Densie was immediately appointed chairman of the refreshment committee!

At the close of the meeting Mrs. Winters, who seemed to know everyone and everything about everyone, good or bad, condescended to walk a ways with Densie and initiate her into the mysteries of women's clubs.

Mrs. Winters had taught school before her marriage and was now a widow. She had aspirations to becoming vice regent of The Colonial Dames, and was using the clubs as stepping stones to that end. She discreetly hinted this, saying that when the day came that she was elected to the desired post she was not going to forget the friends who had helped her—dear, no!

Then she proposed that Densie join The Forum, a very intellectual affair, meeting Saturday mornings to discuss current topics. It was only five dollars a year—luncheons and banquets extra—and she knew Densie would enjoy it.

"But I bake on Saturdays." Densie clung to the old schedule.

"You poor lamb—you must come out of the kitchen—after you've done our tea biscuit," she finished with a playful poke of the ribs. They were walking arm in arm, a customary procedure with Mrs. Winters.

Then they stood on the street corner half an hour while Mrs. Winters, delighted to find a new and gullible subject, told of her excursion to the Italian lakes and of how a count kissed her hand, and when she was in London her being asked to read a most masterful paper on Women's Wrongs!

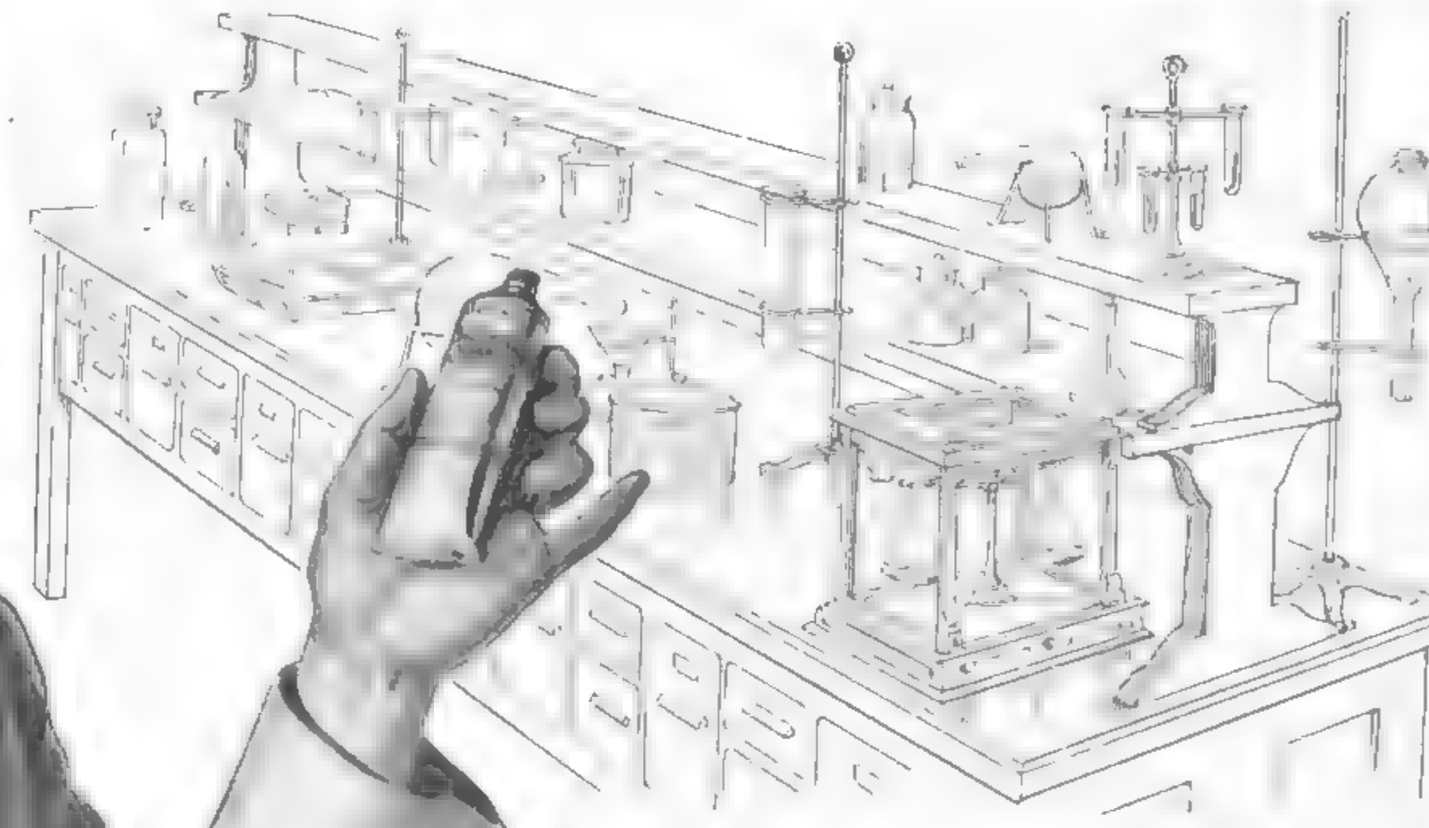
She bade Densie good-by, convinced that here was a worker, and took a passing car. Densie had to walk eight blocks, having gone out of her way, as entranced as a victim of the Pied Piper himself. She found a very hungry Sally and Kenneth and John—John who was home early for the first time in weeks—and they all demanded querulously where she had been!

When she confessed she had joined the Opera Reading Club there was a diversion of opinion. Still, it is never fair to take down a binding statement when the witness is hungry! Hurrying about to get her supper on the table Densie became confused and her head ached—was it neglecting her home? Most of the members had maids or boarded—where had she put the cold potato?—and of course she had talked a long time to Mrs. Winters. John would never have grumbled before Mrs. Winters; she could picture him bowing and smiling politely and agreeing to everything—she must make him a cup of tea. There—now things were ready! But she was not hungry and her head throbbed.

She sat at the table forgetful of her apron until unanimously reminded, and tried to make them appreciate that this was her peculiar form of recreation, as billiards and cocktails were John's, picture painting and dancing Sally's, and social-service school Harriet's. Only Kenneth said solemnly, his brown eyes very loving: "Are you tired, mummy—or did you have such a good time you don't mind?"

She turned to him with almost passionate longing to carry him off, some place where they could be together in a bit of a house with a woodshed, and where she could bake biscuits for the Opera Reading Club without ridicule or protest!

(TO BE CONTINUED)



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Physicians know that a skin tender with daily shaving needs a safeguard against infections. And many a physician, for this very reason, recommends Johnson's Shaving Cream Soap.

JOHNSON'S SHAVING CREAM SOAP

is based on a careful study of the skin, plus years of chemical research. It is far more than an *ordinary* shaving soap. It is a scientific preparation worthy of the high ideals and world-wide reputation of the Johnson & Johnson laboratories.

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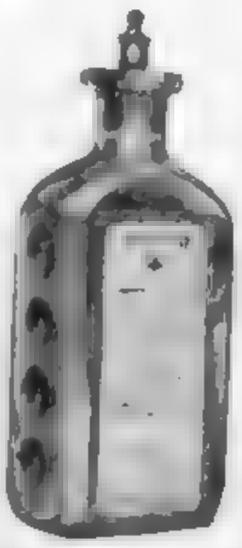

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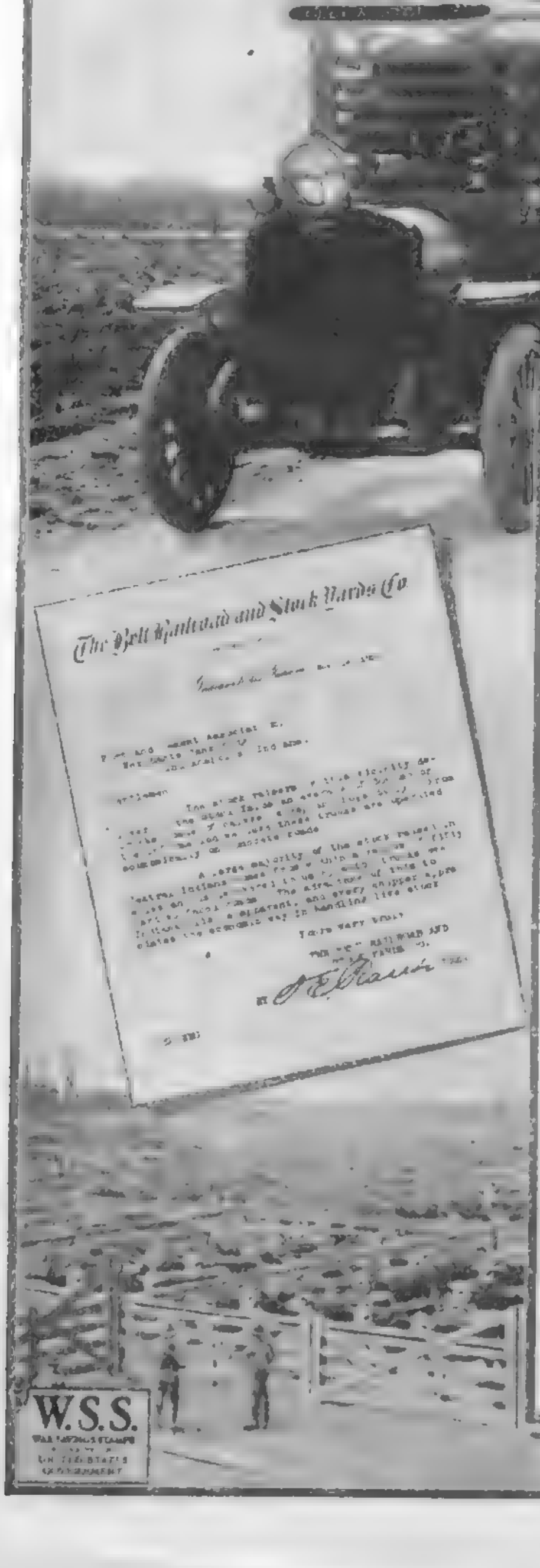
A perfect sterilizing and cleansing agent. Relieves facial troubles and promotes a healthy condition of the skin. Fine for shampooing. Keep Synol in your home. Liquid or cake form.

Concrete Roads and Roast Beef



THIS load of roast beef—live stock from farms in the vicinity of Indianapolis, Ind.—is on its way over one of the **concrete roads** of Marion County to the Indianapolis stockyards.

Before the combination of motor trucks and **concrete roads** existed in Marion Co., farmers in the vicinity of Indianapolis had to sell live stock to dealers, who bought enough cattle in the neighborhood to make a carload for shipment to Indianapolis.

What the **concrete roads** leading to Indianapolis have done for stock raisers is best told by Joseph Jackson, one of the prominent farmers of Lebanon, Indiana.

Read What He Says:

"During the past few months **concrete roads** have enabled me to ship live stock direct to the yards by motor truck, eliminating the middle man and saving me his profit.

"It also saves shrinkage in weight of the cattle, caused by loading, shipping and unloading from freight cars, and I can ship as often as I have stock ready for the market, without waiting to get together a carload: which often makes it necessary to include animals still under full weight.

"Shipping by truck would be expensive over poor roads and often impossible. Over concrete you can keep your trucks going the year round, with the least wear and tear and with a minimum of gasoline.

"**Concrete roads** and motor trucks are and will be hereafter a great aid to the farmer shipping produce and live stock to market."

S. E. Rauh, President of the Belt Railroad & Stockyards Co., Indianapolis, also has something to say about shipment of live stock by motor truck into Indianapolis. ***Read his letter, too.***

You see that roast beef may depend on concrete roads—that roads are a great factor in regular distribution of food products.

Read again the second paragraph of Mr. Jackson's letter above. It gives some of the reasons why

Concrete Roads PAY

PORTLAND CEMENT ASSOCIATION

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CHICAGO	DALLAS	INDIANAPOLIS	MILWAUKEE	NEW YORK	SALT LAKE CITY
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THE COMMERCIAL ZEPPELIN

(Continued from Page 8)

The America carried three eighty-horse-power gasoline engines, one of which was a donkey, the two others being used to drive the propellers. Beneath the car hung a 27-foot lifeboat that was to be used in case they had to abandon the airship. A 330-foot equilibrator, consisting of a long steel cable on which were strung thirty spool-like steel tanks each carrying 75 pounds of gasoline, and forty wooden blocks trailed from the cabin. The blocks were about twenty inches long.

The object of the equilibrator was to eliminate ballast. It was intended that the balloon would sail along at a height of about two hundred feet; if it settled close to the water the wooden blocks and the tanks would float on the water and relieve it of some of its weight. The America was also equipped with sextants, compasses and other instruments for locating its position, the same as an ocean liner.

Besides Walter Wellman, the explorer and writer, were Melvin Vaniman, chief engineer; F. Murray Vaniman, navigator of airships; J. K. Irwin, wireless operator; Albert L. Loud and John Aubert, assistant engineers.

They left Atlantic City in a dead calm and were towed out to sea by a motor boat. Three days later, on October eighteenth, after many vicissitudes the engines broke down and the huge gas bag was at the mercy of the winds. Wellman and his crew were picked up by the steamer Trent, 375 miles east of Cape Hatteras. The dirigible had been carried out of its course because of insufficient power to navigate against the winds and had to be abandoned, a total loss.

A year later, financed by the Chamber of Commerce of Akron, Ohio, and one of the large rubber companies, a balloon called the Akron, 268 feet long and 47 feet in diameter, with a gas capacity of 350,000 cubic feet, was built to be flown across the Atlantic by Melvin Vaniman. It had two 105-horse-power engines.

A Giant German Dirigible

Unfortunately, on July 2, 1912, while making a trial flight over Absecon Inlet, near Atlantic City, the balloon took fire and exploded, killing Melvin Vaniman and the four members of his crew. This disaster put an end to building dirigibles in this country for transatlantic flight.

The preparation for another attempt to cross the Atlantic was made by Glenn H. Curtiss through the generosity of Rodman Wanamaker, who financed the building of the flying boat America. Owing to the breaking out of the war this project was abandoned.

Neither of these two American-built lighter-than-air ships could be compared in size, engine power, lifting capacity or flying radius with the dirigibles constructed by the German Government and people under the direction of Count Ferdinand von Zeppelin. Indeed his first airship, constructed in 1900, measured 410 feet and contained 400,000 cubic feet of hydrogen, whereas the super-Zeppelins were many times larger than either Wellman's or Vaniman's airship.

A description of the giant dirigible brought down in the summer of 1916 in Essex, England, will give an excellent idea of the gigantic proportions, the buoyancy, the engine power and the accommodations of these leviathans of the air.

The airship measured 650 feet to 680 feet in length and 72 feet in diameter. The vessel was of cigar-shaped streamline form, with a blunt rounded nose and a tail that tapered off to a sharp point. The framework was made of longitudinal latticework girders, connected together at intervals by circumferential latticework tires, all made of aluminum alloy resembling duraluminum. The whole was braced and stiffened by a system of wires. The weight of the framework was about nine tons, or barely a fifth of the total of fifty tons attributed to the airship complete with engines, fuel, guns and crew. There were twenty-four balloonets arranged within the framework, and the hydrogen capacity was 2,000,000 cubic feet.

A cat walk—an arched passage with a footway nine inches wide—running along the keel enabled the crew, which consisted of twenty-two men, to move about the ship and get from one gondola to another. The gondolas, made of aluminum alloy, were four in number; one was placed forward on the center line, two were amidships, one on each side, and the fourth was aft, again on the center line.

The vessel was propelled at sixty miles an hour in still air—by means of six Maybach-Mercedes gasoline engines of 240 horse power each, or 1440 horse power in all. Each had six vertical cylinders with overhead valves and water cooling, and weighed about a thousand pounds. They were connected each to a propeller shaft and also to a dynamo used either in lighting or for furnishing power to the wireless installation. One of these engines with its propeller was placed at the back of the large forward gondola, two were in the amidships gondolas, and three were in the after gondola. In the last case one of the propellers was in the center line of the ship, and the shafts of the two others were stayed out, one on either side. The gasoline tanks had a capacity of two thousand gallons, and the propeller shafts were carried in ball bearings.

Forward of the engine room of the front gondola, but separated from it by a small air space, was first the wireless operator's cabin and then the commander's room. The latter was the navigating platform, and in it were concentrated the controls of the elevators and rudder at the stern, the arrangement for equalizing the levels in the gasoline and water tanks, the engine-room telegraphs, and the switchboards of electrical gear for releasing the bombs. Nine machine guns were carried. Two of these, of half-inch bore, were mounted on the top of the vessel, and six of small caliber were placed in the gondolas—two in the forward, one each in the amidships ones, and two in the after one. The ninth was carried in the tail.

The separate gas bags were a decided advantage over the free balloon and earlier airships, which carried all the gas in one compartment; for if the latter sprung a leak for any reason it had to descend, whereas the Zeppelin could keep afloat with several of the separate compartments in a complete state of collapse.

Since the Zeppelin, like all airships, is buoyed up by hydrogen gas—which weighs one and one-tenth pounds per two hundred cubic feet as compared with sixteen pounds which the same amount of air weighs—the dirigible is sent up by the simple expedient of increasing the volume of gas in the envelopes until the vessel rises. This was done by releasing the gas for storage tanks into the gas bags. In order to head the nose up, air was kept in certain of the rear bags, thus making the tail heavier than the forward part, which naturally rose first. Steering was done by means of rudder or the engines or both, and the airship was kept on an even keel by use of lateral planes. The airship could be brought down by forcing the gas out of the bags into the gas tanks, thus decreasing the volume, and by increasing the air in various compartments.

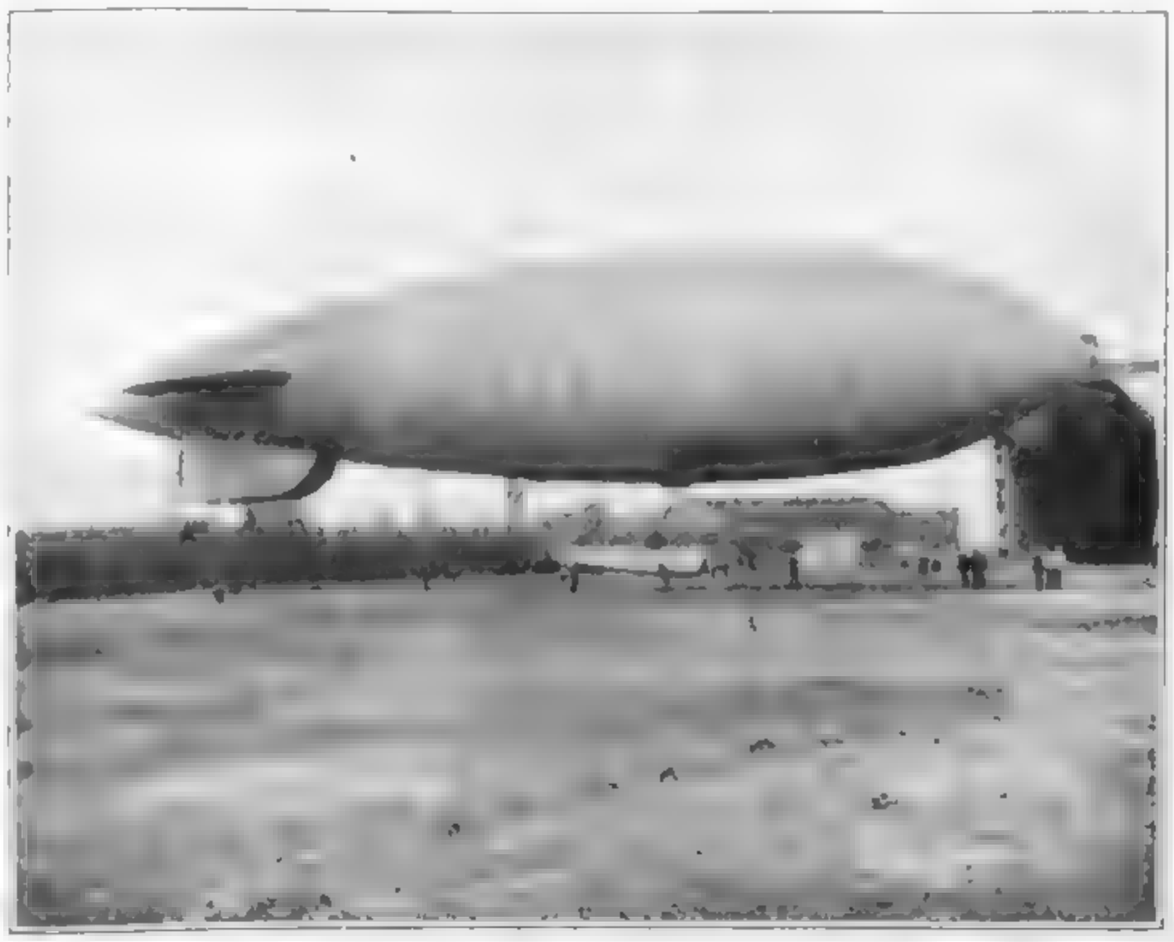
This airship had a flying radius of eight hundred miles, could climb to twelve thousand feet, could carry a useful load of thirty tons, and could remain in the air for fifty hours.

Zeppelin Accomplishments

Because so many Zeppelins were lost to Germany and because so much time and money were necessary to construct the enormous airships many people have jumped to the conclusion that the rigid dirigible was an absolute failure even as an offensive war weapon. Yet despite its bulk and the fact that it could not fly faster than seventy miles an hour, and though more than a hundred Zeppelins raided England at some time or another during the war, only two were shot down by aëroplanes and only a few by antiaircraft guns. Most of them were destroyed because they ran out of fuel and consequently became unmanageable and were blown out of their course and forced to land or had to descend so low that they came within easy range of anti-aircraft guns of the land batteries or the naval guns.

This record is truly surprising when we stop to consider that the Zeppelin had to navigate entirely by compass and mostly at night over hundreds of miles of hostile sea and land, opposed by the guns of a huge Allied fleet and thousands of antiaircraft guns, without lights or landmarks to aid them and often with untrained and inexperienced pilots to guide them! No wonder that some of these airships met disaster—like the L-49, which had to land in France; or the L-20, which was forced to land on the Norwegian coast near Stavanger; or others, which came down so low over the North Sea that they became easy targets for the British torpedo-boat guns.

But this is judging the Zeppelins purely as offensive weapons of war. Even as such they forced the British Empire to maintain a large standing army and a huge armament of guns and aëroplanes in England by threatening to land a mammoth army of invasion there from Belgium. What they did to terrify Belgium and to keep the German Army informed by wireless of the conditions behind the British and French and Belgian lines in the first advance to the Marne is a matter of history. Also what they performed in disorganizing the armies and in disconcerting the people of Antwerp and Bukharest, not to mention many Russian cities and Paris itself, during the Hun



An American Blimp Coming Home After Proving Itself to Navy Department Officials

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Apply a few drops of Freezone upon a tender, aching corn or a callus for two or three nights. The soreness stops and shortly the entire corn or callus loosens and can be lifted off without a twinge of pain.

Freezone removes hard corns, soft corns, also corns between the toes and hardened calluses. Freezone does not irritate the surrounding skin. You feel no pain when applying it or afterward.

Women! Keep a tiny bottle of Freezone on your dresser and never let a corn ache twice.

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advance against those cities is almost too horrible to relate. Over the Rumanian capital alone they descended so low—because there were no antiaircraft guns to defend the city—that they scarcely flew clear of the buildings as they rained down tons of high explosives on the frightened inhabitants, and even bombed a part of the imperial palace, where the Queen was nursing the Crown Prince.

This unlawful use of these giant aircraft does not detract from what they demonstrated could be done in the way of aërial navigation and transportation under the frightful opposition of war, and it is only an augury of what will be accomplished when the same vessels of the air will be put to carrying man up and down the aërial highways of the heavens, which know no barriers, obstructions or hostile opposition.

Their greatest service to the Germans was as aërial scouts rather than as aërial battleships or cruisers; and if these rigid dirigibles had performed no other feats for the Huns, from the Teutonic point of view at least their work in planning and directing every move of the German High Seas Fleet in the great naval battle off Jutland amply repaid Germany for the time and money and effort expended in building those air cruisers. On May thirtieth in the first stage of that battle it will be recalled that Admiral Sir David Beatty was cruising with his scout fleet looking for the Germans over a hundred miles east of the British Grand Fleet, which was under Admiral Sir John Jellicoe, somewhere off the Orkney Islands. Flying out under the protection of a fog bank that was moving down over the North Sea a German naval Zeppelin discovered the isolated position of Admiral Beatty's scout fleet and sent a wireless message to the German High Seas Fleet, which came out under Admiral Von Scheer with the sole object of cutting off and destroying Admiral Beatty's fleet before it could unite with the British Grand Fleet. Had it not been for a seaplane launched from the mother ship Engadine and flown by Flight Lieut. Frederick J. Rutland, who discovered the entire German Navy coming out, the British scout fleet might have been cut off and badly mauled before Admiral Jellicoe could come to the rescue.

High Cost of Zeppelins

In the meantime another Zeppelin was hovering over the British Grand Fleet far to the north and was keeping the German Admiral Von Scheer fully informed by wireless of every ship in the squadron. It was this Zeppelin which finally warned the German admiral to return to the protection of secure fortresses and defenses of the great German naval base of Helgoland. By thus saving the Hun fleet from annihilation in this naval encounter it was possible for the Germans to hold a complete, continuous and dangerous threat that their navy might again come out to attack England or France and cut off English troops from the Continent. This possibility alone compelled the Allies to maintain, until the close of the war, an enormous fleet at all times in the North Sea.

There is no gainsaying that in time of war the aëroplane has many advantages over the Zeppelin. The heavier-than-air machine can be produced in quantity much more readily than the lighter-than-air craft. Exact figures on the cost of Zeppelins are not available. W. L. Marsh, in the British publication Aëronautics, gives half a million dollars as the estimated cost of a super-dirigible of sixty tons having a lift of thirty-eight tons. This high cost is due, among other things, to the enormous building in which the airship must be constructed, for it must be borne in mind that one of these dinosaurs of the air extends its bulk along the ground farther than the Woolworth Building towers in the air. Indeed, it could not descend in an ordinary city street because of its bulk, and if it did it would extend nearly four city blocks of two hundred feet frontage! Moreover, the plant necessary to generate the hydrogen gas sufficient to inflate a bag of two million cubic feet capacity would cost fifty thousand dollars alone. The amount of aluminum in the L-49, forced to land in France in the spring of 1918, would make a footbridge over the East River as long as the famous Brooklyn Bridge!

To land and house such an elusive and buoyant monster requires many winches and some two hundred men. Even then some have been known to run away. This happened November 30, 1907, when the Patrie, a French semirigid dirigible, which was only a third as large as the German super-Zeppelins, was caught in a gale of wind near Verdun and in spite of the two hundred soldiers who held her in leash she broke her moorings and flew over France, England, Wales, Ireland, shedding a few fragments on the way. The wreckage was finally found in Ireland on December 4.

On the other hand a six-ton aëroplane can carry a useful load of two tons and does not cost more than fifty thousand dollars. Also the wing spread of 150 feet of the largest aëroplane is small compared to a 700-foot Zeppelin. Consequently aeroplanes can be more readily produced in quantity, can be housed, and require only a half dozen men to take care of them.

Because of the small size of the scout machine, with only a 26-foot wing spread, and its speed of more than a hundred miles an hour—compared to the Zeppelin speed of 60 or 70 miles—the aëroplane was invaluable for scouting over short distances, for duels in the air, for directing artillery fire, for contact patrol; and the larger aëroplanes were useful for bombing in huge fleets.

In all other purposes of war the Zeppelin is far superior to the aëroplane. Even the contention that the aëroplanes stopped the Zeppelin raids on England is absurd. It is true that two Zeppelins were brought down over England by aëroplane, but it was September 3, 1916, two years after the breaking out of the war, when young Leefe Robinson brought down the first Hun dirigible over London. It was June 3, 1915, when a Canadian sublieutenant, R. A. J. Warneford, flying a Morane monoplane for the Royal Naval Air Service, got above a dirigible returning to its aërodrome in Belgium from a raid on England and dropped a bomb upon the gigantic gas bag, blowing it up and killing the crew; but before that came to pass thirteen Zeppelin raids had already been visited upon England, 408 bombs had been dropped, twenty-one persons had been killed and a thousand injured. In both this case and in the case of Lieutenant Robinson, more than a year later, the aëroplanes happened to be in the air above the Zeppelins before they came along, and the aëroplanes in both instances were blown completely upside down by the force of the explosion. Needless to say, a moment later Lieutenant Robinson looped the loop for joy when he saw what destruction he had wrought.

In other words, because the Zeppelins could put out their lights, shut off their motors and drift through clouds unheard in the night at two thousand feet altitude, and because the dropping of the bombs, like the throwing out of ballast, allowed the dirigibles to jump suddenly up to much higher altitudes, they were as a rule far too elusive for the aëroplanes to get near enough even to shoot incendiary bullets into them.

In point of flying comforts and safety, time that can be spent in the air, flying distances and useful load carried, the Zeppelin is far in advance of any kind of heavier-than-air machine ever built.

Before the war the passenger-carrying Zeppelins Schwaben and Victoria Louise were equipped with cabins for the accommodation of twenty-four passengers and crew. Meals were served à la carte; two rows of easy-chairs were arranged before the windows, with a passageway between; and there was a washroom with water faucets; which will give an idea of the completeness of the appointments for the comfort of passengers. In the super-Zeppelins constructed since then, and now being fitted to fly the Atlantic, there is ample room for a promenade of four to five hundred feet in the keel. Moreover, there is even a greater opportunity for the giant sky liners to provide luxurious cabins and other comforts for the travelers, such as of course cannot possibly be supplied on a heavier-than-air machine, where even the chief engineer cannot so much as leave his seat to examine the engine once the machine is in flight!

Safety of Travel

The ability of the airship to cruise at low heights is another comfort the dirigible enjoys over the aëroplane, which, to insure a safe landing in event of engine trouble, usually navigates across country at five thousand feet altitude or more. The most pleasurable height for air cruising is between five hundred and one thousand feet, for from there the perspective of the countryside is not too diminutive.

As regards the safety of travel in lighter-than-air machines, naturally there have been several disasters such as are inevitable in perfecting a new science. The disasters that occur in the air are closely analogous to those of the sea. The greatest dangers to the airship are the wind, storms and fire. Of these the last is the most dangerous, because hydrogen gas is so highly explosive. That was what caused the destruction of the Akron, with Vaniman and his companions. What caused the explosion that annihilated the crew of twenty-eight of the L-2 in October, 1918, is not known. Perhaps the absorption of the rays of the sun caused the gas to expand, bursting the gas bags. Glossed surfaces now deflect the rays and help to avoid that danger.

The extraordinary point in the long experimentation with Zeppelins is the immunity of the actual crews of the airships from death, until the thirteenth year of the Zeppelin's existence. Despite the ever-recurring accidents and the frequent loss of life and serious injury among landing parties and the workshop hands, not a single fatality occurred to any of the navigators until September, 1913, when naval Zeppelin L-1, which was actually the fourteenth Zeppelin to be constructed, was wrecked

(Continued on Page 141)

The Great New German Super-Zeppelin, L-49, That Was Brought Down by the French on its Return from a Raid Over London

Why the Brunswick Method of Reproduction Insures a Superior Phonograph

Reason No. 1 The Brunswick Method of Reproduction includes the Ultona, a new conception in playing. The Ultona consists of an arrangement of the several necessary reproducing diaphragms upon one tone arm. This is an all-in-one arrangement, with no attachments—nothing to take off or put on.

At a turn of the hand, the Ultona is adapted to play any type of record. The proper diaphragm is presented, the exact weight, the precise needle. Thus the requirements of each type of record are met.

So each record, of whatever make, is played exactly as it should be. The Ultona demands no sacrifice in tone, as attachments often do.

The Brunswick owner can choose records without regard to make. Every singer, every band, every musician, every selection may now be played at its best on the one phonograph.

Reason No. 2 Equal in importance to reproduction is tone amplification. The Brunswick Method of Reproduction also includes a new idea in acoustics—The Brunswick Amplifier.

Old-time ideas were at variance. Some makers still cling to metal construction. Others use a combination of wood and metal—a wooden horn and a metal casting as the "throat."

But The Brunswick Amplifier is oval in shape, and built entirely of wood, like a fine violin. It is molded of rare holly-wood.

Sound waves require uniform amplification to reach their fullness. You will note that The Brunswick tone is richer and more natural. Strident, metallic notes are absent.

Make comparison. Let your ear decide. Try to find an equal to Brunswick tone.

You're bound to end such a search at a Brunswick Shop, where every opportunity will be given you to decide for yourself.

Hear this remarkable instrument before you decide. And you'll avoid regrets.

The Brunswick

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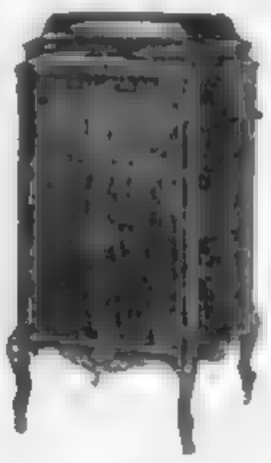

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TORBENSEN INTERNAL GEAR TRUCK DRIVE

The Gear that rolls like a Ball

One reason so many truck engineers have adopted Torbensen Drive is because the least possible amount of engine power is absorbed by friction in Torbensen Gears. That is because the nearest approach to perfect rolling tooth action in gears is found where a spur pinion drives an internal gear, as in the Torbensen Drive.

Why are ball or roller bearings so much more efficient than solid bearings? Why can the boy on roller skates get more mileage out of a given amount of leg power than the boy who scuffs along on sole leather?

It is because under similar conditions rolling contact absorbs less power than sliding contact

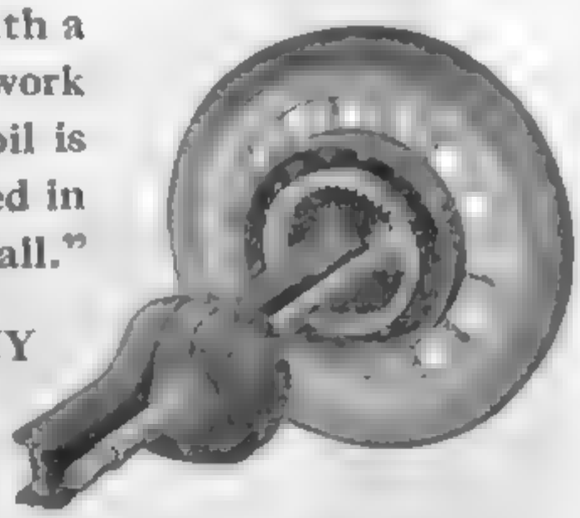
Friction in any mechanism caused by rubbing increases wear and absorbs a considerable part of engine power in useless work, whereas a perfect rolling action reduces friction waste to a minimum, with resultant savings in gas, oil and repairs.

About the most conclusive proof of the comparative absence of friction in Torbensen Internal Gears is that they will operate for a considerable time with no lubrication at all although truck drivers have been taught that even a few minutes of imperfect lubrication is very destructive to gearing.

Torbensen Internal Gears are equally efficient at low or high speeds. A Torbensen Drive demonstrates this best in hard going under heavy loads or with a trailer.

Torbensen Internal Gears are protected from the dust and mud, and they are easy to keep perfectly lubricated. With decent care they will last for years and are inexpensive to replace.

To sum up—the reason a truck with a Torbensen Rear Axle does so much work on a small consumption of gas and oil is because so little engine power is wasted in friction by the "Gear that rolls like a ball."



THE TORBENSEN AXLE COMPANY
CLEVELAND, OHIO

LARGEST BUILDER IN THE WORLD OF REAR AXLES FOR MOTOR TRUCKS

(Continued from Page 138)

in the North Sea by a squall, her crew of thirteen being drowned.

Most of the minor accidents to Zeppelins were due to poor landings and high winds. At first this was not to be avoided, because of the huge bulk of these air liners and their great buoyancy and the ease with which the wind could blow them against their moorings. With experience, though, this was eliminated. Indeed, the officers of the passenger-carrying Schwaben never bothered about the weather, and went out when aëroplanes would not dare go up. The Parseval VI made 224 trips about Berlin within two years' time, remained in the air a total of 342 hours, carried 2286 passengers and traveled a distance of 15,000 miles.

To compare this record with the long list of those who have lost their lives in aëroplane flying and experimentation is impossible and of no avail. The radical differences of construction make it much easier for the balloon to avoid disaster than the aëroplane.

Whenever a wing breaks on an aëroplane or whenever the engine on a single-motored machine stops, the aëroplane must fall down or glide to a landing. These defects will undoubtedly be greatly overcome with standardized construction of aircraft and the establishment of proper landing fields. The hazard, nevertheless, will always be there in some degree.

Some British Predictions

Such an accident is not frequent with a lighter-than-air machine, which does not depend on its motor but upon gas to keep it afloat. Indeed an airship may drift hundreds of miles with the wind with all its motors completely shut off—which, by the way, is another reason why the transatlantic flight with the air currents, which move from America to Europe, seems to be a very feasible possibility for the lighter-than-air craft. The conservation of fuel under such a condition is tremendous.

"It is unquestionably her long endurance and great weight-carrying capacity which give the airship her chief advantage over the aëroplane," says W. L. Marsh, the eminent authority on dirigibles previously referred to. "It will no doubt be conceded that in spite of the stimulus of war the airship is little further advanced in development than the aëroplane was at the beginning of 1915; and already airships have visited this country"—England—"which could with ease fly from England to America, carrying a considerable load of merchandise. A present-day Zeppelin has a gross lift of sixty-five tons, of which some fifty-eight per cent is available for crew, fuel, ballast, merchandise, and so on. If we take the distance across the Atlantic in a direct line as two thousand miles we get the following disposition of our load of thirty-eight tons:

	TONS
Crew of 30	2.3
Ballast	2.0
Gasoline	12.0
Oil	2.0
Extras (food, and so on)	1.0
Total [say, 20 tons]	19.3

"This leaves eighteen tons available for freight. These figures are based on the ship maintaining a constant speed of fifty miles an hour, at which she would do the journey in forty hours, consuming six hundred and fifty pounds of gasoline an hour.

"This represents what a rigid airship of slightly overcapacity can do to-day, and is given as an indication of what is possible in a comparatively early stage of development.

"No one who has considered rigid airship design and studied rapid strides which aëroplanes have made in the last three and a half years can doubt for a moment that an airship could be built in the course of the next two years which would have a disposal lift—or, in aëroplane parlance, a 'useful load'—of over two hundred tons, giving it an endurance of anything up to three weeks at a speed of forty to forty-five miles an hour.

"I am endeavoring to state the case as moderately as possible, and am therefore purposely putting the speed at a low figure. I believe I am correct in estimating the full speed of a modern Zeppelin at seventy-five miles an hour. I shall not be too optimistic in claiming eighty miles as a conservative figure for the future. There is little doubt that a ship of some 800,000 cubic feet should be able to carry twenty or thirty passengers, having a full speed of about seventy miles an hour, which it could maintain for two days or more, the endurance at forty-five miles an hour being probably in the neighborhood of five or six days. This ship would be able to cross the Atlantic. A present-day Zeppelin could carry some eighteen tons of freight across to America, and the really big ship—it must be remembered that up to the present we have been talking of lighter-than-air midgets—could transport at least 150 tons the same distance."

But Mr. Marsh is not the only British authority on aërodynamics who has gone on record as to the practicability of transnavigation of the Atlantic. The British Aërial Transport Committee, consisting of some of the most representative men of Great Britain, such as G. Holt-Thomas, Tom Sopwith, H. G. Wells, Brigadier General Brancker, Lord Montagu of Beaulieu and Lord Northcliffe—to mention only a few—in its recent report to the Air Council of the British Parliament says:

"Airships now exist with a range of more than four thousand miles, and they can travel at a speed of seventy-eight miles an hour. By running their engines slower a maximum range of eight thousand miles can be obtained. On first speed Cape Town, South Africa, is to-day aërially only a little more than three days from Southampton. This ship could fly across the Atlantic and return without stopping. The committee points out that the airship will soon develop a speed of one hundred miles an hour, that it will be fitted with ample saloons, staterooms, an elevator to a roof garden, and it will be able to remain in the air for more than a week."

Mr. Ed. M. Thierry, Berlin correspondent of the N. E. A., under recent date says: "I recently visited the immense works outside Berlin at Staaken. The new super-Zeppelin which is now building has a gas capacity of 100,000 cubic meters. It will have nine engines and eight propellers. This transatlantic Zeppelin is eight hundred feet in length. It will cost nearly one million dollars and it will have a carrying capacity of one hundred passengers and forty-five tons of mail and baggage, and thirty tons of petrol, oil and water and provisions. The first machine for the transatlantic service is to be completed in July. For maintenance of the service planned, eight active machines and four reserves will be required. As soon as the international situation is clarified it is proposed to establish the service, with a hangar in New York."

In regard to the feasibility of a dirigible flight across the Atlantic Mr. Allan R. Hawley, president of the Aëro Club of America, and the holder of the American record balloon flight of 1172.9 miles from St. Louis to Lake Tshotogama, near Peribonka, Quebec, when shown the above statement said that the super-Zeppelins were easily capable of crossing the Atlantic without stops for fuel or supplies.

Aëroplanes as Tenders

Maj. Thomas S. Baldwin, U. S. A. C., considered one of the best authorities in regard to balloons and dirigibles in the United States, said that the Germans had constructed aircraft that could stay in the air for two weeks and could make upward of seventy-five miles an hour. Major Baldwin stated that the relatively small American Blimps were capable of sixty miles an hour.

On December twelfth an interesting experiment of launching a plane from a dirigible was conducted at Rockaway Beach, New York. The dirigible rose about one hundred feet above the sand field near Fort Tilden. An aëroplane was attached to the roof. After discharging ballast and starting the motor the dirigible ascended to three thousand feet and released the aëroplane, which dived about one thousand feet and then flew off to Mineola. Lieut. George Crompton, Naval Flying Corps, piloted the dirigible, assisted by J. L. Nichols and G. Cooper. The plane was piloted by A. W. Redfield.

The above experiment is cited only as an indication of what the possibilities are of combining the aëroplane with the dirigible in landing mail or express from dirigibles crossing the Atlantic. That aëroplanes weighing only a thousand pounds, with a flying radius of six hundred miles and making 150 miles an hour, could be launched from super-dirigibles five hundred miles from the journey's end may not be a remote possibility if airships are to be constructed with 10,000,000 cubic feet of gas, with a sixty per cent lift for crew, fuel, freight, and so on, as Mr. Marsh says is quite possible in the immediate future.

Experiments for launching aëroplanes from ocean liners for a like purpose are already under way. The object is to fly the mail for London or New York from the ocean greyhounds as soon as they get within five hundred miles of either coast. This will of course cut the flight time from New York to London considerably. As a matter of fact the dirigible might fly over only the great expanse of water from land's end to land's end, while the aëroplanes negotiated the remainder of the distance. It is granted that for short flights over land the aëroplane is twice as fast as the Zeppelin, whereas the latter, because it can stay in the air for weeks, is the best adapted for long cruises over large bodies of water. Moreover, the removal of the weight of an aëroplane from a dirigible six hundred miles from its journey's end would facilitate the remaining flight of the Zeppelin by just so much; it would be equivalent to throwing out ballast to keep a balloon in the air.

The Future of Helium

Perhaps of all the revolutionary scientific developments of the great war—especially in the field of chemistry—the one that may perform the greatest service to mankind is the steps taken by the Bureau of Mines to produce helium, the noninflammable gas which has ninety-two per cent of the lifting power of hydrogen, in sufficient quantities to be used in floating airships!

A noninflammable gas with such a lifting capacity as helium has been the dream of the aëronaut and the dirigible engineer ever since the Robert brothers first conducted their experiments in France in 1783 and found that hydrogen had greater buoyancy than any other gas available in large quantities for balloons; for with it they could jump over the highest peaks of the Himalaya Mountains and the broadest expanses of the Pacific Ocean without danger of the gas igniting from the sun or the engine.

It will be recalled that we pointed out that the greatest danger to people riding in dirigibles was the possibility of heat expanding and exploding the hydrogen gas. One of the first airships to experience this fate simply passed through a cloud into the hot sun, whose rays expanded and exploded the gas, blowing the airship and its crew into smithereens before they could open the gauges and release the pressure. The same thing may have caused the explosion of the German dirigible L-2, which killed its crew of twenty-eight; and the American airship Akron, which blew up, destroying Vaniman and his companions. The substitution of helium entirely eliminates that danger and makes it possible to carry heating devices for the comfort of passengers in high altitudes where it is so cold.

Of course the lifting power of helium was known to students of aërostatics before the war, but the mechanical difficulties and cost involved in producing this gas on an industrial basis were so great that it would hardly pay to produce it for commercial purposes. Indeed, the largest amount of helium in any one container up to the beginning of 1918 was five cubic feet, and it cost between fifteen hundred and six thousand dollars, whereas under the new system it is expected that one thousand cubic feet can be produced for one hundred dollars!

In war, however, cost is nothing—results are everything. As there was a possibility that helium might be one of the chief factors in winning the war the joint Army and Navy Board on Rigid Airships in August, 1917, provided the Bureau of Mines with the requisite funds to do the necessary experiment work.

This, however, is not the time or the place to go into a detailed description of this wonderful gas or how it was obtained, further than to state that apparatus had to be designed on entirely new lines for the liquefaction of nitrogen into natural gases, at temperatures as low as −317 degrees Fahrenheit; that the natural gas of Kansas, Oklahoma, Texas and Ontario contains one per cent of helium; and that a nine-hundred-thousand-dollar building is now being constructed for the Navy Department at Fort Worth, Texas, and a ten-inch pipe line ninety-four miles long is being laid, at a cost of more than a million dollars, from

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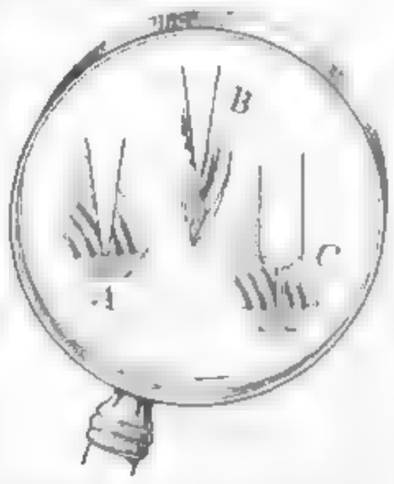

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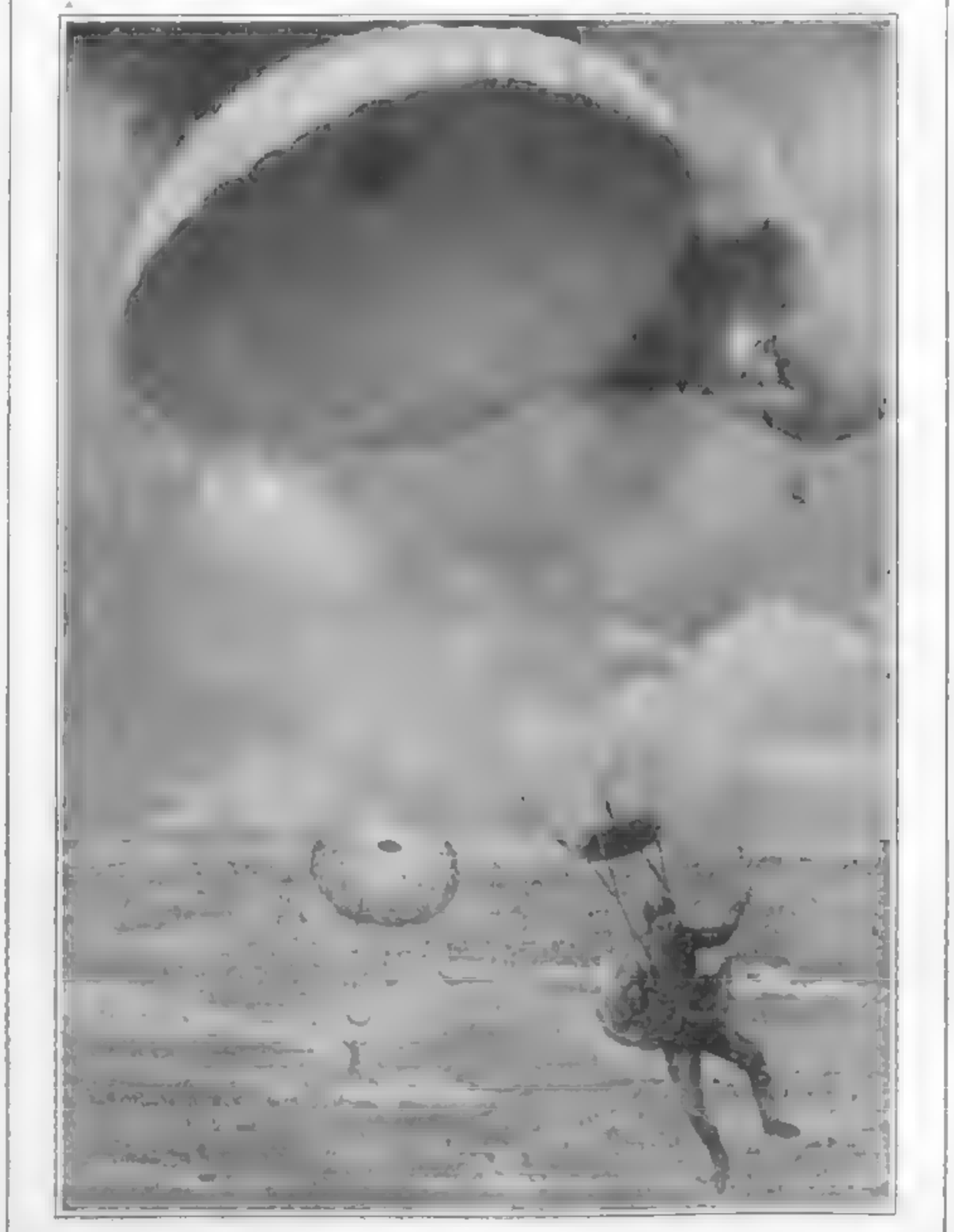
the wells at Petrolia, Texas, for supplying the plant with natural gas; and that the first production of it is expected to be in operation April 1, 1919.

Within a comparatively short time, then, we ought to see many companies organized in this country for aërial transnavigation of the globe by helium airship! Before the year 1919 has come to a close we ought to see aëroplanes and dirigibles jumping the Atlantic from shore to shore. Who knows, it may even come to pass that man may eventually become as much a creature of the air as the birds! As a world of exploration and travel the heavens offer him many adventures. It presents to him the shortest distance and the line of least resistance between any two given points on this planet. By the aircraft he has already designed he has penetrated to a height of thirty-eight thousand feet and flown a thousand miles in a straight line without stopping.

Is there any reason to doubt that in a very short time man will extend the capacity of these airships or the distance they can travel? The monetary and laudatory incentives are there. For affording to his fellow man and his chattels faster transportation man's reward has been great and commensurate with his success. In order to win that remuneration he has enslaved and domesticated the beasts of the fields; he has harnessed the rivers and the streams; he has sought out the secrets of Nature and devised ways and means to make her hidden forces transport him up and down the highways and byways of the globe; for that reward he has invented machines and engines to rush him over the land and across the seven seas at an ever-increasing rate. When mountains have raised their ponderous bulk between him and his objective he has climbed over them or tunneled under them or cut them down; when rivers, lakes or oceans have intervened he has spanned them by bridges or boats; when isthmuses, even continents have injected their lengths between him and his markets he has cut them asunder that his ships might pass through.



The Lifeblood of Commerce

In short, transportation is the lifeblood of commerce, and by it and through it the perishable fruits of India, Africa and America are carried from the tropics to the remotest corners of the frigid zone; likewise the foods or minerals or other materials confined by Nature to the temperate zone are taken to the balmy tropics. In fact every instrument and every force in Nature is enslaved so that man may enjoy all the blessings of the earth at one time and in one place. Taken all in all, the speed of transportation has increased man's pleasures and years proportionately.

But how many people to-day realize that when aerial transportation of passengers and freight has become an actual accomplished fact in the sense that water and land transportation of man and his goods now is, a complete redistribution and reconcentration of the cities, people and nations and a new internationalism in the form of customs and language will have become an historic fact! This statement may seem like an absurd phantasy, but if history repeats itself in the future as it has in the past this will take place as surely as the sun rises.

Ever since man transported his goods from one place to another he has followed the lines of least resistance and the greatest speed. For that reason rivers were his first natural highway. At the stopping places along these routes and waterways he built for himself villages, towns and cities. The biggest of these, however, have always been located at some favorable terminus or harbor. Nineveh, Babylon, Carthage and Tyre were ancient cities that grew and flourished because they were either the termini or the harbors of advantageous trade routes or excellent stopping places on great waterways. With the change in the rivers of commerce those cities decayed and passed away.

The rise of such cities as Venice and Genoa in the Middle Ages, when they afforded the best ports for the sailing vessels that connected the caravan routes which came across Asia from the East for their distribution of goods to Europe and the West, was due to the same cause. With the changing of those routes those cities lost their importance and prestige and became what they are to-day.

At the present time most of the largest cities of the world are located near inviting harbors or in river mouths where the great ships of commerce come and go and find refuge. London, Liverpool, New York, Hamburg, Philadelphia, San Francisco, Calcutta, Bombay, Havana, Buenos Aires—to mention only a very few—depend primarily upon their strategic geographic position for their business and their very life

If in time, then, the nearest points of land between continents and countries become the great landing places for the new passenger and freight ships of the air, it is quite conceivable that the great centers of population and commerce may grow up themselves round those havens.

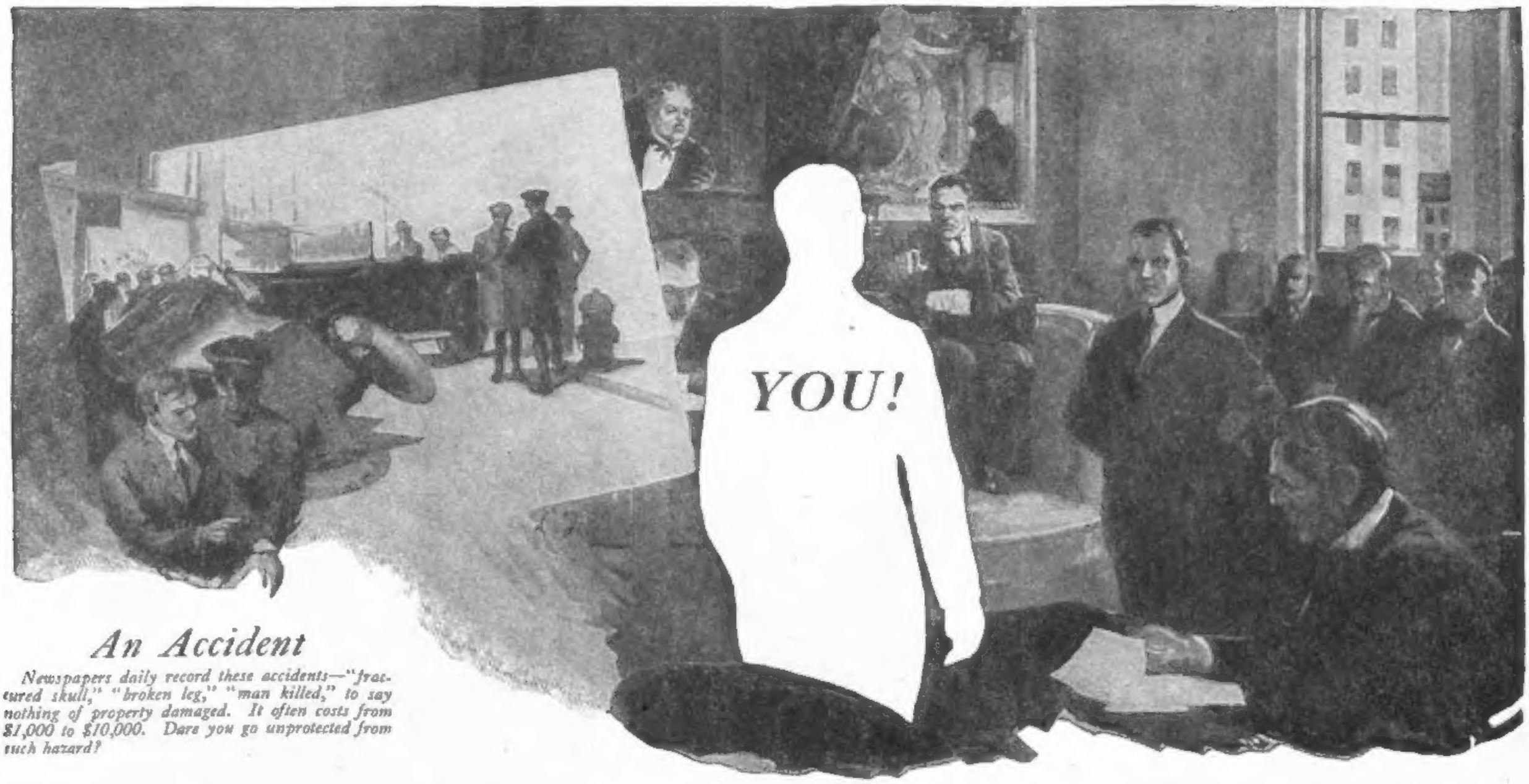
The World of the Future

Moreover, if, as the British Civil Aërial Committee and most of the world's aëronautical authorities are convinced, Cape Town, South Africa—to take but one example—is only three days' flight by aircraft from Southampton, England, and if all the remotest capitals of the East are only hours or days instead of weeks away from those of the West, there will be such rapid and constant intercommunication that customs practices will become obsolete and one international language may have to be adopted for trade and convenience. Indeed the only impediment now put in the way of the Handley-Page Company's London-to-Paris air line is the violation of customs rules and practices, which are delaying the aëroplanes from making the round trip between breakfast and dinner.

Furthermore, with the coming of such rapid intercommunication it is conceivable that foggy and damp countries like the British Isles may be abandoned—save by the workers of minerals—as living and manufacturing places for more beautiful and delightful climates, such as France or Spain. Indeed, the pleasantly located gardens and plateaus of the world—like the one in Mexico, for instance—may be the favorite dwelling places of the peoples of the world when all the fruits and foods and goods of the earth can be aërially transported to such places in a matter of hours.

Needless to say that when each country possesses a fleet of commercial aircraft numbered by tens of thousands, inherently convertible into bombers large enough to annihilate whole cities entirely—as French aëronautic military authorities have already stated they feared Germany would be able to do with ten thousand aëroplanes and Zeppelins in the next ten years unless she was limited in her construction program—when many countries can be flown over in a matter of hours without anything to prevent them, then undoubtedly a league of nations will have been organized for self-preservation, and war abolished as too horrible to contemplate.

Thus by leveling boundaries and borders of nations and countries the aircraft promises to perform the greatest blessing for mankind by abolishing war, destroying nationalism and establishing internationalism and the brotherhood of man throughout the world.



An Accident

Newspapers daily record these accidents—"fractured skull," "broken leg," "man killed," to say nothing of property damaged. It often costs from $1,000 to $10,000. Dare you go unprotected from such hazard?

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